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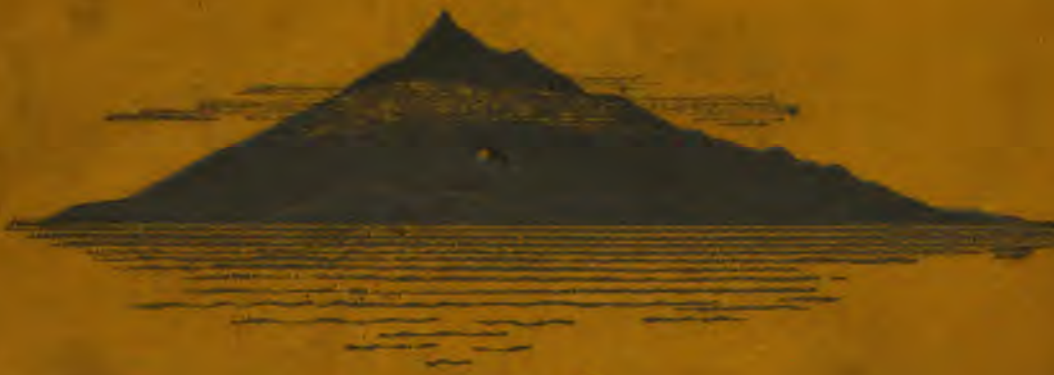
TENERIFE

& its six Satellites



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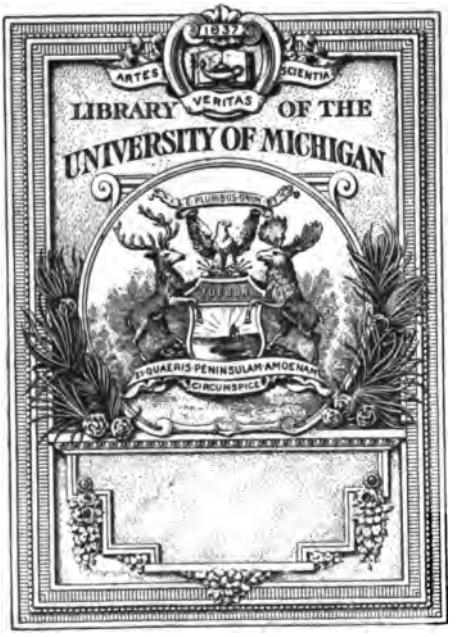
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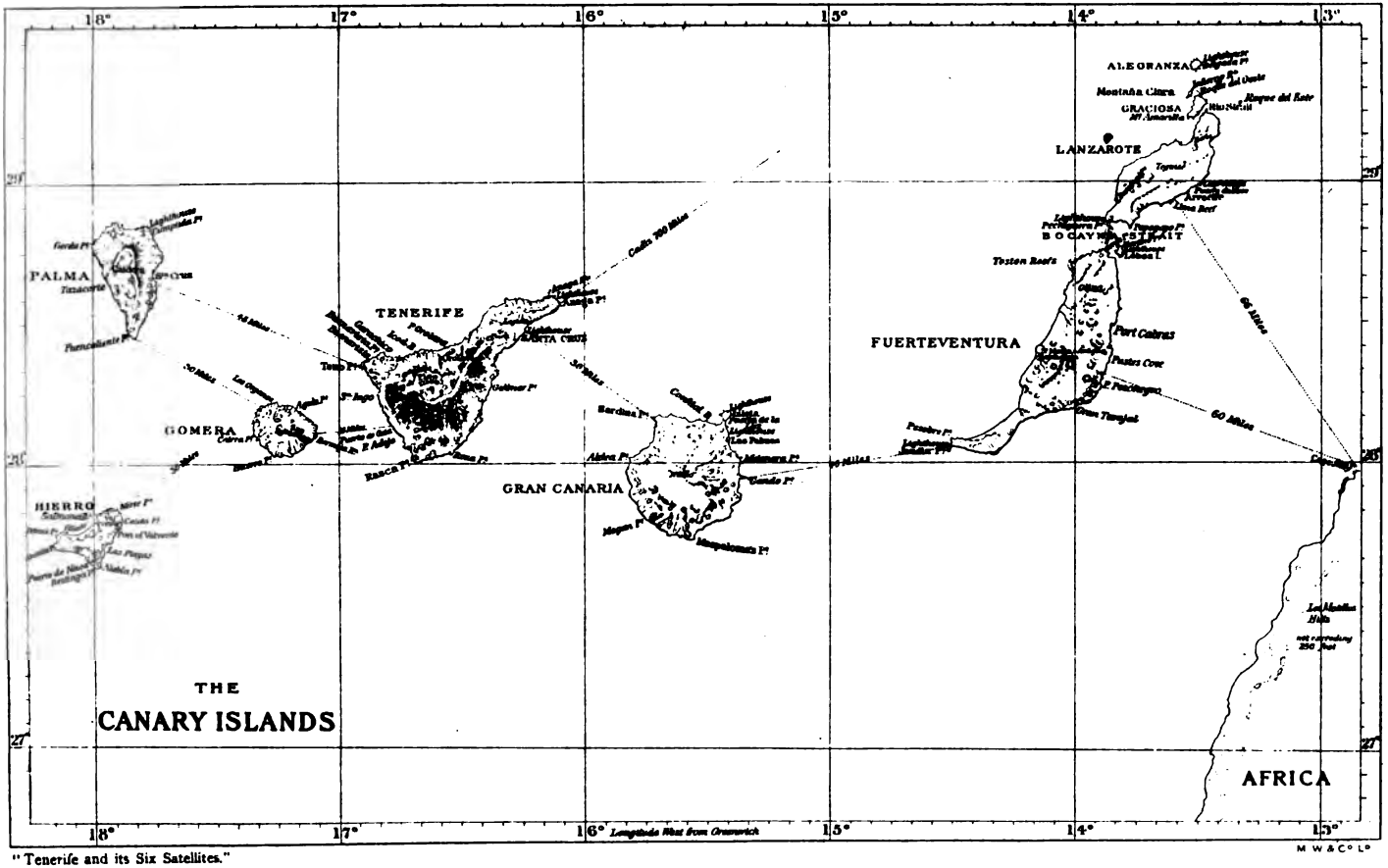

"Tenerife and its Six Satellites."

H.S. Mendelssohn fecit

Olivia M. Stone

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TENERIFE 43-144
AND ITS SIX SATELLITES

OR

The Canary Islands Past and Present

BY

OLIVIA M. STONE

AUTHOR OF "NORWAY IN JUNE"

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY J. HARRIS STONE, M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S., BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

London

MARCUS WARD & CO., LIMITED

ORIEL HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

AND AT BELFAST AND NEW YORK

1889

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PREFACE.

WHEN we went to the Canary Islands in 1883–4, they were practically unknown to the English: no other English people had then travelled through the archipelago. We had to endure labours and discomforts of which the following pages can give only a faint idea; but we have had the satisfaction of knowing that, through the publication of the first edition of this book, the Fortunate Isles were, for the first time, prominently brought to the notice of the English public. To the novelty, perhaps, as much as to the interest of the subject, the success of the previous edition, and the general favour with which it was received, may be attributed.

When we first travelled in the Islands there were not more than a dozen visitors to be found in the archipelago, and that handful only in the three chief towns. Since the publication of *Tenerife and its Six Satellites*, visitors have poured into the Islands, and their number is constantly on the increase. Some of these, though only personally acquainted with one spot in one island, have ventured to write generally and dogmatically of the whole group. The result has been that much misleading and even erroneous information concerning the Islands has appeared in several prominent journals and magazines. It is an object of this edition to correct some of these misstatements, while presenting the story of our original travel in a more compact and practical form. The information has been thoroughly revised and brought down to date; the maps have been corrected, and many new illustrations added.

The chief and radical alteration in the Islands is to be found in the increased and improved accommodation for visitors, particularly for invalids and health-seekers. In the principal towns first-class hotels and sanatoriums have been built, and more are in course of construction. Banks, unknown in the days of our first visit, are established, and the luxuriously lazy methods of Madeira travelling have been introduced. An English chaplain is now living at Orotava, and a church is projected. The great steamship companies, at last awakening to the importance of the islands, have, by considerably reducing their rates of passage money, proportionately increased the number of their passengers, and the steamers calling for coaling purposes have multiplied enormously. Hotels have sprung up, and the few large seaport towns have somewhat changed their character as they have improved their accommodation. But the Islands themselves are less changed than might have been expected; their interiors are—happily—just as rugged, and very nearly as difficult of access as in the days of our first explorations. The new interinsular steamers, however, now render the outlying islands accessible in a way which is absolute luxury compared to that in which we had to travel.

Yet, with all these changes and improvements, my heart goes back with feelings almost of regret to those days when, to visit the Isles of the Blest, required work, forethought, and determination, and when the traveller, to see them, had really to travel—to go through a considerable amount of exercise and life in the open air.

O. M. S.

LONDON, *November, 1889.*

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TENERIFE

AND ITS SIX SATELLITES.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON—SANTA CRUZ.

Come to my sun-land! Come with me
To the land I love; where the sun and sea
Are wed for ever.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THERE is a certain charm in this civilised nineteenth century in finding, within a moderate distance from England, a country so little known and so little written about as the archipelago of the Canary Islands. It is not because of their insignificance that ninety-nine out of every hundred among educated people know little or nothing of the islands, either geographically or historically.

Formerly the Canary Islands were well known. In the time of Homer and Hesiod and Pindar they were the "Fortunate Isles." Strabo calls them the "Isles of the Blest," and since mythological times Statius Sebosus and Pliny have called them the "Garden of the Hesperides." They deserve at the present day in every respect the pleasant names thus showered upon them in the past, and the Happy Isles of the Greeks and Latins are in very truth the Happy Isles of to-day. We may well wonder how they have sunk so completely into oblivion, and fear we can only find an answer in the fact that they are a Province of Spain.

With that peculiar clearness of perception for which the Spanish Government has always been remarkable, it put English ships in quarantine during the cholera scare of 1883. The reason assigned for such a proceeding was that England did not quarantine vessels coming from Egypt! As we could not go to the Canary Islands by the usual route from Liverpool without enduring the horrors of the *lazareto*, we crossed to Havre, and thence went, without the slightest difficulty or opposition, by steamer to Tenerife.

There are many ways of reaching the Canarian Archipelago. Perhaps the best* and most expeditious route is by the Union or Donald Currie steamers from Plymouth or Dartmouth respectively, which reach the Islands in four or five days. As there is now a cable to the Islands from Europe, the main lines of steamers bound for the Cape, Australia, the West Indies, and Brazil coal at Tenerife and Gran Canaria in preference to Madeira, for the archipelago lies one day's sail farther out in the ocean, and the roadsteads are much more sheltered. Coaling is sometimes quite impossible at Madeira, owing to the roughness of the sea.

The ports being free, visitors are subjected to none of the tiresome custom duties and extortionate demands which so unpleasantly and injuriously characterise Madeira.

A few days out we caught sight of some islands. Consulting the chart, we discovered that the two rocks on our starboard bow—barren, volcanic, and uninhabited—were the Salvages. Solitary islets in the ocean, they raise a feeling of curiosity as to their history, if they have any. The larger is to the north, the smaller to the south. The former in appearance reminds one of Serk, but it rises higher. The Salvages have distinct craters, like most of the islands in the Atlantic. Being destitute of water, however, they are useless to man. There is orchilla upon them, which is, or rather was, gathered. The islands are supposed to be dependent upon Madeira, and consequently to belong to Portugal, but the Madeirese rarely visit them. A barque from Tenerife went thither in the eighteenth century in search of wrecks, and not finding any,

* A complete list of the means of communication with the Islands forms one of the appendices.

loaded with half-a-ton of orchilla, which they brought home. The fact became known in Madeira, and complaint being made to the Governor-General in the Canaries, the unfortunate skipper was thrown into prison. This is a rather "dog-in-the-manger" story of the Portuguese. There is, however, a romantic tradition, said to be well founded, which asserts that a large treasure was hidden by pirates on one of these solitary islets. Certain it is that an expedition went in search of the treasure, the seekers taking with them water and provisions. They dug diligently, but at the end of a few weeks their water was exhausted, and there being none on the islets, the search had to be abandoned, and as far as is known has never again been prosecuted. A vessel in late years, however, calling at these islands from curiosity, found trenches dug across them, which would seem to confirm the tale of the search. The Salvages mark to us one distinct point—they are a hundred miles north of Tenerife.

The day is cloudy and breezy; no sun, only a glare, as with our binoculars we each and all strain to catch a glimpse of "The Peak." To all wanderers in the Atlantic Ocean, El Pico de Teide is *par excellence* The Peak. At noon the doctor said, "There it is!" A chorus of "Oh where?" in English, Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Swedish, announced the latent excitement of all on board, mother-tongue asserting its supremacy. I grieve to say—not that I impute aught against the doctor's veracity—that no one else could see that Peak for at least an hour longer. The faint gray outline that resolved itself into mountains and again into clouds really proved a little later to be Tenerife.

Santa Cruz, the capital and principal port of the Canary Islands, is situated on the north-eastern side of the island of Tenerife. As we steered directly for this port, we skirted past the Punta de Anaga and part of the northern shore, the cliffs of which run down almost perpendicularly to the sea, and are brown and bare. The outline of the precipitous pile of mountains is serrated and jagged. Here and there isolated clumps of grey-green *Euphorbia Canariensis* cling desperately to the loose, arid soil on the face of the mountains, giving it a curious patchy appearance unknown to temperate zones.

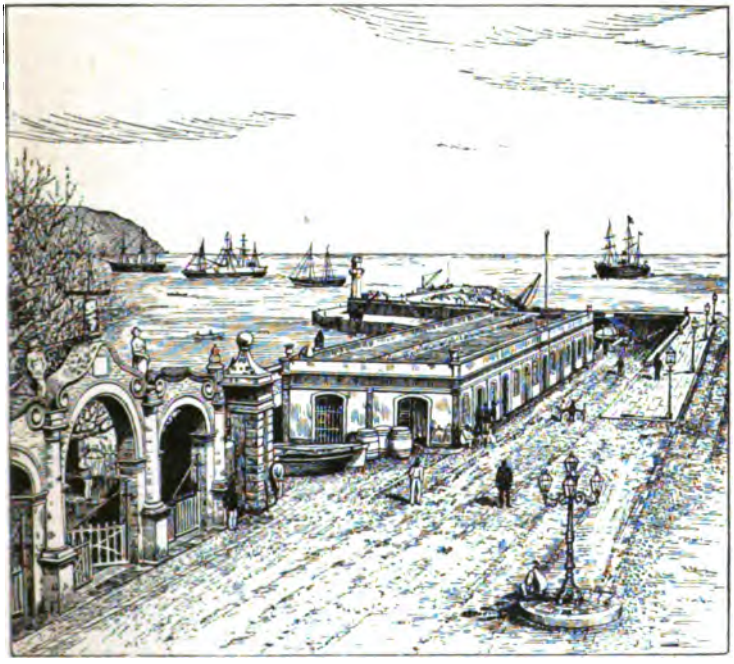
This general aspect of Tenerife's scenery is not inviting to the passing traveller, although grand in the extreme. The bold, broken, denticulated outlines of the mountains of Anaga, surmounted by pinnacles showing clearly against the sky, and running directly to the sea, where there is scarcely foothold, suggest an inhospitable shore. The lighthouse, built on what appears an inaccessible spot, gives indication that people can live upon this rugged peninsula. Grey and basaltic in appearance, with a frightfully convulsed and contorted surface, it only requires the appearance of a cone in the distance to confirm the feeling of awe with which one approaches this monument of a force that commands the respect and excites the terror of the most careless of mankind.

Suddenly, as we round a point, our feelings and the landscape are relieved by a tiny valley embedded between the precipices, and brilliant with the perfect green that is only observable where the contrast is severe. A few scattered houses nestling as near the sea as possible give life to the oasis. Notably absent are any signs of fresh water. No rills trickle through the little valley, no streaks of silver contrast with the grey mountain sides, no snowy waterfall splashes into the sea.

The Canary Islands, although a Province of Spain, yet belong geographically to Africa, from the west coast of which the nearest island is distant only sixty miles. They lie between north latitude 29° 25′ and 27° 40′, and west longitude 13° 25′ and 18° 16′. It may be well to mention that the usual pronunciation of Tenerife (which is spelled with one *f*, not two, as it is frequently and erroneously written) makes it a three-syllabled word, whereas it has four syllables, Ten-er-i-fe.

Meanwhile we are nearing our journey's end and the beginning of our real travelling. When the only information with regard to these islands may roughly be said to be obtainable from an ancient French manuscript, the narrative of an English sea captain in 1764, and the word of mouth of a few English people who have lived for the most part in the principal towns, it will readily be understood with what interest and curiosity we surveyed the scene of our future

explorations. It would be impossible to convey to those who have never tried anything similar an idea of the difficulty in procuring any modern information, accurate or inaccurate, concerning this archipelago. It cost us six months of persistent questioning of every likely and unlikely individual we came across, of search among lists of books and among librarians, before we gathered even the meagre information we were at last able to obtain. The vast majority—I could count the minority on the fingers of my hands—did not even know the geographical position of the Garden of the Hesperides.



THE MOLE, SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFE.

A little after 5 p.m. we anchored in the roadstead of Santa Cruz. The view from the bay is very pretty. The city faces the roadstead, climbing the hill which rises immediately from the water's edge. The houses, with their numerous balconies, are painted different colours, giving variety to a town conspicuous for its flat roofs. At the port

of Santa Cruz the mole runs at right angles from the beach into the sea. A stone jetty projects from it half-way along its western side, forming whatever slight protection is possible in the shape of a harbour. Though useless as a shelter for ships, for landing in boats it is most serviceable.

The towers of the two principal churches stand out boldly in the clear atmosphere from amidst the houses. The beauty of the scene lies, however, chiefly in the abrupt curve the bay takes towards the north-western side to the mountains of Anaga. The bright town, the smooth water of the roadstead, albeit with a swell, on the surface of which floats shipping of every rig and nationality, the air of activity prevailing on the mole and amid the smaller boats for landing, the wide sweeping curve of the bay distinctly marked by the white line of surf where it breaks on the dark beach, all form a peaceful and pleasant scene. Stern precipices to westward abruptly terminate the gently curving bay. The mountains lend awe and grandeur to the scene. Pile upon pile they stand, jagged and serried in outline, raising their wild crests against the blue sky in a way that is at once grand, beautiful, and awe-inspiring. The northern part of Tenerife from the Punta de Anaga to the capital is one mass of convulsed volcanic mountain.

We were rowed ashore at sundown amid strange sights and sounds. The town was all alight, as we walked up to Camacho's Hotel. Our luggage followed in a long, narrow cart like a double coffin on wheels, drawn by a mule. The heat was so oppressive that, after a short stroll through the town, we sought our quarters, very glad to sleep again without rocking.

Mosquito curtains were round our beds, and the only covering supplied was a sheet, even that being scarcely necessary for warmth. The mosquitos paid us very few visits, and a bite now and then was nothing. I had had visions of having to live perpetually enveloped in veils and gloves, while swarms of vicious mosquitos flew around.

As we were enjoying our first sleep, it and the stillness were broken by a loud and not unmusical cry in the street beneath :—" Ha dado la una, y sereno " (" It has struck one,

and fine"). One of the old watchmen, belonging to a past century in England, was going his round. Even in Santa Cruz the advance of a ruthless civilisation has since stamped out these relics of a bygone age.

Dressing occupied an unconscionable length of time in the morning, owing to the, to us, new sights and sounds outside which constantly attracted us to the window. A man driving a yoke of oxen passes beneath. A rope is twisted round their horns, by which they are led, while an occasional prod with the goad urges on their steps. Ladies in complete black, with the graceful *manto* and fan, glide along on the shady side of the street on their way to matins, the daily and almost only exercise of the Spanish women. The *manto* is of silk, with net or lace only in front, to fall over the face; the *mantilla* is entirely of lace. There is more an absence of, than any distinctive dress among, the common people. The men generally go about in trousers and white shirt, a black scarf, or indeed anything, wisped round the waist. It strikes one as odd that, in this climate, the hats are of felt, round, black, and broad-leaved. The women's dress is only distinguished by a shawl *(sobretodo)* tied over the head and under the hair, falling down the back to protect the nape of the neck or top of the spine from the sun, while upon the crown of the head is worn a small round straw hat. The children are all barefooted, and wear only a little loose shirt.

A tramway runs down the centre of the short breakwater, upon which the stones for completing the pier were carried. I need hardly say that it is not yet finished, though the work is proceeding. Everything, as we found later, in the island is in the same condition—begun, but not ended. Three camels —how incongruous they seem!—patiently kneel at the end of the mole to receive their load of limestone for the kilns, which is tied on; the conjunction of stones and rope seems odd. The camels in the western islands of the archipelago are so few that they can be readily reckoned. Santa Cruz boasts only six, which are used entirely as beasts of burden, and for very heavy burdens. There is a small fish market at the town end of the mole, with marble slabs and

tiled walls and floor. A priest was buying salt fish at the other end of the pier, the market being solely used for fresh. A woman, on another part of it, was selling rough earthenware pots and jars of different shapes.

EARTHENWARE BRAZIER.

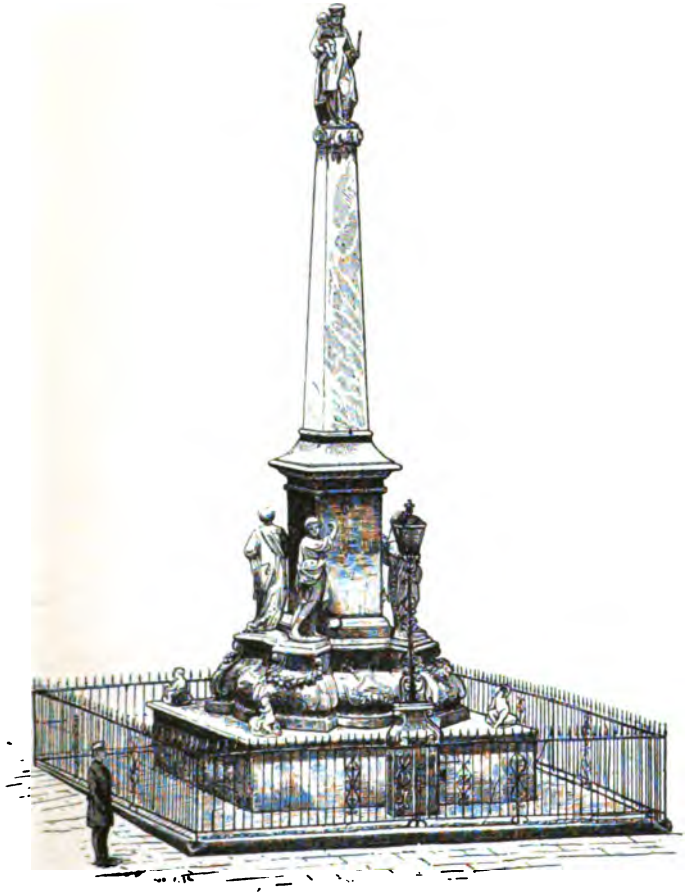
Near the hotel, which overlooked the mole, lived the photographer of the island, and, indeed, of the archipelago; for with the exception of one lazy and indifferent photographic artist in Las Palmas, the capital of Gran Canaria, we found him to be the sole representative of the art.

It was with surprise we found that there was not even a view of the Peak of Tenerife in Santa Cruz, except from two villages on the coast. A few photographs of Santa Cruz and the principal towns on the island completed the collection. I must say that to us this was unmixed delight, for we were thus to limn scenes untouched before by pencil or lens. Now, however, all that has been changed, and views of the principal scenes in the frequented parts can readily be obtained.

Breakfast was at nine. During the hot season the families of the English residents stay at Laguna, and the gentlemen, whom business compels to be in the capital, board at the hotel. We had, therefore, quite an English-speaking tableful. At 10.30 a.m., notwithstanding the thermometer being at 80° F. (26·6° C.) in the shade, we sauntered forth, full of curiosity. Turning to the right as we left the hotel, we came upon the Plaza de la Constitucion,* an open space surrounded by houses. At the lower end of it is a monument intended to commemorate the conquest by the Spaniards of the otherwise unconquerable inhabitants, through the treachery of four of the Guanche kings or chieftains. Erected by Captain Don Bartolomé Antonio Montañez at his own expense in 1778, it represents the apparition of the miracle-working Virgen de Candelaria to the Guanche kings. It consists of a pillar of Carrara marble, surmounted by the Virgin and Child, whilst

* There is now a new hotel, the International, in the Plaza de la Constitucion.

at its base are four lifesize figures of the traitor kings looking upwards. Beneath the chiefs are four cherubs, which some officers of H.M.S. Boadicea are said to have damaged in 1825. The conquest is supposed to have been effected through the



GUANCHE MONUMENT, SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFE.

influence of Christianity. Hence this allegorical interpretation, which is intended as a tribute to the power of Roman Catholicism in conquering Tenerife. Those who know the history look upon the monument in a different light, and stand awe-struck at the audacity which could erect such a shameless lie. Proud as the inhabitants are of it—and justly

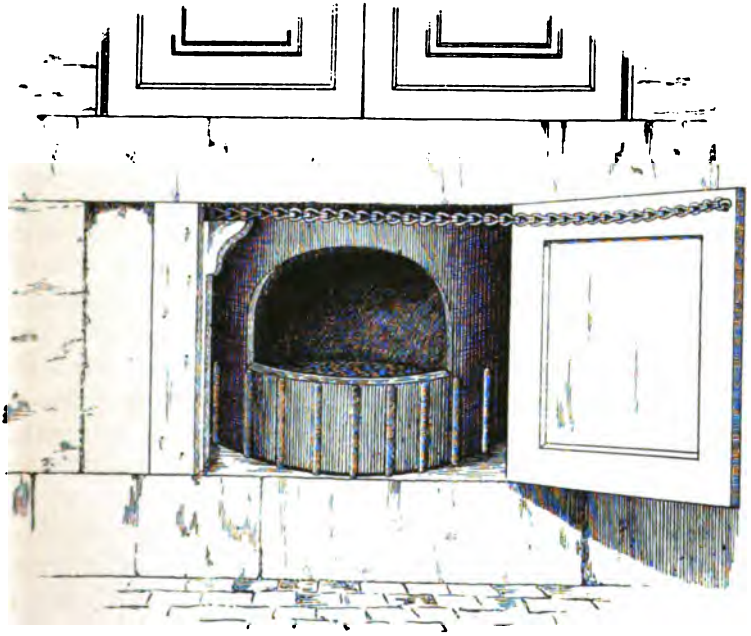
so as regards its execution—stonecrop grows plentifully between the marble slabs, and will ere long force them apart if not removed.

Continuing our course across the square, we reached, in a low quarter of the town near the barranco, the Church of the Conception. This church receives more visits from English people than any other in the Canary Islands. The reason it obtains this amount of notice is, that here are kept Nelson's flags. The island of Tenerife and the town of Santa Cruz boast the honour of having defeated the then invincible Nelson, causing him the loss of his arm. It is true. Nelson himself, in a letter to the governor of the town, signed for the first time with his left hand, acknowledges their bravery and subsequent courtesy. The flags, however, the particularly sore point to us and of delight to them, were not taken, but lost. Even Nelson, all-powerful as he was, could not withstand the natural rampart which surrounds these islands. The surf worked destruction upon his boats that he had ordered to land on the southern side of the mole and fort, wrecking them. Next day these flags were picked up on the beach. The surf thus foiling his plans, the three different landings which he had arranged were not effected at the same time, and the inhabitants, enabled to meet each attacking party singly, defeated them.

Besides the flags, the church contains another object of interest, in an octagon chapel of carved wood, the work of a pious Captain, who died in 1743.

Immediately upon the other side of the river is the hospital. It is a good-sized building, and is still being added to, and the old part renovated. Some Sisters of Charity have lately taken the place in hand and wrought a reformation. Besides being a hospital, the building is also an orphanage and charity house. A great part of the work of the Sisters is taking care of deserted children, of whom, in proportion to the population, there is an immense number. A cradle—*torno*—is in the wall of the hospital on a turnstile, into which the child can be put by the mother, the cradle swung round, and the baby taken out by a Sister of Charity in the interior of the building, without the depositor being seen. The children

may be claimed at the end of three years, but if they be not, the State brings them up. At the time of our visit the foundlings were all in the country. It is considered too warm for them in summer in Santa Cruz, so they are sent away. We saw their ward, however. Swinging wire cradles, covered with mosquito curtains, are for the babies. One alone was occupied; the baby was too ill to be removed, and the laboured breathing and pallid features of the poor little



"TORNO," OR CRADLE, FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE.
(From a Photograph by A. H. Béchervaise, Esq.)

sufferer denoted that its stay in this world would not be lengthy. The hospital is built in the fashion usual here, with an inner court, or *patio*, the wards running round it on all sides.*

The Church of San Francisco is situated at a slight elevation in the centre of the town. It stands not by itself, but adjoins a large building in which are the museum and

* A disastrous fire occurred here in the spring of 1888. The old wing, which was partly destroyed, is now being rebuilt.

a school for boys. The façade is without any special feature, as indeed is the whole church. A date above the entrance gives 1777 as the year of building. Upon entering, we were at once struck with the lavish way in which the altars are gilded. There are eight of these besides the main one, and each is adorned in the usual manner with figures in niches and recesses, some four or five feet in height, clad in faded and quite tawdry-looking clothes. The entire paving is of plain square red tiles, the majority of which are cracked or broken; in fact, the floor needs renovating. There is a short tower, not attached to the church, but to a house in the rear, which used to be a convent.

All the streets throughout the town at this time were paved with pebbles, and the pavements were in fair order; now, the principal streets are paved with properly cut stones. The roofs of the houses overhang two or three feet, and sometimes three rows of tiles form the eaves alone. Many houses have flat roofs, with outside staircases, usually painted green, leading to the *azoteas* and *miradores*. An azotea is a part of the roof, which is flat and either walled or railed in, where towards evening the household betake themselves. The miradores are square towers for the same purpose. They serve as look-outs, smoking-rooms, and, more important still, gossiping places—people talking across from one to another. The outer walls of the houses are usually whitewashed, and attached to them are frequently large plain wooden crosses, sometimes six feet high. One of the most characteristic points about the houses is the *postigos*. In the lower half of each window are two movable pieces of wood like flaps hinged from the top. As one passes along what is apparently a silent and deserted street, suddenly, one after another, these flaps or *postigos* are gently pushed out, and a curious face, possibly handsome, with dark eyes and hair, peers forth. In the poorer houses the doors are open, and the whole family congregates on the lintel at our approach. Some, however, are partaking of their dinners, and are seated in the middle of the floor. There are no fireplaces, and the people cook either in little braziers of island earthenware or in iron ones of foreign make. Very frequently the cooking is

carried on in front of the door, in the street. The people seem to have very little to do, or else will not do anything. There is a delightful, happy-go-lucky way of taking what comes and troubling about nothing, that ought to be productive of smooth and wrinkleless faces.

The road, leading to San Miguel Fort, ended in 1883 about 500 or 600 yards from the mole. It is now continued to San Andres, and will no doubt one day extend to the extreme north of the island.

STREET, SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFE.

For many years Santa Cruz has been supplied with water by a conduit from a spring in the forest of Aguirre. This water-supply is managed by the town corporation. A company was formed some years ago to search for water at Arafo, and after some labour and expense in excavating, a spring was found yielding a considerable quantity. This will increase the supply at Santa Cruz.

We noticed as we walked through some loose, light soil, almost sand, myriads of small red beetles about the size of a ladybird, with black marks on their backs. These congregated in masses, and when clumped together, looked like patches of some red flower or weed.

There was a concert in the evening in the Alameda, opposite the hotel, given by the Santa Cruz Philharmonic Society. The performers, who played on string instruments, executed very well indeed some of Strauss's waltzes and "Cantos Canarios" by Power, a native composer, besides other music. Although these gardens are public and belong to the town, threepence was charged for admission, in return for which one received a lottery ticket. The sight was a novel one inside the grounds. A straight avenue, forming a promenade, was well lit up by oil lanterns hung on either side. Beneath the trees were seats, and at the end of the walk a roofed stand, brilliantly lighted, and covered with articles ticketed and numbered. Here one brings the little twisted screw of paper received on entering; and putting it in water, it unrolls, when the number can be read. Almost invariably everyone finds a blank! If, however, a number should be inside, the prize gained may consist of a looking-glass, a bottle of beer, cheap vases, trumpery glass, or china ornaments.

The promenaders consisted of young men and girls, chiefly of the middle classes. The dresses were brilliant pinks, blues, and whites, modern and gaudy hats being mostly worn. The night was warm, as, indeed, every night in Santa Cruz is, the temperature between day and night varying little. Our thermometer, during our stay in the town, remained steadily at 80° F. (26·68 C.), as if glued.

CHAPTER II.

SANTA CRUZ—LAGUNA.

If the customs and manners of men were everywhere the same, there would be no office so dull as that of a traveller, for the difference in hills, valleys, rivers, in short the various views of which we may see the face of the earth, would scarce afford him a pleasure worthy of his labour; and surely it would give him very little opportunity of communicating any kind of entertainment or improvement to others.

HENRY FIELDING.

ON the following morning we started for Laguna at 10 a.m. The vehicle was an ordinary fly,* very much the worse for wear, the hood closed against heat, not rain. Three horses abreast drew us, the middle one being little larger than a pony. It is a long, steady pull from Santa Cruz to Laguna, for which three horses are invariably employed. The ascent began at once in the town, which is built on the slope of the hill. Where Humboldt saw the "narrow and sandy beach" where "houses of dazzling whiteness are built close against a wall of black perpendicular rock," I know not. He must have written a description applying to some other place, and imagined it was Santa Cruz de Tenerife. The whole of his account of the island is very inaccurate.

As we toiled up a steep and straight street leading out of the town, a funeral met us. The coffin, covered with black cloth, was borne by four bearers, while some eight or ten little boys carrying lighted lamps followed in careless fashion. The custom of no near relatives being present at a funeral precludes any appearance of genuine grief, and gives a corresponding levity to the bearing and tone of those who accompany the corpse.

Presently we encountered three camels, carrying their loads in leisurely, swinging fashion, their heads held high as though protesting against the degradation, and another

* Things have materially improved since then, several open carriages and landaus having been made or imported. Horses for riding are now plentiful.

kneeling to await its burden. Their owners shorten their hold of the halters as they pass, for those cynical eyes do not always betoken the sweetest of tempers, as they glance down contemptuously on the passers-by. Some countrymen passed us, sitting sideways upon their odd-looking saddles, or *albardas*. These are made with high points back and front, and are covered by sheepskin. Everything that can be carried on horseback is packed on the saddles; even the panniers that the donkeys carry are slung across the *albarda*. It takes some time to become accustomed to seeing men sitting sideways, but the pack-saddles are too broad to make the ordinary way possible, or at any rate comfortable.

Trees have been planted along each side of the road for a little distance beyond the town. They are young, and afford, of course, no shelter. There was not much vegetation of any sort, either wild or cultivated. Near the town there were a few date palms in the gardens, but as we ascended, the country was a dusty, barren brown. Evidently water is scarce, and this is confirmed by the appearance of cisterns here and there. The land, which is a steep slope towards Santa Cruz, is divided up into irregular patches—one cannot call them fields—by low walls of grey lava stones. So steep is the slope in many places that terraces are necessary, some of them being only a yard or two wide. The general aspect of the country is brown, enlivened only by the pale dull green cactus and a few scattered trees, and after the hot season everything looks parched and withered.

A cross erected on the wayside as a praying station was the only thing of note upon the road. Near it was another cross on a small pedestal, erected where a corpse, on being carried to the cemetery, was laid down to rest the bearers, a custom prevalent throughout the archipelago. We now passed the two-kilometre stone, 450 feet above the sea. It was 10.30 a.m., and 82° F. (27·8° C.) in the carriage. The road, although fairly broad and well made, is guarded only on the lower side by small pillar stones placed at intervals of about six yards. It is built up at many places where there are dips in the land, the bank thus caused being as unprotected as the rest of the road.

The town of Santa Cruz, as seen from this highway, is not pretty. The houses are low, and have generally flat roofs, the larger having *azoteas* and *miradores*, the whole giving the impression, as somebody has remarked, that one has been taken up by the scruff of the neck and let down in the middle of the Old Testament. A man carrying two bags of prickly pears, slung round his neck, and hanging down front and back, presented a curious spectacle, as if poulticed—a rather warm treatment for both the man and the pears along this dusty and unshaded road. Another man, with a goatskin bag on his back, in which he carried his food, as did his Guanche ancestors, we also met tramping along. Occasionally we passed cavities scooped out of hollows in the land on either side of the road, goats, pigs, and other animals being the troglodytes. Alongside of the new road, or rather crossing it—for it comes straight down the hill—is the old, just as in Norway one sometimes sees three generations of road side by side. The old road here is, however, entirely paved with stones, somewhat like those in Madeira at the present day.

Four kilometres from Santa Cruz we were 665 feet up, and the temperature was still 80° F. (26.6° C.). The journey was full of interest because new, but the scene could hardly be called beautiful, except when we looked towards the sea. As the road wound backwards and forwards, cool, refreshing breezes came to us off the ocean, a perfect blue, far beneath us, even through the heat that quivered above the brown earth. Away in the distance tower in faint outline the mountains of Gran Canaria. Leftwards, and above us, a conical hill of bright red, completely destitute of vegetation, gives light to a landscape otherwise rather colourless. Interest centred in the road—the peasants going into town; mules and donkeys, with their strange and varied loads, carrying anything from water to stones; splendid oxen patiently whisking off the flies as they sauntered along; grey lizards wriggling in and out of the stones, scarcely distinguishable from the lava dust and the brown, thirsty-looking earth; while the men, brown and handsome, and the women, brown and ugly, were a never-failing novelty. One bright-looking

lad, carrying a canary in a cage, walked beside us as we toiled up the hill, and seemed as much concerned with us and our belongings as we were with him and his.

Presently we came to the cross-roads between Guimar, Laguna, and the capital. A much-frequented *venta* is at one corner, at which we stopped, and our driver got down. A motley assemblage of laden donkeys and mules stood in the shade of the house, whisking the flies off their hot sides with their tails, the owners either lounging about outside or in the little bar or shop buying wine. We followed our driver into the venta, partly out of curiosity and partly in order to get out of the hot sun. Entering a large passage, almost a yard —the *zaguan*—in which a horse was standing, we found two rooms opening out of it on the right and left. That on the left was a square, dirty-looking place, with some tables and chairs in it, and in one corner a dripstone. These dripstones, or *piedras de destilar*, are used almost universally throughout the islands. They are a sort of porous sandstone, formed of the remains of broken shells and grains of broken volcanic stone, solidified calcareous sandstone, and act as filters. The entire water-supply of some of the islands, and in some places in each island, is kept in cisterns; and lying stagnant, as it does, from one winter to another, filtration is very necessary. The best stones come from Fuerteventura. The top of the stone is hollowed out; and in most houses ferns, generally maidenhair (*adiantum capillus veneris*), are placed in the hollow, and drooping over, form quite a pretty and refreshing-looking bit of green. These stones do not remove all impurities from the water, but they serve to clear it; and when, as in the chief towns, the water comes from the mountains, the clarifying process is of course sufficient.

Leaving the gloomy sala of the venta, we crossed to the shop or bar-room on the opposite side. We have nothing in England to correspond with the venta. It is a sort of public-house, where, however, beds cannot be procured. Other things besides food for immediate consumption may be bought, it being a very inferior kind of general shop. Its chief trade is, however, in wine, the light *vin ordinaire* of

the island, which the peasants drink as beer is consumed in England.

While awaiting our charioteer's pleasure, we stood outside and watched the quadrupeds. None of the donkeys and but few of the mules had shoes. Their hoofs could not have been in better order, nor a better shape. These animals are worked all the year round, not having rest in winter, like the Norsk horses. Roads are not, of course, to be found throughout the island, but the ground is everywhere very hard and often stony. The coach from Laguna passed while we waited; it is merely an old omnibus. There is communication between Santa Cruz and Puerto de Orotava twice a-day by means of these omnibuses. Women passing to and fro were a marvel, from the amount both in bulk and weight they carried upon their heads. On another occasion, later in our travels in the islands, we saw a woman upon a rather windy day, wearing a large hat, calmly put an immense stone upon the top of her head to keep the hat on, the unnecessary weight apparently giving her no trouble or inconvenience as she tramped smilingly along!

Between the cross-roads and Laguna, seven kilometres from the capital and 1,400 feet above the sea, on the left-hand side, is a red house, interesting because under its roof Dr. Walcott (Peter Pindar) stayed with Mr. Mackerrick when he paid a short visit to Santa Cruz in 1768. He wrote while there an "Elegy to the Fleas of Tenerife"*—a theme of lively interest to those who have lived on one or other of the islands of the archipelago.

We have now reached 1,600 feet above Santa Cruz, and the thermometer marks 78° F. (25·5° C.), four degrees less than it was in the town, although it is now noon. The lessened temperature is noticeable in many ways, the cultivated land looks greener, and we pass a threshing-floor, showing that we have reached the region of cereals.

The road dust, being grey lava, mercifully does not reflect a glare such as would be unbearable in the perpetual sunshine were it white. The *transito de consumos*, or *fielato*, the Spanish *octroi*, warns us that we are on the borders of Laguna.

* "The Works of Peter Pindar, Esq." (Dr. Walcott), vol. iii., 1794.

I have had many discussions on the merits and demerits of this system of taxation, which most people consider a bleeding operation, killing all progress among the lower orders of the people. The defenders of the system say it is an equal tax, falling alike on rich and poor. Such, however, is not really the case, for it is the products of the poor that are taxed, the food that is produced and sold in order to earn the actual living of the poor. Trees are here planted, as they are near Santa Cruz, on each side of the road. The highway runs through the centre of Laguna, but unfortunately where the houses commence the good macadamised road ceases, so that notwithstanding our pace is a slow walk, we jolt and tumble and bump over the execrable stone pavement. A noiseless camel, with swinging tread and cynical physiognomy, is the only living thing we encounter as we drive noisily through the deserted streets. Laguna is by our aneroid 1,840 feet above the sea.

OLD DOORWAY, LAGUNA.

Our first experience of the best inn the town produced proved trying, for, accustomed as we were to luncheon, we found we could not procure anything to eat for love or money until dinner, which would be ready at 5.30 p.m. In Laguna we received our first lesson in eating prickly pears, by no means an easy feat to the uninitiated. The prickly pear is the fruit of the cactus, the same cactus upon which the cochineal is placed. Special plants, however, are kept for fruit, as the insect prevents its perfect growth. In shape the pear is oval, about the size of a duck's egg. It is well named prickly, for the entire surface is covered by tiny thorns, so minute that when they enter the flesh it is almost impossible to extract them. As it is likely that the fruit may be largely introduced into England, an exact account of how to

tackle it may not be out of place. The first and most important rule is never to touch the fruit with the fingers. Cut off about half-an-inch from each end, and then cut the pear lengthways for the depth of the skin only, which is about a quarter of an inch thick, pulling it apart on either side with knife and fork. Inside is a juicy ball, about the size of the yolk of a duck's egg, of clear, greeny-white jelly, and seeds like grapeshot; this extract and swallow. The flavour is that of sweet water. The eating of a prickly pear has been fitly described as "filling your mouth with shot and gulping it down with a draught of water." Various names are given to prickly pears in the islands, but the most usual is *higos picos*. They are the great fruit of the peasants, but they are not "the chief, if not the sole, article of food," as a Blue-book asserts! One must be travelling on horseback or on foot in a thirsty land without water, a cloudless sky overhead, a burning soil underfoot, before the appearance of a *higo pico*, bristling with invisible thorns, becomes in one's eyes the most delicious and luscious of fruits.

Laguna means a lake, or rather a marshy lake. When the Spaniards first came to the island, there was a lake here, which in the wet season increased very considerably. A monastery was built at one side of it, the village being at the other, and until within about the last hundred years, when the monks were banished, they used to ferry themselves across. The last boat used, one very similar to the curricle of Ireland, is now in the possession of a blacksmith, who uses it as a receptacle for water to cool irons. We trust this really interesting relic may be rescued from the hands of the Goths. At the present day the lake has entirely disappeared, replaced only in the wet season by a marsh. This is attributed to the wholesale destruction of trees which has been going on since the Spaniards conquered the island in 1496. Instead of vast forests covering the mountains, there is now scarcely sufficient fuel for the inhabitants.

The general impression conveyed to a stranger passing through Laguna is that of dreary desertedness. The population is chiefly made up of the clerical element, but there is a large sprinkling of the agricultural class. The school

and college for training the island clergy are situated here. Very few people are in the streets; the windows and doors are closed, the inhabitants hidden in their cool rooms and *patios*. Past glories appear at every turn in decorated doorways, carved lintels, magnificent balconies, with traces of Moorish influence everywhere, but all in a state bordering on decay, and scarcely showing even a semblance of careful preservation.

Dinner, at 5.30, turned out better than the exterior of the inn and its rooms warranted. We had soup which must be nameless, *puchero*, the national dish which used to be called in Spain *olla podrida*, consisting of potatoes, cabbage, pumpkin, melon, pears, maize boiled whole, a little boiled pork, and mutton. The vegetables are picked out and placed assorted on a huge dish; the mutton, pork, and maize are on another. Fowls came next, then a sort of beefsteak, cooked until all the goodness had left it. Pastry of a peculiar and indigestible kind was followed by a variety of fruits. Pears, prickly pears, figs (fresh), peaches, apricots, bananas, grapes, wine *ad libitum*, and coffee ended the repast.

SANTO DOMINGO BELFRY, LAGUNA.

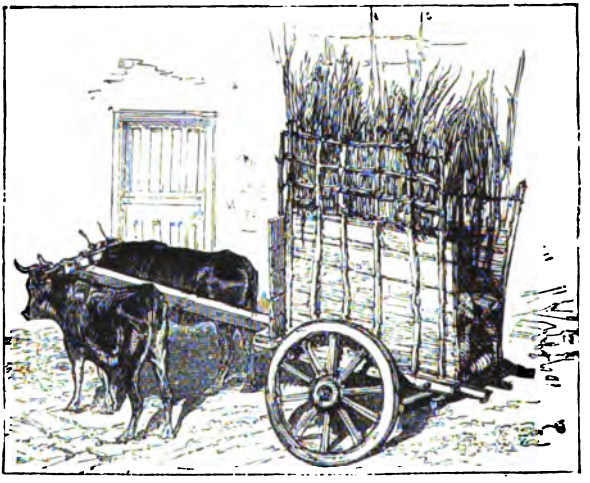
Next day was Saturday, and, as it happened, they were celebrating La Natividad de Nuestra Señora (or Nuestra Señora de los Remedios), in whose honour high mass was performed in the cathedral, of which she is patron saint. During the morning the streets, usually deserted, were crowded with country people. The cathedral was destitute of seats, except for a few small camp-stools brought by the señoras. The women knelt in closely packed rows on both sides

of a passage railed off in front of the altar down the centre of the church for the brotherhood of the Santisimo Sacramento. Gorgeously clad were they in red costumes. When not kneeling, the people sank into sitting postures on the rush-strewn floor. A few of the women wore white mantillas of flannel, but the vast majority were clad in black. Some of the white were formed into hoods, trimmed with white satin; that is, part of the covering of the head was stiffened into hood shape with cardboard. Very few of these ancient head-dresses are left. The flannel used for the purpose is exceedingly fine, of a peculiar kind, and is made by hand-looms in Yorkshire. There has lately been much difficulty in obtaining it, owing to steam looms driving out hand-weaving, and the large manufacturers refusing to supply the flannel except in great lengths. The men wear wide trousers ending just above the knee, and slit up on the outsides; white drawers beneath the trousers reach to within four inches of the ankle, below which is a gaiter of leather, fitting over shoes made of brown leather.

The figure of the Virgin, which later in the day was to be carried through the town in procession, was on the left of the altar, standing on the throne, and covered by a canopy. It was dressed in silk, and lavishly covered with ornaments. Real rings of precious stones adorned the hands; and necklaces, brooches, pendants, and all kinds of splendid jewellery were scattered over the figure. One was glad to turn from this inanimate puppet to the pulpit—a really artistic work, made of marble, and supported on the wings and shoulders of a colossal angel.

The official title of Laguna is Ciudad de San Cristobal de Laguna, being named thus by Alonso de Lugo, after St. Christopher, when he conquered the island and founded Laguna. His victories were achieved more by the internal dissensions and treachery of some of the chieftains than by fair conquest. When asked by the Guanches why he thus troubled their country, he answered that it was in order to make them all Christians; so the inhabitants were baptised at the point of the sword, and San Cristobal de Laguna founded on July 25th, 1495, which was St. Christopher's Day.

We took some photographs of the churches and old houses. One house in particular, that of Conde del Valle de Salazar, is a beautiful work of art, perfect as a specimen of Italian architecture so far as the outside is concerned. We did not penetrate into the interior. The house has a large frontage in a very narrow street, so narrow that we had the greatest trouble in seeing it, much less getting a photograph. When standing immediately opposite, it was with difficulty we could see to the top, although it was not by any means a remarkably high house. It is only two-storied, the windows being high. Fluted Corinthian columns are on each side of the entrance door and upper windows, finished by elaborately



OXEN AND CART.

carved capitals, which support massive canopies. Two square turrets are on each end of the house, while in the middle, over the doorway and central window, is a handsome façade, in a niche of which is a statue. Balconies of light and graceful iron work surround each window. The house itself is of stone work. Incongruous is its *entourage*. White-washed houses, with closed wooden shutters, and Moresque doorways, on a level with light and graceful pillars, spoil the effect. It would, in fact, be possible to pass the house in the narrow street and never notice its existence.

It being a feast day, the beggars were in great force soliciting alms. During the morning the doors and *zaguanes* (*zaguan* is the space between the street-door and *patio*) were crowded with filthy folk in rags. The beggars, or *pordioseros*, as they are here called, satisfy the craving that religious enthusiasts have for doing good, and alms given to them propitiate Heaven for sins and shortcomings.

Opposite our inn is the custom-house, or *fielato*. It enlivened us, while waiting for the procession to pass, to watch the mules and donkeys, with their owners, standing at the door. A little down the street stood a yoke of oxen in a cart of peculiar shape. It is long and narrow, with saplings like hop-poles stuck in an upright position round the outside edge, about a foot apart. About five o'clock, as it was becoming cool, we heard the band of the processionists. A flag or banner was borne in front. Acolytes, swinging censers filled with burning incense, preceded five boys dressed in white and gold, who carried a large cross and four candlesticks. The image of the Virgin standing on the *trono* was borne by four or more men, who carried it on poles upon their shoulders, and who were hidden beneath the drapery which reached from the poles to the ground. Behind the image came the priests in their vestments—I cannot say they walked with a gait devout—lined on each side by the brotherhood in red that we had seen at the church previously. Behind them after an interval came a brass band, followed by a crowd of women and a few children. Conspicuous by their absence were men.

CHAPTER III.

MATANZA—VICTORIA—HISTORY.

In vain they met him, helm to helm
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses blocked his way.
In vain—for every lance they raised,
Thousands around the conqueror blazed ;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bowed
As dates beneath the locust-cloud !

MOORE.

TWENTY-FOUR hours effected a transformation in Laguna. As we drove, or rather jolted, through the streets on our way to Orotava, the appearance of the town was considerably more lively than it was the day before. Business of all kinds was in full swing, and it was difficult to imagine that it was Sunday. Numbers of country people were in the town, each woman with her manto, each man generally with his blanket, or *manta*, as it is called. A cord is run through the doubled end of a blanket, or it is bound with leather and tied round the neck, whence it hangs to the heels. The blankets now used are of English make, but no doubt were formerly home-spun. Wrapped in these blankets, the men pass the night without undressing, either in the air, or stretched on the earthen floors of their huts, or at best on a sack full of straw, or *paja*, a by no means despicable bed. Great fastidiousness is displayed in the selection of a blanket. It must be of a certain size, and guiltless of black hairs, or it is at once rejected. The stripes running near the edge must be only of one colour, and that blue. They must be three in number, the central one wider than that on each side of it.

The nap upon one side of the blanket must run in a reverse direction to that upon the other, so that each side may, in turn, be used for the exterior of the cloak. So exacting are the natives in attending to these minute details, that each blanket has to be carefully looked over in England before being exported, to see that it contains no black hairs, and conforms in all other respects to the traditions of the islanders.

Remembering the well-known physiological fact that there is nothing so safe to wear as woollen material where one is alternately on a mountain-top and in a valley, we clothed ourselves accordingly, substituting silk for wool in some instances, as being nearly, if not quite, as good a material, and less bulky. Cotton, which people are so fond of wearing in warm weather, is a dangerous material for a hot climate. I brought one cotton dress to the islands, and contracted when wearing it the only chill I was afflicted with during the whole of my sojourn there.

Eucalyptus trees are planted along the roadside as we leave Laguna, and seem to be thriving. Growing the eucalyptus here is a new experiment, and, as the tree absorbs moisture from the ground, it will prove useful in the marshy soil of Laguna, where already it has effected an improvement. We are ascending slightly, and twelve kilometres from Santa Cruz we are 1,950 feet above the sea. The temperature is 72° F. (22·3° C.), and the sky cloudy, as though rain were imminent, which we know it cannot be in September. Behind us lies Laguna, in the centre of a basin, surrounded by forest-covered hills, including the famous wood of Las Mercedes. The lie of the country, as well as history, bears evidence that there has been a lake, probably a shallow one, there formerly. The road is lively, as if it were market-day, with barefooted women carrying fowls, laden horses and mules, some of which are being ridden with a halter only, goats and long-haired sheep. We pass several curious cracks or fissures in the earth, and presently we get a view of the sea on the north-western side of the island. When we started in the morning, a belt of clouds jealously hid the Peak from our eyes; and the more anxious we became to see the still invisible Monarch of

the Isles, the lower and more securely the clouds enveloped and folded around the summit, until it was completely covered.

Beginning to descend on the western side of the island, we notice that the houses are thatched. Apple, pear, peach, fig, and Spanish chestnut trees show that we are still in the temperate zone as regards vegetation. At each kilometre stone we find ourselves fifty feet lower, however. The road crosses a deep, narrow barranco, and again leads through cuttings. It is a good broad highway, the first made in the island, and well kept. Stubble is being burned in some of the fields, while a couple of horses tread out the corn. A boy, who is riding alongside of our carriage, has four barrels of wine or water strapped upon the *albarda.*

We near Tacoronte, a pretty village lying on a cultivated slope towards the sea. Vineyards, date palms, and cactus covered by cochineal are all around. The scene has completely changed. From Santa Cruz to Laguna all is brown barrenness. From Laguna to about the twentieth kilometre from Santa Cruz is a plain, with its distinctive feature—dreariness. Here, 1,750 feet above the sea [72° F. (22·3° C.), 9.25 a.m.], luxuriant and cultivated slopes, substantial cottages, and thriving villages lie facing the north-west. If the truth be told, the drive from Santa Cruz to Orotava is not interesting. It is unfortunate that it is so, as this is the drive always taken by casual visitors, who therefore carry away and spread broadcast the impression that the scenery in the Islands is commonplace and unattractive.

The road, which up till now has been leading towards the sea, turns south-westward, passing along the side and through the midst of the rich and well-cultivated district lying between Tacoronte and Orotava. Below the slope, and at its feet, lies the Atlantic, blue and calm.

As we reached the twenty-second kilometre, and were 1,500 feet above the sea, we gained our first view of the Puerto de Orotava, though a dash of surf was all we could distinguish. Our curiosity to see the Valley of Orotava was not yet to be gratified. We had heard or read of this famous valley, and Humboldt's description of its beauty is sufficient alone to whet one's longing to fever point. His florid sketch

is and must be overdrawn, for each traveller who has read it, and followed in his footsteps, is overwhelmed with disappointment upon seeing the Valley of Orotava from this its northern side. Humboldt declares that the view from the road over the valley and littoral is the finest he has ever seen in his travels, whereas the valley as seen from Icod el Alto is vastly more beautiful. There is this to be said for Orotava: that, everything being taken into consideration—its position, climate, surroundings, habitations, society, conveniences, and, above all, proximity to the Peak—it is the most suitable spot in the archipelago as a residence for foreigners. It would not be doing Orotava justice to say that it will shortly be a second Funchal, for it can easily rival, and must certainly surpass, Madeira as a winter residence for invalids, besides having attractions that will induce the healthy to resort thither and prevent it from ever becoming the melancholy hospital that Funchal is.

The sea lies perhaps about half-a-mile off, but distances are deceptive in this clear atmosphere. As we near Matanza the road descends into a large ravine, the bottom covered with bright green vines. This is the spot where the Spaniards, under Alonso de Lugo, were defeated by the Guanches, under Bencomo, King of Taoro (Orotava), and his brother Tinguaro, the last patriots left to defend their country. Hence the name *Matanza*, which means "slaughter." At the present day peaceful occupations surround Matanza. Primitive furnaces for burning tiles are near the village. The tiles are used for roofing houses. They are deeply curved, like portions of a drainage pipe split longitudinally.

As we stood on the roadside admiring the peaceful and pastoral scenes around, the broad Atlantic stretching away in the distance beneath us, we were much interested and amused by the passers-by. The men and boys wear loose white linen jackets and drawers tucked up to the knee, displaying legs of a rich brown colour.

There is a great and remarkable absence of large trees, such as one sees in what are called the "old" countries. This gives a new and unsettled appearance to the scenery, such as one experiences in parts of the United States and Canada.

As we loiter in the sun, looking upon the scene of one of the most remarkable of the past struggles in the islands, we recall the history of the conquest. As some knowledge of the wonderful people who lived here, and of whom we know so little, will enable us better to understand and appreciate the present inhabitants, a short account of their history prior to and during the conquest may not be out of place.

There is little doubt that before the existence of the "Fortunate Islands" was even suspected, there were islands of imagination described by the ancient poets, so like the Canary Islands, that when these were really discovered, the fanciful descriptions of the Elysian fields by Homer and the "Fortunate Isles" of Hesiod and Pindar were found to apply to them. The earliest mention of the islands as existing—not the Homeric "Fortunate Islands" nor those of Hesiod and Pindar—is in the treatise "De Mirabilibus," about the year 250 B.C. This and the account by Diodorus are no doubt from the historian Timæus, his authority being the Greek navigator Pytheas and the tales of Punic and other sailors. Statius Sebosus, however, is the first (about 40 B.C.) who gives names to five islands which can be identified from their description as the Canary Islands of to-day. King Juba II. sent out an expedition specially in search of the Insulæ Fortunatæ, and finding the Canaries, named them from their characteristics thus: Ombrios (Palma), Junonia (Gomera), Nivaria (Tenerife), Capraria (Hierro), Canaria (Canaria of to-day), while the Purpurariæ were Fuerteventura and Lanzarote. Thus all seven were named, and it is remarkable that only one island retains to-day its ancient appellation. From this period, however, for thirteen centuries, all knowledge of the islands is lost. Owing to the destruction of the Roman empire, the Garden of the Hesperides became once more a fable, known to the Moors of Spain and Arabs as Al Jazayr al Khâledât, but practically as really existing islands buried in oblivion.

The Portuguese probably re-discovered these islands early in the 14th century; but nothing was done towards their subjection till Jean de Bethencourt, a Norman nobleman, endowed with a strong spirit of adventure, and accompanied by one Gadifer de la Salle, a man of means and of like mind, got

up an expedition to the islands. They were joined by many men of birth and adventure, and accompanied by two priests, Pierre Bontier and Jean le Verrier, who subsequently wrote a description of the expedition, started from Rochelle in May, 1402. They touched at Corunna and Cadiz, losing many of their party by desertion, and finally left the latter port in July, arriving at Graciosa and Lanzarote after eight days' sail. Here they succeeded in landing and building a castle at Rubicon. Fuerteventura was not reduced to Bethencourt's rule until three years later. In Palma and Hierro colonies were formed, and Gomera visited in 1405, after which Bethencourt left for Europe. He died in 1425, without again visiting the islands, of which he had made his nephew lieutenant-general. It is curious that it was from Spain Bethencourt received supplies of men and money, and that it was Henry III. of Castile to whom he did homage for the islands. France seems to have been backward in giving supplies, though repeatedly asked to do so.

Maciot de Bethencourt proved a bad ruler, and Queen Catherine of Spain sent one Barba to control him. Maciot, after ceding the islands to Barba, went to Madeira, where he sold them over again to Prince Henry of Portugal. They were passed from one to another several times, Spain and Portugal alternately claiming them. It was not until 1479 that the dispute was settled, and the Canaries finally acknowledged as Spanish possessions.

One Peraza bought the islands eventually, and endeavoured to conquer Palma, but was killed in the attempt. His sister, Doña Inés de Peraza, married Diego de Herrera, who thus became lord of the islands in 1444. From this time onwards until the final subjection of the archipelago, some fifty years later, the history is a most painful one of meanness and treachery, cruelty and bloodshed, on the part of the Spaniards, against an innocent, amiable, honourable, and confiding people.

Herrera made several ineffectual attempts to subdue Canaria. Finding that he could not succeed by force, he endeavoured to do so by stratagem. Pretending to land for trading purposes, he succeeded, with much trouble, in per-

suading the Canarios to allow him to erect a building at Gando where those trading with the islanders might worship. The bishop assisted in this pious fraud, the unfortunate islanders actually helping to erect the supposed place of worship, which was in reality a fort. A treaty of peace had been signed, but a good garrison, well armed and provisioned, was left, with orders on the first opportunity to make themselves masters of the island, and in any case to sow dissensions among the natives. Finally, after much that was dishonourable on the part of the invaders, followed by bloodshed, the natives razed the castle, killing most of the Spaniards.

Herrera, not being able to conquer the remaining islands, was obliged by the King and Queen of Spain to sell them. A special expedition was then sent out by Spain against Gran Canaria in charge of Don Juan Rejon, in May, 1477. Ceaselessly the natives were attacked by force and stratagem, and inch by inch they defended their country, taking refuge in their mountain fastnesses. At last, however, the island was subjugated, in April, 1483, by Pedro de Vera, seventy-seven years after the first attempt upon it by Bethencourt.

Hernan Peraza, son of Herrera, was Governor of Gomera at this time, but treated the people so badly that they rose against him, until finally, owing to an intrigue with a beautiful Gomera girl, he was murdered. He had previously asked and obtained help from Pedro de Vera, who now, in answer to a summons from Hernan's wife, came to the island with troops, and in a savage and brutal as well as treacherous way killed numbers of the inhabitants. Owing to representations at Madrid of his wicked conduct, he was withdrawn from the Canaries.

During De Vera's governorship, he gave some of the best land to one of his captains, Alonso Fernando de Lugo, who commanded the garrison at Agaete. This officer, not liking a peaceable life, sold his estate, and went to Spain, where he obtained leave to try and conquer Palma and Tenerife. He landed at Tasacorte, in Palma, September, 1490, and the following year, in May, this island was finally subjugated, once more by treachery.

Upon May 1st, 1494, De Lugo landed at the port of Añaza, and May 3rd being the festival of the Holy Cross, he called the place Santa Cruz. Tenerife had some years previous to this been under the rule of one chieftain, Tinerfe, or Chinerfe—from whose name some derive Tenerife—who reigned at Adeje, but upon his death the kingdom was divided among his nine sons. It was chiefly the grandsons of Tinerfe who sustained the wars of the conquest. Some of the kings were at war at this time with Bencomo, King of Taoro, and, rather than join him against the common enemy, betrayed their country. Bencomo met De Lugo, who suggested, in answer to the chieftain's inquiries as to the reason of the invasion, that he should become a Christian and vassal of Spain. Christianity Bencomo said he did not understand, but as to the latter, he was free-born, and intended to die free. Bencomo then returned to Taoro, and invited all the kings to join him against the invaders, but only three—Acaymo, King of Tacoronte, Tegueste II., who also reigned in this district, and Beneharo of Anaga—answered the summons, with, it is said, 11,000 men. The traitor kings eulogised by the Spaniards, and commemorated in the Plaza at Santa Cruz, were those of Abona, Daute, Icod, and, above all, the King of Guïmar, who was the first to betray his country, and was consequently called by the invaders Añaterve el Bueno (the Good). The King of Adeje, being timid, abdicated in these troublous times rather than decide for or against the conquerors. Beneharo was the first who made the name of Guanche known and celebrated in Europe, and his daughter Guacina, as brave as her heroic father, is said to have ridden at the head of the troops.

Defeated at Matanza, De Lugo landed again, but was repulsed with loss. He then retired to Gran Canaria, where he levied troops, and, with help from Spain and Lanzarote, made another attempt upon Tenerife. It was on this occasion that the battle of Laguna took place, at which Tinguaro, one of the most notable of chieftains and warriors, was slain, and the Guanches, partially demoralised by his death, were defeated. Their valour, however, was heroic and undiminished, and they made yet another stand for

liberty and home. A bloody battle was fought. The islanders, reduced in strength as well as numbers by disease, gave way, and became at last an easy and non-resisting prey to the Spaniards. The latter did not practise the virtues of the so-called barbarians that they were conquering, by sending the conquered away in peace. They actually continued murdering them—for it was little else, the Guanches being powerless to defend themselves—until, tired out, they ceased, resting at a place now called, from this battle, Victoria, a little further along the road we are traversing.

Bencomo and the other princes fled to Orotava, and shortly after entrenched themselves beyond the mountains of Tigayga. De Lugo following, encamped upon the other side of the barranco which divided the enemies. Owing to various causes, disease and treachery being the chief, the valiant chieftains found themselves deserted and obliged to capitulate. The present villages of Realejo Arriba and Realejo Bajo are built upon the sites of these camps, and derive their names from this circumstance, *real* meaning "camp." The Spaniards encamped at Realejo Arriba, and the Guanches at the lower village.

All the kings were baptised at Realejo, submitting because resistance was no longer possible. They were promised their lands and liberty; but De Lugo, fearing their influence, sent them to Spain, where these noble, chivalrous, and truly heroic men, belonging to anything but a savage race, were looked upon by their much more barbarous conquerors as wild animals. The unfortunate Guanches left in the island were treated as slaves. Retiring to the mountains, they made raids, forced by hunger, on the colonies beneath. The Spaniards, thus harassed, decided upon their complete annihilation, and deputies went to Spain in 1532 to ask the assistance of the Inquisition to exterminate the Guanches. It is said that the ancient Tenerifians have been entirely destroyed. The well-known immorality of the Spaniards is almost sufficient reason to suppose that there must be an admixture of Guanche blood to this day in the island. The character of the islanders is also much softer, simpler, and more generous than that of the Peninsular Spaniard.

It was after the baptism of the chiefs just recorded that Alonso de Lugo left Realejo and founded Laguna. He was appointed Governor of Tenerife and Palma; and marrying the beautiful and wicked widow of Peraza, Doña Beatriz Bobadilla, he thus became owner of Gomera and Hierro. After murdering a few people, and committing other questionable acts, Doña Beatriz was summoned to Spain, where one morning she was found dead in her bed. She had a son by Peraza, who was heir to Gomera and Hierro; and after repeatedly asking his step-father to give up his inheritance, he at last took possession of the islands. He was styled Conde de la Gomera, and was the first who had the title of Count in the Canary Islands.

CHAPTER IV.

OROTAVA.

There was no heavy heat, no cold;
The dwellers there wax never old,
Nor wither with the waning time,
But each man keeps that age he had
When first he won the fairy clime.
The night falls never from on high,
Nor ever burns the heat of noon;
But such soft light eternally
Shines, as in silver dawns of June,
Before the sun hath climbed the sky.

ANDREW LANG.

WE are now in close proximity to Victoria, the scene of the battle where Guanche independence met with its death-blow. On the way we cannot but notice what curious things the women carry upon their heads. We met one with an axe, which she held by the handle, while balancing the blade on her head. Men and boys all, without exception, smoke cigarettes; one scarcely ever sees them without the little twist of paper between the lips.

We come to another barranco, which we cross by means of a bridge built half-way down. We gallop down one side, and toil up the other to Victoria, which is on the summit. In the barranco were plenty of low grey-green trees, interspersed among the vivid green of the vines. Palms are the only lofty trees, and they seem, as it were, to tower above the landscape. Clusters of golden dates hang among their rustling, frond-like leaves, giving promise of a goodly harvest. Not everywhere in these islands, however, do the dates ripen.

A pleasant breeze is blowing off the sea, giving that bracing feeling to the air which, no matter how hot it may

be, one always gets in the Canaries. High mountains are on our left, on which there is a good deal of wood and forest, whilst on our right the slope to the sea is well cultivated. At the twenty-ninth kilometre stone we found ourselves at 1,050 feet of elevation, and the temperature increased to 75° F. (23·9° C.). The road became winding, and we presently descended by zigzags into a deep and wide barranco, too wide to be spanned by a bridge.

As we drive along the high-road, we have ever present to our minds that at any moment the Peak, the centre of attraction in the archipelago, may become visible. At eleven o'clock we see it for the first time. The white clouds that all the morning have jealously hidden Teide from sight clear off, leaving only the belt which nearly always surrounds the mountain at a height of from 6,000 to 7,000 feet. Above the clouds El Pico rises grey and solitary.

The slope from the summit to the sea is apparently one unbroken line. Far below us lies the little compact town of Puerto de Orotava, above which the plain called the Valley of Orotava rises gently to the background of mountain, whence the slope increases until it reaches upwards to the Peak. Three conical hills, destitute of vegetation and composed entirely of the blackest of black lava, stand out boldly as we look over the vast extent of plain. The "Valley" of Orotava—a misleading name—is a square, sloping plain, bounded at the back by mountains, wooded and reaching to the Peak; on the south side, a high saddle-back called Tigayga stretches apparently from the sea to the Peak; at the northern side, where we enter, the mountains are reduced to hills, and the slope where the road traverses it may be better imagined when given in feet. It is 1,000 feet above the sea, which is a mile distant. The fourth side lies at the foot of the slope, and is the sea. The "Valley" is so luxuriant, that the whole appears a tangled mass of orange groves, banana trees, vineyards, olives, mangoes, guavas, and every conceivable fruit and vegetable that the heart of man can desire. The usually ugly, flat-roofed houses are here covered, gracefully festooned, and hidden by lovely flowering creepers. We had one pleasure derived from knowledge, and

therefore appealing to the reason, not the senses, that made us contemplate El Valle with satisfaction. It is considered by all authorities—English, French, German, Swedish, and Spanish—to be without exception the healthiest place on the face of the globe. The Canarian Archipelago rejoices in the most magnificent climate in the world, and Orotava is the most excellent of the excellent. Many places in the other islands, we found later, rival it. Many surpass it in beauty, some possibly in health, as Arrecife, in Lanzarote, but none combine health, beauty, and convenience in so favoured a degree as Orotava. No wonder Bencomo strove hard for his inheritance and fought for Orotava!

Meanwhile we are nearing this abode of bliss. We stop at another little venta, and see near it, for the first time, a dragon tree *—perhaps the most remarkable, interesting, and best-known production which is peculiar to the islands. Weird and uncouth in form, it could readily be conjured into something animate when seen in the gloaming, guarding with its massive trunk and sword-like leaves the Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides.

The view of the Peak is fine even from here; and though it is the worst obtainable, yet it is the best known. Those who go to the Cape by steamers touching at Madeira, have a much grander view as they pass between Tenerife and Gomera. There, one realises that El Pico de Teide is a world's wonder. If it were possible to be disappointed in one's expectations of the Peak, it is from here the disappointment would be received. The reason is obvious. The saddleback of Tigayga fills the foreground, and cuts the bottom of the Peak off, leaving only a huge conical hill in the distance, looking as though rising from the centre of the island, and not from the sea. This of course takes from the height and grandeur. Seen from farther away, from the sea itself, all the intermediate slope is thrown into the height of the Peak, the foreground disappearing with the increased distance. Inequalities and lower mountains vanish and are lost in one grand whole.

* *Dracæna draco.*

The road skirts the foot of one of the black conical hills we saw in the distance. Round the base it was perfectly black, as if only recently charred with terrific burning. These hills seem a sort of perpetual reminder, in the midst of all the luxuriant vegetation around, of what may happen again any day. Near the bare, charred hill, we find we are thirty-eight kilometres from Santa Cruz, 800 feet above the sea, and the temperature 76° F. (24·5° C.), it being 11.30 a.m.

A field of splendid potatoes gives a homely look amid so much strange vegetation. Cisterns filled with water suggest dry seasons. Young trees planted by the roadside are sunk in very deep holes, where water being turned into them, it is confined to the roots of the tree, and is not lost on waste ground. In and out of the loose black cinder or lava walls, reflecting with scorching heat the sun, run the lizards. The

STREET, PUERTO DE OROTAVA.

delicately coloured plumbago climbs and twines everywhere. Wine-presses of wood—huge, clumsy-looking monsters—are being prepared for the vintage. We met a few boys with long poles. Nearly all country people carry these, and are expert at jumping down the hillsides with them. They were used by the Guanches, and the custom is inherited from them.

The macadamised road ends at the entrance to the town, Puerto de Orotava, as it does at the entrance to Laguna, and

we jolt painfully over the badly paved streets. They are not quite so bad, however, as in the latter town. The plaza and houses are decorated for a festival to-day—a normal condition apparently. There is always a festival going on somewhere.

Not far from the mole, and a little beyond the plaza, was the boarding-house of Mr. Turnbull,* where we arrived at noon. The house was quiet and unpretending, kept in boarding-house style, although all English travellers were taken in even for a night.† The charge was eight shillings a-day or less by the week. The food was fair, but there was a lack of vegetables and fruit, and a scarcity of milk, which ought not to be in this garden of the Hesperides. It is said to be owing to the absence of a market, and the difficulty of inducing the Spanish aristocracy who own gardens to sell their surplus produce.

Dinner was at 2 p.m., and having explained to Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and Mr. Reid, the courteous vice-consul, that we wished to start immediately for a tour round the island and up the Peak, they said, "We must send for Lorenzo." Now Lorenzo is an institution in Puerto de Orotava. He is the *practico*, or guide, to the Peak. Whenever anyone arrives at the Puerto with a view to undertaking the ascent, Lorenzo is sent for and consulted as to ways, means, and time. Lorenzo is a slight, medium-sized, active-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes, a black moustache, and well-tanned skin, very good-looking, and at first sight appearing a handsome youth of twenty-five. Later we learned he was thirty-five. He undertakes to procure three horses for a week's tour, beginning the next day, at the rate of five shillings a-day per horse, exclusive of food for man or beast. It is considered a fair price, the usual charge being six shillings, but as we take the animals for a week, we get them for less. Lorenzo as *practico* gets four dollars extra for the ascent of the Peak.

The famous "Garden of Acclimatisation" is situated above

* Since dead. The business now belongs to Mr. Newman Tremearne, who has moved to another house.

† Since our visit Orotava has become the centre of considerable hotel enterprise, and the five hotels of the Taoro Company offer all the comforts that a European invalid necessarily demands.

the Puerto, on the slopes of the valley. It is not large, but is sufficiently so for its present purpose of growing trees and plants brought from other and warmer climes. I would suggest that if slightly extended, and more walks laid out, it would be a valuable addition to the recreation-grounds for the visitors to the valley. The garden is presided over by M. Hermann Wildpret, a Swiss, who is enthusiastic on its behalf, and who courteously gave us every information we desired. M. Wildpret was the first to introduce the fast-growing eucalyptus tree, which he brought into this garden in 1862. The largest specimen in 1883 was thirty-eight metres, or about 120 feet, high. It is a straggling, undecided, and colourless-looking tree. The leaves at the top are different in shape from those at the bottom. The *Oreodoxa cytisus*, introduced eighteen years ago from Cuba, where the leaves are used for wrapping round the tobacco in that island, is doing well. There are twenty-five varieties of the banana tree in the Canaries, which fact gives a faint idea of the wonderful vegetation. The *Pinus Canariensis*, peculiar to the isles, is a majestic and picturesque tree. It has three long, spiked leaves in each cluster, which add wonderfully to the naturally feathery and graceful appearance of the tree. Bunbury states that the Canary pine is the finest he has seen of its genus, and attributes its beauty of form to the "free and bold style of branching." The wood of this tree cut green is invaluable for preserving anything placed in or upon it. The Guanche mummies were laid upon pine planks in caves, and were thus preserved intact. Torches are also made of the wood, and burn brilliantly.

In Orotava our letters of introduction proved an invaluable help to us, procuring us favours and information of the utmost value. Letters of introduction are almost a necessity in these islands, if one desire to see other than hotel life. The *entrée* into Spanish society is very difficult to obtain without introduction, as the Spaniards are very exclusive. They are extremely hospitable when once, however, that introduction has been made; and certainly it is but their right to demand credentials from the ordinary stranger and traveller who may seek their assistance.

Darkness had now set in, and we walked back through the plaza, which was lit with lamps in imitation of street lamps. The place was crowded with peasants, women sitting beside baskets filled with cakes and biscuits, mostly of native make, whilst the air was filled with the music of a few and the noise of many guitars played by the young men and lads. All night until very late the twanging of the everlasting "Malagueña" continued, a fine, wild air when well played, but irritating in the extreme when varied according to the player's ideas of time and tune.

CHAPTER V.

OROTAVA—ICOD—GARACHICO.

The berried grapes are green and fine
And full by noon; in day's decline
They're purple, with a bloom of grey;
And e'er the twilight plucked are they,
And crushed by nightfall into wine.
ANDREW LANG.

THE morning of the next day, Monday, September 10, was devoted to the laborious and unpleasant task of unpacking and repacking, rendered still more fatiguing by the temperature being 78° F. (25·6° C.) at 10.30 a.m. Everything required for our journey round this island, Gomera, and Hierro, and for the ascent of the Peak, had to be stowed into two portmanteaus and a small bag. As several dozen photographic plates had also to be packed among our clothes, besides tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, Brand's beef-tea, and some medicines, notably quinine, vaseline, and a flask of brandy, it may be imagined that the task of selection was by no means easy. We could obtain no practical information from anyone as to what was necessary for such a journey, so that here, as elsewhere, the work was really pioneering. No one before us had ever made such a journey as we were projecting. To add to our difficulties, we found that the time it would take to accomplish the proposed tour was vague in the extreme. One thing only had we settled clearly and definitely: that the ascent of the Peak was to be made on the night of the 15th, or rather morning of the 16th, as the moon would then be full.

Ours was indeed a task of inordinate difficulty. There was little or no reliable information to be gained about any

thing or place in the Archipelago save the ordinary, well-trodden ascent of the Peak. The maps obtainable, admirable as to coast-line, were imperfect and inaccurate in details of the interiors, and we had therefore to fill in the blank on incorrect charts from our own observations in each island, with some assistance from three of Fritsch's useful though confusing maps. The inhabitants of one island know nothing of their neighbours living in another, and we were looking forward with some dismay to adventures in the search for transport. The barriers of indifference and ignorance are now being somewhat broken down, as island steamers are running in the present year.

At last we started, and noisily our little cavalcade clattered up the steep street, the horses newly and heavily shod for the journey, the *arrieros* (horsekeepers) running behind us. I must confess I did not feel comfortable, or at least at home, in my reversible saddle which we had brought from England. When one is accustomed to three crutches, the seat feels insecure with only two; besides, a pad-saddle rounds itself over the horse's back, so there is not the square, chair-like seat of the ordinary lady's saddle. The advantages of it, however, are great. No two horses were the same size, and often it was put upon a mule or even donkey, when, owing to its want of shape, it readily fitted. I could also ride at either side or *como caballero*, an advantage only to be appreciated by those who, like myself, were often day after day ten, twelve, or fourteen hours in the saddle.

We had a splendid view of the Peak all the way to Icod de los Vinos. High mountains at its foot run steeply down into the sea. Our path turns seaward, and part of the time we trot along the pebbles on the beach. Sometimes we go down into a barranco in which maidenhair and hare's-foot ferns grow luxuriantly. At one place is a "Calvary," a little recess where are erected three plain wooden crosses, grey and weather-beaten. The *arrieros* raise their hats as we pass. Near the sea we stop at San Juan * de la Rambla, where we dismount to rest the horses, entering the little dwelling—a

* *Juan* is pronounced somewhat like *whan* or *huan*, not murdered, as we are accustomed to do, in saying Don *Jew*-an.

mere cottage, consisting of a couple of rooms. San Juan is the usual stopping-place and half-way house to Icod.

These islands, but notably Tenerife, have been wine-producing countries for three hundred years. It was on the slopes round San Juan that the real Malmsey, or Canary Sack, of former times was produced. This famous wine, the virtues of which Shakspere has chronicled, came from a grape called malvasia, which, since the oïdium appeared in these islands, has been little cultivated. Within the last few years, however, it has been gradually receiving more attention from the Canarians. The bunches are moderate in size, and the grape, which is round in shape, is harsh to the taste and yet sweetish. It does not grow at a greater altitude than 1,200 or 1,300 feet. When fully ripe, the bunches are twisted on their stalks, where they are allowed to remain until nearly converted into raisins, and are then gathered and pressed. It therefore requires as many grapes as would yield five pipes * of the ordinary dry wine to make one of the rich Malmsey. The wine of to-day is vidonia, which is sold for some ten pounds a pipe. The grape from which it is obtained is white and juicy.

As we neared Icod, we noticed the women carrying their children sitting straggle-legged on their hips, a leg in front and one behind, an Eastern custom. Some of them carried, besides a child, heavy jars of water under the other arm, or barrels on their heads.

The little town of Icod de los Vinos (Icod of the Wines), now officially styled Icod, lies on a pleasant, fertile slope, stretching to the sea. It is a clean-looking village. The streets are narrow, and seem to shoot from the irregularly shaped plaza like the thoroughfares from the central "fixed point" in the Seven Dials. Entering the fonda, or inn, we were conducted to the sala, or drawing-room. This is generally the largest room in a house, and faces the street. Cheap framed prints, usually of Roman Catholic saints or illustrative of legends, hang upon the walls. The

* A Tenerife "pipe" is a hundred gallons, or eight gallons more than Madeira, and fifteen less than port.

floor is bare, chairs are placed round the walls, and one or two tables, adorned with wax flowers under glass or something else equally trumpery—never a book—are placed either at the wall or in front of the sofa. The sofa is the *pièce de résistance* of the room. It is large, deep, stiff-backed, usually of horse-hair, and covered with crocheted antimacasssars. In front of it is a piece of carpet or rug, the only one the room possesses. The foot-wide boards of the floor were adzed, not planed. The sofa in this instance was cane-bottomed and covered in red cloth. We found the room filled with men who were smoking.

At dinner, where I was the only woman present, I was seated beside a very respectable Spaniard, who spoke to me in French. I told him we had ridden from Orotava, and had felt the heat so great in the afternoon that we were suffering from headaches. He explained that he was a doctor from Buenavista, and assured me that the heat would do us no harm, that sunstrokes are unknown, and that it was only because we were unaccustomed to it that we were overpowered by the sun; all of which turned out true, fortunately.

At Icod we succeeded in obtaining some good photographs of the dragon tree—a fairly grown specimen—the town, and the Peak, which is here seen to much advantage, rising as it does more abruptly than at Orotava. The view from the *azotea* (flat housetop) is very fine and picturesque; the great and overwhelming object of interest being Teide. At this side the wall of the *Cañadas* has broken down, and the intervening mountains are low, thus giving an abruptness to the rise of the volcano not seen at Orotava. Icod seems to lie at the foot of El Pico, under its shelter, and the head has to be raised to see the summit. White and picturesque, on a slope, lies Icod, guarded on the east by a line of hills running to the sea. Numerous palms wave their branches all down the little valley, which ends in an alluvial plain by the sea-shore. All around are signs of careful cultivation. The hillsides on the east are almost bare rocks, but wherever it is possible the ground has been laboriously terraced, and maize and other crops give evidence with what success.

THE PEAK OF TENERIFE, FROM ICOD DE LOS VINOS.

The dragon tree of Icod is now the finest specimen of that plant extant in the islands. It is in a garden in the town, about fifty yards below the fonda, on the right bank of the watercourse.

Before breakfast, on the morning after our arrival at Icod, we succeeded in exploring the Guanche cave, which lies close to the sea. We experienced a little difficulty in finding the opening, which descends straight into the ground. A slab of stone, similar to many others around, covers the top. We crept inside the narrow opening, and, with pine torches lighted and held aloft for our guidance by two boys, proceeded to explore. We walked along for a short distance, about fifteen yards, when the cave took a sudden turn to the left and descended abruptly. The floor was now level for some distance, when it began again to descend steadily, the roof rising and opening into large vaulted chambers twenty feet high. Low passages intervened between these about two and a-half feet high, along which we had to creep, taking care of our heads. There were a few stalactites and some bones, for this is a celebrated Guanche burial cave. Many things are said of this subterranean cemetery, the nearest to truth being that it is 11,000 feet long. Tradition asserts that the cave reaches to the Ice Cavern in the Peak, and also that an arm of it descends to the sea. When first discovered, some of the galleries were filled with mummies. Suddenly we saw daylight, and came upon a low opening over a precipice, the mouth draped with vegetation. A small, pretty bay and a boat on the blue sea framed in green made a charming picture. The hole through which we are looking is about six feet wide by two or three high. No sound breaks the stillness save the rustle of the lizards as they glide in and out of the dry leaves and twigs.

Through the darkness of the cavern, lit up vaguely with the red glare of our torches, we crept back once more to the light and heat of the sun, and in another hour were riding in the direction of Garachico, feeling that now indeed we were wanderers, a map with no roads marked our only guide. Although there was a welcome breeze, the road, shaded by few trees and close to the sea, was excessively hot. What a sight we must have presented, with pugarees flying behind us,

coloured umbrellas in our right hands, the reins in our left, galloping under a scorching sun at mid-day!

Near the town we come upon a neck of land jutting out into the sea, while some hundred yards off rises an exceedingly fine mass of what looks like columnar basalt, called El Roque de Garachico. We enter Garachico at the rendezvous for all strangers, the plaza, or public square, situated in mid-town. The appearance of a fountain at the further end of an avenue of sycamores was a welcome delight. The Plaza de la Fuente is exceedingly picturesque. Sycamore trees, planted closely together, render the square impervious to the rays of the mid-day sun, and afford a pleasant shelter to anyone sitting beneath them on the quaint stone seats, shaped at either end

STONE SEAT.

into scrolls. Two or three crooked streets at odd corners and irregular intervals lead out of the square. The houses have curious balconies of plain or carved wood. The fountain, which, from the name of the plaza, would seem to be a natural spring, is simply a trough in the wall forming one side of the square, into and out of which a spout of water perpetually runs. The bay does not lie in front of the town, but at its western side. Not only from its present beauty, but from its past history, is Garachico interesting. From having once the best harbour in the island, whence was exported, chiefly to England, the malmsey wine of Icod; from building vessels of three hundred tons burden; and from being a flourishing little town, it has descended to a fishing cove and a sleepy village. In December, 1645, mountain torrents rushed downwards, carrying with them rocks and stones. The floods entering

the harbour destroyed many vessels therein, and more than a hundred persons lost their lives. Sixty years later this unfortunate town again suffered an overwhelming calamity. On the 6th of May, 1705, it was destroyed by an eruption. Subterranean rumblings were heard, and the sea began to retire. Suddenly the earth trembled and opened. Torrents of lava rushed from the crater above, eleven miles north-west of the Peak, spreading over the plains beneath. The sea returned to its bed, inundating the *débris*, and cinders occupied the site of Garachico.

Intent on our desire to sleep that night at Santiago, we mounted, after a short interval, and pursued our way upwards. A very indifferent road winds up the steep hill, a spur of the destructive volcano mountain of 1705, in short, sharp turns. Half-way up, men and horses stopped to breathe at an angle in the road under the shadow of a great rock. The view beneath as we scrambled higher was exceedingly picturesque —on one side the bright houses and greenery of the town and its plaza and patios, on the other the charming little cove, with its breakwater of lava rocks, rendering it a sure refuge, whenever entered, from gales from any quarter. None, however, but the fishermen of the tiny cove would venture between those breakers which seem everywhere to prevent ingress or egress. We stopped again to rest above the hamlet of Tanque de Bajo. Beneath us lies spread the fertile plain or valley of La Caleta, stretching across to Buenavista. Turning away, and leaving behind us the sea and coast, we got into a path between walled fields, and reached Tanque, 1,850 feet above the sea, at 4 p.m. As this was the only place where our men could obtain food, we stopped and had something to eat. Hard-boiled eggs and perhaps sardines, always wine and cheese, seldom milk, never meat, but dried fish and fruits, form the staple of the food obtainable at a venta. Let me here sketch once for all a venta, which may be described as a small shop where food and drink for man and beast can be procured and eaten on the premises, but where night accommodation is not provided. It generally consists of one counter or bar placed across a very small, low room; hanging all around and above are bunches of bananas, grapes, and salt fish,

dried pepsicums, and tomatoes. Behind, piled anyhow and everyhow, without any regard to order, are wine-bottles, cheeses, dried herbs, and various other edibles. Everything from top to bottom is covered by a thick layer of flies. In fact, they attract the most attention upon entering. I forgot to mention bread, which is obtainable everywhere, and is most excellent. The farther one goes into the interior, the better is the bread. It is of wheat, and generally dark in colour, most of the grain being used, so that it is very sustaining, giving strength and satisfying hunger in a way not possible with refined white bread. The taste is nearly always good, sweet, and full of flavour, quite possible to enjoy without butter, and with honey perfectly delicious. Our thermometer registered in the shade 82° F. (27·9° C.). We did not delay long, as we were scarcely half-way, although over the worse half, between Icod de los Vinos and Santiago. At 2,600 feet we came upon furze. There is such an exceedingly homely look about this plant, that one always welcomes it with a warmth of feeling induced by being a stranger in a strange land. About 3,000 feet up we reached a sort of plateau of red earth. The stony ground over which we had been passing disappeared, and tracts of good soil almost uncultivated, and treeless, spread before us. The Peak, like a guiding planet, was always in sight, and looked beautiful against the clear sky, crowned with the glory of the setting sun. Some of the red earth we saw converted into tiles, but on the whole the country was more or less desolate. Doubtless it was once well watered and covered with forests. Ah! how often since the destruction of those magnificent forests have the later generations cursed the folly of Spain and her rulers in allowing such wilful waste; and yet fruitless attempts are made to arrest the destruction that still goes on.

About 6 p.m. we came to a streamlet, turned into a muddy-red colour by flocks which had come to water. Here we had to let the horses drink as much as they would, as the unfortunate animals could get no more water until we arrived at Guia next day. Surmounting a hillock, we came upon the edge of a steep descent. Stretched out beneath us lay a wide, brown-looking valley, already becoming dusky, as

the sun was setting behind the mountain. We on the hill-tops had the daylight still. A rugged and unsafe path leads to the bottom, a drop of 540 feet from the spot where we stand.

It was with a feeling more or less of excitement that we prepared for our first encampment. Hurrying along the bottom of the valley, with night closing in rapidly, we pitched our tent on a piece of common, on which stands the church of Santiago, outside the village. Roughing it proved a pleasurable excitement. Some bread left from our dinner at Tanque, eggs, and good *gofio* made a capital supper. I got Lorenzo to give me a lesson in preparing gofio. The preparation is not difficult, but it is necessary, or at least advisable, to mix it one's self, as the process is performed by the hands! Generally, however, I mixed the gofio with a spoon, in a Christian and orthodox manner, but the hands make it lighter and more wholesome. Gofio is the national food. We often saw it prepared in the identical manner in which the ancient inhabitants prepared it, for gofio was the food of the Guanches. A curious food, unknown in other lands, and little likely to be adopted wholesale by a new and conquering nation, its universality in these islands is one out of many numerous proofs that the Guanches were not exterminated, although their language and identity have been lost from intermarriage. Gofio is made of either wheat, barley, rye, or maize, roasted in the grain and then ground to a fine flour. It may be eaten either dry or mixed with sufficient water to make it moist. The roasting is performed in the same manner as coffee, save that the one is ground hot and the other after cooling. It is an excellent and nutritious food, and particularly good with hot milk. There is, however, a great difference in the grain which is used. Wheat is considered the best, barley the next, then maize, and rye last. Wheat and maize also make a good mixture, and wheat, barley, and maize. Maize and rye are the least pleasant and wholesome. I may state here that we found different grains used on different islands. In Tenerife wheat predominates, in Canaria maize, and in Fuerteventura the unfortunate inhabitants frequently use the seeds of plants. The people of Canaria are so jealous of Tenerife that they

will not allow the undeniable fact of wheat being more wholesome than maize. Practically we know it to be so. Gofio made of wheat has sustained us upon many a journey; we have eaten of it for breakfast and for supper, and have always found it digestible and satisfying. On the other hand, when in Canaria, we have been frequently warned not to start riding after a maize gofio breakfast. Doctors also informed us that diseases of the stomach were very common in that island. English residents have tried and found that gofio makes excellent porridge, boiled in the usual manner.

Whilst eating our frugal supper, three of the better-class Spaniards clattered past on their horses, going to the only venta the village possesses. They pulled up sharply on seeing our camp, and rode over to inquire who on earth we were. The explanation given we could not hear, but I have no doubt "Ingleses" made the beginning, middle, and end of it.

OUR CAMP IN THE VALLEY OF SANTIAGO, TENERIFE.

The picture we form is artistic. First there is our tent, its white canvas showing up in the firelight, the canvas forming the door tied back on each side to admit the air. The Union Jack of old England, attached to the end of the tent, just gives a central point of attractive interest to the habitation. We are pitched about half-a-dozen yards from a wall, and the tent-opening faces west to avoid the morning sun. On the wall are our saddles, and picketed near them the three horses, contentedly cropping the short, withered herbage. A few

yards in front of the tent is the oval iron canteen grate, in which the dry wood crackles and flickers brightly—a fire is great company when camping out—and upon it is our pint saucepan, in which we boil all we require. Between the tent and the fire we are sitting on the ground; on our left is José, lying full length, Lorenzo standing beside him, his dark, handsome face looking brigand-like as the light flickers across it. Opposite them is Eulogio, supplying the fire with sticks, while behind, clustered together like a flock of sheep, are the earnest, sober, wondering faces of about a score of curious women and children from the village, their rich brown sunburnt skins lit by the ruddy glow of the firelight, which, dancing across the group, touches here a red handkerchief covering a head and there a pair of brown eyes, while a child's golden locks and blue een appear out of place amid this gipsy gathering in a southern land. A bright moon looks down upon the scene, its pale light lost in our immediate neighbourhood by the warmer glow of the fire.

CHAPTER VI.

GUIA—BARRANCO DEL INFIERNO—CHASNA—SOMBRERITA.

A rock-lipped cañon plunging south,
As if it were earth's opened mouth,
Yawns deep and darkling at my feet;
So deep, so distant, and so dim
Its waters wind, a yellow thread,
And call so faintly and so far,
I turn aside my swooning head.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

NORTHWARD lies the pass by which we entered and descended on the previous evening; westward is a chain of rugged hills, facing us; while in the foreground, and in our immediate proximity, is the little church. The valley is about half-a-mile wide, and bounded on the east by more hills, over which the sun is rising rapidly.

All the water that we possessed had been used for breakfast; there was not a drop to spare for ablutionary purposes. The ever-thoughtful Lorenzo perceived this, and as we passed through the village of Santiago, stopped at a door and begged from the woman who stood watching us "a little water for the señorita." She turned to get it, with the reluctance of surprise, and presently brought out an earthenware basin, like a small saucer for flower-pots, containing about a teacupful of water, a towel about the size and consistency of a pocket-handkerchief, and a scrap of soap of the kind which persistently refuses to remove dirt. Lorenzo held the saucer at my knee as I sat on the horse, and procured this damp smudge. Meanwhile, with serious faces, the entire population gazed at us intently. Doors and windows were filled with womenfolk, and men and boys stood in the street to watch the operation. I have no doubt the thought uppermost was, "Where can these people come from, that they waste water so wickedly?"

Crossing the valley through *mal pais*, destitute of everything but euphorbia bushes, we commenced the ascent of the hillside by a steep and narrow winding road. Short ravines dip into the cliff, and round these the path winds. In one, a number of men were picking prickly pears off the cacti cultivated therein, and allowed us to eat as many as we wished. Lorenzo split the peel for me, and in the daintiest manner possible prepared the inside, so that I could eat it without touching the thorns. It was here I learned to thoroughly appreciate the "shot-and-water" of the cactus fruit. The heat was great, and since 5.30 we had tasted no fluid. As to the poor horses, they had not seen water since the evening before, and they eagerly ate the juicy peel of the pears. There is a wonderful compensating balance in nature. Where the cactus grows, the land is arid; so dry is it that water is unprocurable, yet that plant produces an exceedingly juicy fruit, which satisfies, temporarily no doubt, both man and beast.

Below us, as we ascended, for the most part thankfully under the shadow of the hill, lay Tamimo, a village further down the valley, and beyond the hazy blue sea rose Gomera. Suddenly we turned a corner of the pass out of the pleasant shadow. To the south-east lay stretched before us a vast panorama of sloping land, leading from the mountains to the sea. Between Santiago and Guia are horrible stretches of lava, their hideousness lessened only here and there by the ugly cacti. The remainder of our ride lay along stony ground, through lanes of stone walls; and although still early, the sun beat down upon us with sufficient strength to make us raise our umbrellas. A little above the main track lies the village of Chio, a melancholy witness to the ruthless destruction of forest in this part of the island. At the present moment Chio, although numbering several hundred inhabitants, does not possess a single well, or water of any description. Every drop of the precious fluid must be procured from the neighbouring town of Guia, several miles distant. The labour of this is immense, as it has to be carried on the backs of mules or the heads of women. Surely Chio sets a premium upon dirt.

Accompanying us all day, and urging us to further exertion by the mere fact of its high and mighty presence, was El Teide. Since leaving Orotava, we have been skirting its base, but on the morrow we look forward to really commencing the ascent. We reach Guia, the ancient Ysora, and find we are 2,600 feet above the sea, at much the same level as Santiago.

We made ourselves comfortable, despite the heat, within a half-built roofless house, our dinner being eaten while the thermometer stood at 86° F. (30° C.) in the shade. The remainder of the day was spent in searching for a guide who knew the way to Chasna, in impressing on Lorenzo where we wished to go, in bargaining with the guide, and in arranging for our embarkation in the mail schooner for Gomera. Seated at the table, with two maps spread before us, and our list of directions as to the best route, we puzzled our brains, and practised Spanish for an hour or two. The difficulty lay in a nutshell. Why on earth should the caballero and the señorita go by the Barranco del Infierno to Chasna, when there was a much more direct route? In vain did we explain that we wished to see the said barranco, it being considered worthy of a visit; that we were travelling through the country, not with the object of going by the shortest road, but by the prettiest or the grandest. It was useless. The *alcalde* came in, two guides catering for the office, and Lorenzo. At last, finding all explanations unavailing, we said in determined tones to one of the guides, "We are going to-morrow to the Barranco del Infierno, and thence to Vilaflor.* Can you guide us there, and how many hours will it take?" Twelve hours of continuous riding were allowed. We always had to inform the guides that the riding was *poco à poco* (gently). Not that we always rode slowly, but we had to allow time for photographing and meals, besides a leisurely survey of the scenery. My notes never delayed us, as, owing to the sure-footedness of the animals, I could always write while riding up and down the rockiest of paths.

To Guia we were as good as a show or a travelling circus would be to a remote Devonshire village, and we could hear the curious townsfolk chattering their hardest outside our

* *Literally*, I saw the flower.

domicile as we composed ourselves to rest early in the evening. Our sleep was somewhat broken, and as we intended to leave Guia very early next morning, we rose at 4 a.m. But it takes a wonderful time to get so many under weigh, and we finally left Guia at 5.50 a.m. We were quite luxurious in the matter of washing, as Lorenzo the indefatigable triumphantly produced a basin, a real wash-hand basin, which the seclusion afforded by our roofless house rendered valuable indeed.

We commenced the day's journey by immediately descending into the first of the thirty-two barrancos lying between that town and Adeje. *Barranco* means literally a mountain torrent. But in the Canary Islands the dry bed of a mountain torrent would be nearer the proper definition. It is used in a double sense, as when speaking of crossing a river-bed they say "crossing the barranco," and in winter, upon the first rain in the mountains causing a sudden rising of water, which comes down like a flood, they say, "The barranco has come down."

We had only crossed two of these gorges, when we found the shoe on the fore-leg of John's horse had lost the nails at one side. These nails are not what we are accustomed to in horseshoes. There are three of them on each side of the shoe. The heads are large, about half a cubic inch in size, and help the horses very considerably to grip the ground when climbing up and down the barrancos and mountains. Lorenzo had a spare nail in his pocket, which, with some difficulty, was hammered in with a stone; but without the proper tools it could not be firmly fixed. With the hard wear to which the nails are subjected, they of course wear out rapidly. It was therefore with considerable apprehension we thought of the long day's ride before us and that solitary nail.

The barrancos here are at very short distances apart. The country, in fact, is so divided by them, that upon reaching the top of one, the descent into the next immediately begins. After crossing three so small that dismounting was unnecessary, we passed a little church, the priest standing at the door, waiting no doubt for the usual matins. The sixth barranco, although deep, we rode down. We now came to the first house since leaving Guia, whereupon we all gladly hailed

Lorenzo's proposal to ask for water. Only those who travel in hot countries know the value of water, and this side of Tenerife might be a desert as regards the precious fluid. What we got, however, proved excellent. It was then 7.45 a.m., and felt as hot as at mid-day on the very warmest day in summer in England. Guia appeared as if but a mile away as the crow flies, although it had cost us a couple of hours' hard work to get so far. Gomera, lying across a placid channel, is hazy-looking, but always in sight.

Dismounting became necessary for the seventh gorge, and we continued on foot until past the eighth, which is very precipitous. The banks of all contain more or less small caves, not deep, but appearing as though scooped out. In this one there is a slit in the solid rock forming the bottom of the river, a few feet wide and some yards deep and long. It reminded me very much of a curious slit somewhat similar, down which the water rushes, at Lorette, near Quebec. We found a clear though short echo in this barranco. [Temperature in the sun at 8 a.m., 95° F. (35° C.).]

We now left the main path to Adeje, and struck a little higher up towards the Barranco del Infierno. For some time we had been attracted by a curious line of white running in a perfectly straight direction down the mountain side to a village near the sea. In the distance it appeared like a wall, but nearer it fairly puzzled us. It proved to be an aqueduct, and closer examination showed us the construction. It is made of stones and lined with cement so as to form an even surface in the trough, which is eight inches square. The aqueducts, of which there are several, form a prominent and curious feature in the landscape. It is sad, however, to think that through the wilful destruction of the mountain forests they have become necessary. Glas wrote in 1764 that several streams fell down from the summit to the sea, and it is no doubt these streams that have been confined in the aqueducts.

Another barranco—La Quinta—again obliged us to walk. It was now 11 a.m., and as we had breakfasted at five, we were hungry as well as thirsty. Hunger, however, is easily satisfied by fruit when the thermometer is 86° F. (30° C.) in the shade.

The Barranco del Infierno, from its great depth and narrowness, is considered worth visiting. Its entrance, formed of two huge rocks, like gates, opens on the flat, cultivated plain surrounding Adeje. Near the summit of the pillar of this "gate" we stopped to see the view stretched out beneath. A path, steep and winding, leads downwards from this point to the plain, which, in apparently unbroken regularity, stretches thence to the sea. Small bays, edged with white foam, which is again surrounded by deep blue sea, form the coast-line beyond Adeje, lying midway across the plain, and surrounded by green crops, like an oasis in the desert. Glas says that in his time the Count of Gomera had a thousand negroes as slaves to cultivate the sugar-cane in this plain of Adeje, so it must then have been very well watered, as it is now.

The walls of the Barranco del Infierno are precipitous and rocky, often in many places a thousand feet high; wild dragon trees grow between the spurs, and what in the rainy season must be large waterfalls, but now reduced to cascades, come down in leaps between the cliffs.

Leaving this splendid bird's-eye panorama, we crossed some rocks burning with the heat of the sun, and destitute of the most infinitesimal amount of shade. Presently our path went round a hillside, which led us into a valley in the hills, partially cultivated, and with a trickling stream meandering at its bottom, the water of which was guided in different directions for the purposes of irrigation. A few trees straggled over the hillside. One gigantic pine threw its welcome shade across our path, tempting us to call a halt and partake of lunch. These old trees are few and far between, and stand in these upper valleys like sentinels, the monarchs of past forests.

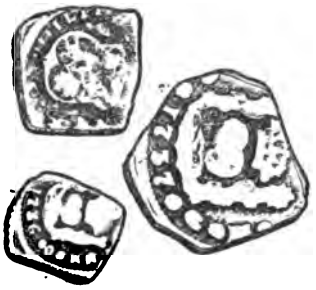
This pine proved, however, to be only a foretaste of more to come. Turning a corner soon after leaving it, we entered what had once been a pine forest, but only a few isolated trees remained. Coming upon a little house all by itself, we rode into the courtyard. The woman invited us to enter out of the sunshine, so we dismounted. The house was miserably poor—a mere hovel; but misery in a warm climate is never so acute or apparent as in a cold. The rags and tatters

which partially covered the limbs of the little girl and her two brothers were unfelt as a matter of hardship; they only served the exigencies of decency. In an inner room the woman showed us a quantity of retama bushes, brought from the mountains, with which to feed the cows. The animals of Tenerife are very fond of retama leaves.

After having crossed the head of the Barranco del Infierno we hastened on our way, as it was getting late, and we had still some distance to go before reaching Vilaflor. The track continued through pine trees, the ground was tolerably level, and the path smooth, so we made rapid progress. Nevertheless night fell before we reached our destination. Fortunately there was moonlight, and the twilight does not fall so quickly at this height as in the valleys near the sea. The last half-hour of our journey the road descended. Finally, passing a cistern and watercourse, we reached a hillock overlooking the town, where, being within moderate reach of both town and water, we lit our fire, pitched the tent, and prepared a refreshing cup of tea.

The next morning we were late risers, but we soon found engrossing occupation in admiring our situation, watching the natives gathered around us, consulting with Lorenzo about guides for the Peak and the day the schooner might be expected at Adeje or Guia, getting food for our journey, and paying for it. This latter I enter with intent as a separate item. The Canary Islands, above all other islands or mainlands, are blessed or otherwise with a superfluity of old and new coinage. The Spanish currency is supposed to be decimal. It is divided into *pesetas*, *reales*, and *centimos*. Instead, however, of counting simply by the first and last, which are decimals, the reckoning is usually made by *reales* only. The *peseta* is equivalent to about a franc, or tenpence, and the *real* to twopence-halfpenny, so that, in order to reduce an account of say thirty *reales* to *pesetas*, it must be divided by four instead of by ten, as it would of course be in decimals. If this were all, however, it would not matter, but the old coinage of *tostones* and *cuartos* is also used. A *toston* equals about a shilling. There are also half-tostones and quarter; the latter, however, are always

called *fiscas*. Besides these, there are others of equal value, but irregular in shape and size, which were thus stamped and issued from the Peruvian mint. They are commonly called cut coins, and are really irregular pieces of pure silver stamped without being shaped, not, as is generally supposed, perfect coins which have been mutilated.* They will soon be valuable, as the Spanish Government is calling them in. Owing to their being pure silver, they can be melted and re-issued mixed with alloy, as current coin, thus causing a saving to the Government. To these must be added the dollar, of which the *toston* forms a fourth part and the *peseta* a fifth. The old copper coins called *cuartos* are puzzling beyond measure, and nothing will make them pair evenly with the new. Forty-two of them equal a *toston*, and thirty-four a *peseta*. Not content with coins in the flesh, there are several of the imagination as well. The *peso* is three shillings, but has no equivalent in money; and the *real de plata*, which is fourpence-halfpenny, is likewise only a shadow. When a countryman tells you that what you have bought costs a *peso* and five *reales de plata*, and you bring out of your pocket *tostones*, *pesetas*, *reales de vellon*, *fiscas*, *centimos*, and *cuartos*, besides dollars and half-dollars, the result is an utter collapse of the mind to grasp the amount. Many foreigners who have lived in the islands for years, not having travelled therein, confess that they do not yet know the coinage.



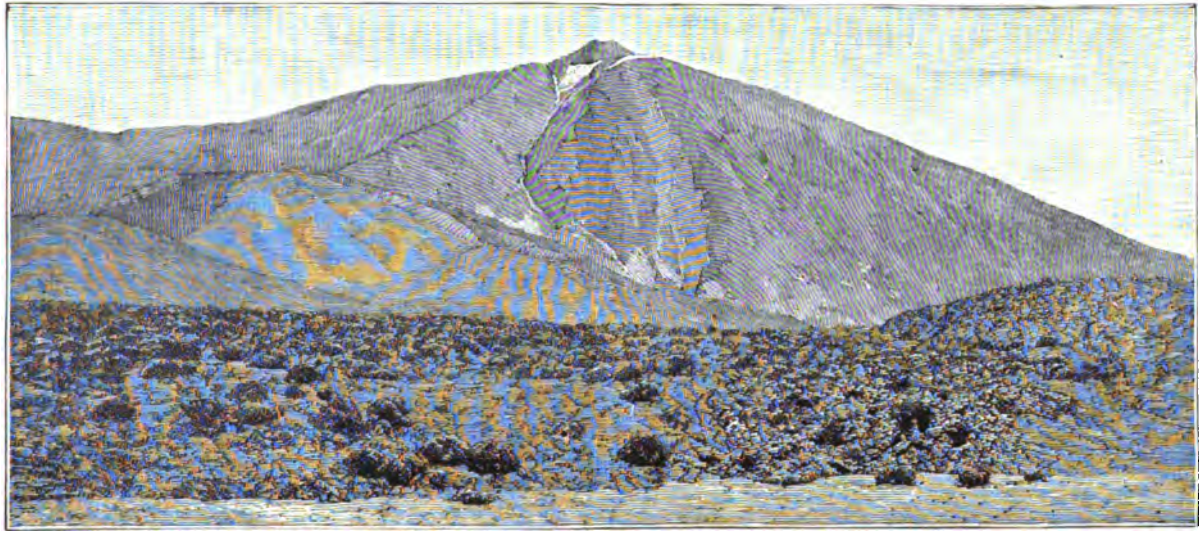
STAMPED PIECES OF SILVER USED AS CURRENT COIN.

We ate with zest our dinner, consisting of excellent *sopa de arroz* (rice soup) and *puchero*, the national dish. It was a pleasant situation for a camp. We were on a promontory, or hillock, whose three sides next the town were steep and care-

* I took a number of these coins to the coin-room in the British Museum, and after a careful examination, the authorities there decided that they were stamped when in this shape, and were not whole coins cut after being stamped. They have none of these coins in the Museum.

fully terraced. Towards the north—the side by which we had entered—the ground sloped gently until it ended abruptly in the bluff on which we had pitched. Two fine specimens of the Canary pine, one of them hollow, like gigantic sentinels, guard the footpath which runs between them, westward of our tent. Down at our feet lies the little village of Vilaflor, so immediately beneath us that we can see its streets. Our men save themselves journeys by standing on the brink of the rock overhanging the town, and shouting their wants to any passing inhabitant in the streets below. Vilaflor is the name of the village, and Chasna is the district. The town is delightfully situated, enclosed on the north, east, and west by mountains, whilst southward the land slopes away until it meets the sea some miles off. The town itself is clean and peaceful-looking, the walls white, and the roofs of red tiles. The plaza and a church with an open belfry, in which hang two bells, are its principal features. Scarcely a soul is visible. The views around are of a bird's-eye nature; we do not seem to be 4,000 feet above the sea. Yet the atmosphere is decidedly cooler, and we could imagine no better resort during the summer for the inhabitants of the towns than this pretty village. Those who long for a wintry climate can get it in Chasna, where in winter the snow lies as it does in an old-fashioned English winter. A mineral spring, the only one in Tenerife, is here, pine woods and the Cañadas are within walk or ride, whilst the paths are not of that stony nature which renders the former unpleasant and the latter dangerous. The fruits of the temperate zone come to perfection in this district, and an Englishman might pluck apples in his orchard, regardless of the fact that the latitude is 28° 10′.

Further discussions as to our guides followed. Two contended for the honour—or the money—and we could not decide which was the better. The best guide—a man called Ramon—was absent, unfortunately, and the man we chose turned out very indifferent indeed. The two came and sat or stood by our fire or hung round us all day, while we tried to get information about them and their capabilities, and failed utterly. The only clue we had was that one was known to the *alcalde*, so we chose him.



THE PEAK, FROM THE SUMMIT OF SOMBRERITA.

A pleasant ride and splendid view is to be had from Sombrerita, a mountain in the chain surrounding the Cañadas. The summit is round and flat, of about fifty yards diameter, from which the Peak can be suddenly seen. All the way up Teide is out of sight, and therefore coming upon the mountain suddenly in this manner, and not gradually, makes the view all the more magnificent. The scene is sublime. The Peak appears to rise directly from the far edge of the plain across which the Sombrerita is approached. The Cañadas are not visible, so that the portrait of the Peak from this mountain is a three-quarter one. It was about 4.45, and the setting sun was brilliantly illuminating the western edge of the crater, and throwing into golden profile against the sky that shoulder of the mountain from whose top the final cone arises. The deep furrows which seam Teide's mighty frame from top to bottom looked black and forbidding, relieved only by the dazzling whiteness of the curious triangular patch, with its two attendant tails, just below the cone a little to the eastward. The sky is pale blue, and is quite clear, save for a few light, fleecy bits of cloud scattered here and there over the great dome. A strong north-east wind, that strikes cold, is blowing, and the temperature is 56° F. (13·4° C.). This mountain, as it were, closes in the defile at the bottom of which is the district of Chasna. The view therefore towards the south takes in Vilaflor, besides extending far around that village. A thick bank of fleecy clouds, rising some hundreds of feet into the air, yet upon which we look down, completely veils all view of the sea. Vilaflor is seen below in the far distance to the south-west, its whitewashed houses dwindled in size to those for dolls. The setting sun illuminates the tops of the ridges of the barrancos, throwing into sombre grandeur their hazy depths. The air is very dry. Certainly the most remarkable feature of the view on this side of the mountain is the curious bank of clouds lying in the depths below. Several little sharp-pointed cones, sticking up here and there in the landscape, testify to the volcanic nature of the scene. The pervading colours are dull red, with patches of white stones at places, and the dark green of the scattered pine trees. The little village of Vilaflor lies embedded in greenery, which makes it a smiling spot amid the stern ruggedness of the surrounding country.

CHAPTER VII.

SPRING OF GUAJARA—LAS CAÑADAS—ALTA VISTA.

> . . . The hills were stone and sand,
> Not strewn with scented red or green,
> All empty as a dead man's hand.
> * * * * *
> No flocks were there; no shepherd's cry
> Awoke the echoes of the sky.
>
> ROBERT BUCHANAN.

NEXT morning, before seven o'clock, we regretfully left our charming camping-ground and the pretty village of Vilaflor. We carried with us for the journey a fowl, roasted by the woman who had cooked our dinner on the previous day, a large, open basket filled with grapes, figs, apples, pears, prickly pears, almonds, and bread, besides the staple gofio. The latter was of wheat, by far the best. A woman brought it to our camp yesterday in a square piece of strong linen, with fringe at either end, like a towel.

We arrived at the last human habitation—a little hut, 5,500 feet above the sea by our aneroid—at 8.15 a.m. The temperature was 92° F. (33·3° C.) in the sun; we could find no shade in which to put the thermometer.

Half-an-hour later, I saw with eager curiosity the first specimen of the world-famed retama of the Peak of Tenerife; the height was 6,000 feet. We were just entering the Valley of Ucanca, a gorge in the hills, down the centre of which runs a cemented watercourse. Here we dismounted for ten minutes, while our men had their breakfast of bread and eggs, and we all drank of the welcome water. The thermometer was 102° F. (39° C.) in the sun, a slight breeze tempering the heat. Our path followed the pleasant rippling water until we lost it.

We thought we had left the last pine behind us when the retama began, but we were mistaken, for in the middle of the valley rose "the last of the Mohicans." The situation was sheltered, which probably accounted for its existence, although the height was 6,500 feet. It stood—and, we hope, stands—in exactly the centre of the valley, precipices surrounding and dwarfing the height, but not the majesty.

Turning sharply to the right, we came upon a bluff mountain, rising high and perpendicularly above us. This was Guajara, rendered interesting to us and all future travellers from having been the residence for some weeks of Mr. Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer, and his wife in 1856. He did not reach it by this side, but from Orotava, crossing the Cañadas, as we are about to do, but in the opposite direction. The pass by which we are to enter the Cañadas lies beneath Guajara, though above us. Winding up past a stream, trickling, or rather oozing, down the hillside, we reached the top of the Pass of Guajara at about 9.50 a.m., a height of 7,225 feet; but no figures, no words can convey any idea of the magnificent scene, of surpassing grandeur, which broke upon us. The pass is a break in the crater wall between Guajara and Sombrerita. Its summit is a narrow ridge, one side of which—the southern—we have ascended. On our right rises the steep crest of Guajara, on our left the high ridge leading to the Sombrerita, behind us the valley of Ucanca, partially hidden by the ravine, at right angles to it, up which we have come. At our feet is a narrow, winding path, leading down into the bed of the old crater, the Cañadas. But before us lies one of those views that overpowers the soul with its awful sublimity. Stretching right and left beneath lie the Cañadas, looking from this height like a smooth plain of sand. There is nothing to equal this crater elsewhere on our earth—unless it be that of Tambora, in the Island of Sumbawa—for it is nearly eight miles in diameter. We catch sight of an obstacle on the further side; the view and the Cañadas are bounded by El Pico de Teide, crowning the scene in awful majesty. The quietness of ages now rests upon these vast solitudes, but the time was when, standing on this precipitous edge, one could have seen below

in that desolate cauldron a seething, boiling, restless molten mass.

The road or path to the crater below is formed of loose, sharp stones, and one feels as though walking in a quarry. It is impossible to ride down, and there is every probability of a weak ankle being sprained. At every turn in the zigzag path we pause to gaze on the wonders of the scene. The Cañadas, appearing before as an absolutely flat surface, the yellow pumice of which, like sand, has been left level and smooth by the retreating tide, we can now perceive, is much broken and intersected very irregularly by low hills and mounds of red lava. These hillocks seem all edge and no surface. The lava is interspersed with the greenish grey of the rotund retama bushes, somewhat of the colour and form of lavender, but coarser.

Near the bottom we passed a few rough wooden goat-sheds, and a little further we saw water trickling down. Under the shadow of a rock we sit and eat some fruit, while the animals rest and have a feed and a drink at the "Spring of Guajara." This spring is the only water in the entire region of the Cañadas, and as such is invaluable to the wanderer in these solitudes.

The view of the Peak from here, as from the Sombrerita, gives the break in the crater which all craters have on the side towards which the wind never blows, and which consequently does not get the fall of ashes and cinders. This side of the Peak is also marked with white patches of rock, which no doubt have been frequently mistaken for snow. The lava streams into the plain of the Cañadas beneath are distinctly marked. Where we sit we face El Teide. A few yards immediately beneath us lies a long strip of ground, formed of yellow pumice, like the bed of a river; beyond it, and raised above it some feet, is a rough brown rocky ridge of lava, scattered over with retama bushes. From the midst of these, lying to the westward, are "Los Roques de las Cañadas." It seems to us as if we were in a basin, one side of which is the Peak and the other Guajara. In reality, however, the Peak is a cone or sugar-loaf rising from the midst of a basin whose edge is formed by the old crater wall surrounding the

Cañadas. At the further side, however, to the north and north-west, the hollow between the cone and the wall has been partially filled in, or the wall broken down, so that the slope from the summit of Teide to the sea is, roughly speaking, unbroken.

Our men having caught two goats who had ventured near, some milk was obtained for our delectation, and proved delicious. Crossing the stony ground, we reached the red lava, and winding in and out of lumps of lava and retama bushes, we soon reached an area of black cinders, after leaving which we got upon a sort of yellow ochre shingle, a little better, as it was softer, but heavy walking, something like going through a ploughed field when the mould is light and dry. Nothing was to be seen around save the living, and the bleached skeletons of the dead, retama bushes; nothing was to be heard save the distant tinkling of goat bells.

Suddenly, in this deserted region, we came upon a goatherd's hut, with its owner standing in front of it, eagerly surveying us. Making some muttered excuse, our guide ran towards him, and after a few minutes' consultation returned, bringing the other with him. We were rather surprised to find our guide was depending upon the goatherd to lead us across the Cañadas, and it caused us some misgivings as to the worthy man's capabilities, which proved not to be without foundation.

Our pace was a rapid walk, sufficient in this heavy ground for both men and horses. There was not the vestige of a path. We were picking our way over yellow ochre plains of sand, and up and down and along the summits of small hills of red lava rock. Often we had to dismount while the horses climbed and scrambled up these mounds, jumping and picking their way over the rocks. By rocks I do not mean those firm, hard basaltic rocks, more or less smooth, to which one is accustomed, but masses of smelted earth, somewhat of the consistency and appearance of coke, but the size of rocks, and containing not a square inch of smooth surface on top or side. About 1.30 p.m. we dismounted to rest, while a discussion as to the track went on among the men. Our

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[illegible]n

[illegible]ook, our

precious Chasna guide knew as much about the way as we did, so if the goatherd were at fault, we were in danger of being lost. While we were remounting, a curious incident happened. It took us a minute or two to mount; and when we were ready to start, not a vestige of the others could be seen. We followed, as we thought, in their footsteps, but presently lost the tracks. A little further on we saw a break in the line of rock, so made for it, but when we reached the opening, found it a *cul-de-sac*—a bay of sand surrounded by precipitous hills of red lava. There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps, but where to go next was the difficulty. We doubled back on our own tracks, carefully looking for those of our companions. On both sides of us were high ridges of lava, apparently inaccessible. Coming at last to where we had mounted, we stopped, whilst Lorenzo and Eulogio whistled and shouted at the pitch of their voices. After what seemed an immense time, during which our minds were filled with nameless terrors of being lost in a desert, without food or drink, we got an answering shout from a crag above. Our path, it seems, lay straight up the red lava on our right. Of course we had to dismount, as the track indicated looked scarcely surmountable by man, much less by a horse.

After walking along the top of this lava ridge for some distance, we began climbing the side of the mountain, and found on reaching the top we were on Montaña Blanca. We struck straight across it half-way down the face. This would have been an impossible feat for the horses, owing to the steep slope, but for the nature of the soil, which is a sort of loose gravel or pumice, of the same yellow ochre tinge as the plain below. As it was, they sank nearly up to their knees, and frequently slipped down the side of the mountain. The pumice is very light—a piece the size of a man's hand being readily lifted. A dip in the mountain showed us Icod lying below, where we had stayed some days ago. It was becoming quite chilly [60° F. (15·5° C.)], although only 2.45 p.m., but we were 7,400 feet above the sea. At last we reached Las Piedras Negras (the Black Rocks), 7,600 feet high.

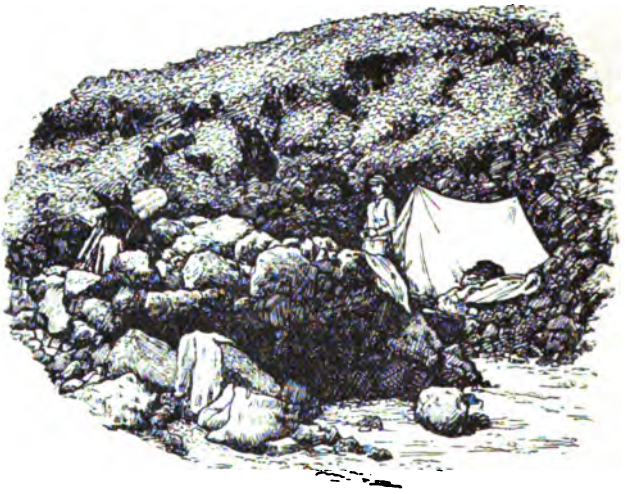
Las Piedras Negras are huge boulders scattered very sparingly on the Montaña Blanca. They look as though they had been rolled from the summit by a giant hand. Probably they were, by the one who lives in the depths of El Pico de Teide. This shoulder, over which we are now passing, well deserves its name of the White Mountain. It consists of whitish grey and yellow ochre pumice, which, contrasted with the black lava cone, seems perfectly white. Twenty minutes' more riding, and we reached the actual ascent of the Peak proper—that steep sugar-loaf which rises from the Cañadas. The height at the foot was 7,750 feet, where we dismounted to allow the horses a rest. The path here ascends abruptly, winding backwards and forwards up the mountain, bound on one side by a stream of black lava. As we sat a few yards above on the upward path, we could not but admire the scene around, barren though it be, owing to the wonderful blending of colour. Beneath us lies the yellowy-red mountain, dotted over with a few inky black rocks, while on our right is a stream of thick, solid-looking black lava.

As we climbed higher the path became steeper, and zigzagged in sharp, short curves. The ground was very loose and cindery. At the angles there was so little room for the horses to turn, that they had to gather their feet together and move round as if on a pivot.

Soon after we reached La Estancia de los Ingleses. This is a small plateau, 9,700 feet up.* Three enormous boulders occupy most of the space. One of them slopes in at the base, where the remains of fires and a little straw betoken that it has afforded shelter for man and beast. This is the usual resting-place before ascending the Peak, as here only can shelter from sun or wind be procured. If, however, one have a tent, it is much better to halt 1,000 feet higher, at Alta Vista. Another still worse climb, or rather struggle, up a cinder-path, which gave no hold for the horses' hoofs, and we arrived at our destination for the night, Alta Vista (10,700 feet high). It was 4.30 p.m., and 46° F. (7·8° C.) in the shade.

* The altitudes above 8,000 feet are taken from Mr. Piazzi Smyth's book, our aneroid not being scaled higher.

This is another plateau like La Estancia, *minus* the boulders. On each side are lava streams, which, by some freak here diverging, rolled down the mountain on both sides, leaving this level space. So high rises the lava, that we can see nothing behind or on either side. In front lie stretched the Cañadas and crater wall. We have no time just now, however, to admire and wonder on the situation. But little daylight is left us in which to erect our tent and settle ourselves, for night falls quickly here, carefully hidden as we are from west and north.



ALTA VISTA.

I was ravenously hungry, and about 5.30 sat down to the Chasna fowl, bread, and tea. A few seconds almost sufficed to boil the water at this altitude. It may be as well to mention what indeed occupied my thoughts as, seated on a stone with my back to the wall, the fire in the corner beside me and the tent in front, I ate and pondered. Many who are able from a muscular point of view to ascend the Peak fail because of inattention to the commonplace and apparently trivial matters of eating and drinking. The rarefied air acts differently on people. Some feel capable of eating two or three meals put into one, whilst others cannot eat at all. The

first ought to eat moderately, stopping before they are satisfied, while the latter ought to endeavour to eat a little. Wine of any sort ought not to be drunk, and the best fluid is coffee.

An accident occurred to our thermometer, most unfortunately. We had placed it on a rock near the tent to get the temperature, when, by some mischance, it was knocked down and trampled upon in the dark. The last temperature registered was 46° F. (7.8° C.).

Before retiring to try and snatch a few hours' sleep, I turned to admire the scene beneath. Across the Cañadas and mountains lay a peaked shadow of gigantic dimensions. The moonlight made every object in our vicinity distinct and clear, while it threw distant objects into a mysterious shroud, a dim religious light sufficiently clear to bring out with startling truthfulness the reflection of Teide. It was weird in the extreme to know the Peak was behind, and also the moon, to be unable to see either, and yet, as in a mirror, to see the effect and reflection of both. Long did we stand enchanted and enthralled by that mountain spectre stretching over the rolling waste beneath.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PEAK—CAÑADAS.

Huge,
Fantastic pomp of structure without name
Into fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
WORDSWORTH.

ACCOMPANIED by the two guides, we started at 1.45 a.m., as we were anxious to reach the summit of the Peak before the very first streak of dawn. It was bitterly cold, and we each had a rug wrapped round us, besides coats and jackets. The moon, at its very brightest and fullest, shone down upon us, and half helped, half dazzled by its light, we scrambled up and over the lava. There is not a square inch of smooth surface; it is one mass of tiny pinnacles; so boots and gloves are cut almost in pieces. My riding costume proved very useful, as, tucking up my dress fish-wife fashion, I was able, with not only more freedom, but greater safety, to jump from crag to crag. Frequently we crossed masses of loose lava, which, looking firm and solid, we stepped upon confidently, only to feel the stone turning, when a jump to another and perhaps yet another had to be made before we reached the nearest firm rock. At first, after starting, we had to cry "Halt!" every few minutes to gain breath, due, I should think, more to the atmosphere than the exertion, which, although sufficiently lively, was not by any means a quite breathless performance.

We made such good speed over this portion of the way, that we left it and crossed the crater, or *Rambleta*, at the foot of the terminal cone at 2.45 a.m., just one hour after leaving Alta Vista. This plateau is not very broad, about 200 or

300 feet wide. The ascent is very gentle, so much so that it appears flat in comparison with the lava above and below, and from it rises abruptly the cone of the Peak itself. This cone is formed of pumice and ash, and is so steep that the foot refuses to grip the ground, and one sinks over the ankles in small, coarse cinders.

The slope may be best described as being an angle of 44°, though Mr. Piazzi Smyth puts it at 33°, and the Rev. E. Alison at 42°. As 44° is the greatest angle at which the body can ascend walking without falling backwards, an idea may be obtained of the steepness. The loose nature of the cone renders the climb tedious and tiresome. It is impossible to plod up step by step, as for one step forwards one slips two backwards. It is useless to call the hands to aid the feet; there is nothing to seize hold of, and one slips back helplessly, with hands filled with cinders and feet and ankles enveloped in the same. We therefore took the ascent in rushes, that is to say, plunged vigorously and wildly up the loose and uncertain soil for a few yards, and then sank panting on its side until ready for a fresh start. We reached the summit at 4 a.m., having rested on the way, which would allow from thirty to forty-five minutes for the actual scramble up the Pilon. Lady Brassey ascended the Peak as far as Alta Vista; but I cannot agree with her discouraging remark that from this spot the ascent is "almost an impossibility for a lady."

The highest point is a cluster of rocks on the edge of the crater. The entire wall of the crater is formed of broken and jagged porphyritic lava rocks, and is some hundred yards long by forty broad. It is elliptical, and the depth is not great: only seventy feet. The colour of the whole is white, the yellow, white, and pale green of sulphur, and soft to tread upon. The moment we reached the summit a whiff of hot, sulphur-laden air blew in our faces, nearly choking us, while the next instant it was blown away by the strong, cold wind we had been encountering all night. We prepared to shelter ourselves behind the rocks and wait for the dawn. Wrapping the upper parts of our bodies in rugs, we leaned against the lava blocks; we were frequently obliged to move,

however, owing to the great heat which ascended from the ground, and to the sulphurous vapours, which blinded us as they blew in our faces.

The topmost peak, beneath whose shelter we stood, is formed of a high, round, jagged rock, resting upon a group of others, like a Druid's altar, the whole about seven feet high. As I stood, endeavouring with frozen fingers to commit to paper my impressions of the scene around, my compressed ink pencil could scarcely make clear marks, owing to the state of saturation the paper was in from the vapour. Our clothes and faces were all wet with the steam which issued from cracks in the ground. Some of these fissures were so hot that we could not insert our fingers, and another inside the crater scorched while merely passing close by it. Their form was more that of pipes than cracks.

With the break of dawn the surrounding world became visible, and we could better realise our position. If transported thither without the knowledge that we had ascended, we should deem ourselves on a mound in the midst of a snow-covered moor, beneath us the shadow of the Peak, thrown by the moon, lying like a dark, deep tarn. The sulphurous vapours blew around, occasionally blotting out the landscape, and again disappearing and bringing into sight the faint pale red glow creeping mysteriously upwards, and that motionless mass of immovable snow. As the red increased, the snow, instead of disappearing into the prosaic land of clouds, assumed more and more the white, soft, impenetrable look of everlasting snows, solid, thick, and heavy. Seeing the near approach of her lord and master, the moon, her presence no longer needed to light softly and tenderly, with subdued radiance, the sleeping mountains and valleys, sinks westward into a dark bank of cloud, and by an optical illusion becomes elliptical as she gently disappears. Leaving the lesser for the greater glory, we turn to watch for the first appearance of the rim of the Golden King. Guajara alone, like a satellite of Teide, rears its crown above the clouds. Overhead the sky is clear, destitute of a single fleecy streak, and rapidly assuming that glorious, joyful blue whose very presence is a thing of beauty. Gradually and imperceptibly the clouds

sink towards earth, and we hope that the vast ice-field will disappear, roll away, and let us view the magnificence of the world beneath. Westward the sea becomes visible, and a line of coast. Light is penetrating the valleys; and before we know, not hesitatingly or slowly, but, as it were, with a bound, the sun rises into space.

El Teide himself, forgotten amid the delights which his own magnificent proportions afforded, was once more visible, as in a mirror. Westward his shadow, like a twin-brother, fell upon the clouds. Clear in outline, high and perfect in its cone-like form, the spectre Peak seemed in reality a second mountain. Palma lay beneath it, and formed its base. The sun turned the snow-clouds into a fleecy ocean, throwing the shadows of each one upon the other, and making a tossed and foaming sea.

The clouds still hung in mid-air, and partially hid the world beneath. Canaria, Gomera, and Palma were alone visible. Not yet therefore were we to see the six satellites which surround Tenerife, and from all of which their beloved planet Teide can always be looked upon. At first we thought nothing was to be seen save Tenerife. But we were looking too far away for the neighbouring islands, and suddenly discovered that the mountains which we supposed part of Tenerife were in reality other islands.

Turning reluctantly, we took a farewell glance at a scene we never expect to look upon again. It was 4.50 a.m. when the sun rose, and being now past six o'clock, we felt we must descend. First, however, we walked round the crater, and then went into it.* The heat issuing from innumerable fissures was so great, and the smell of the sulphur so overpowering, that we gladly escaped from it by getting on the windward side. Many holes were too hot to bear the hand in, and overhanging rocks dropped moisture from the condensation of the vapours issuing from the fissures. Sulphur crystals abound. My boots seem nearly burnt off, and I fear every moment that the descent will have to be made

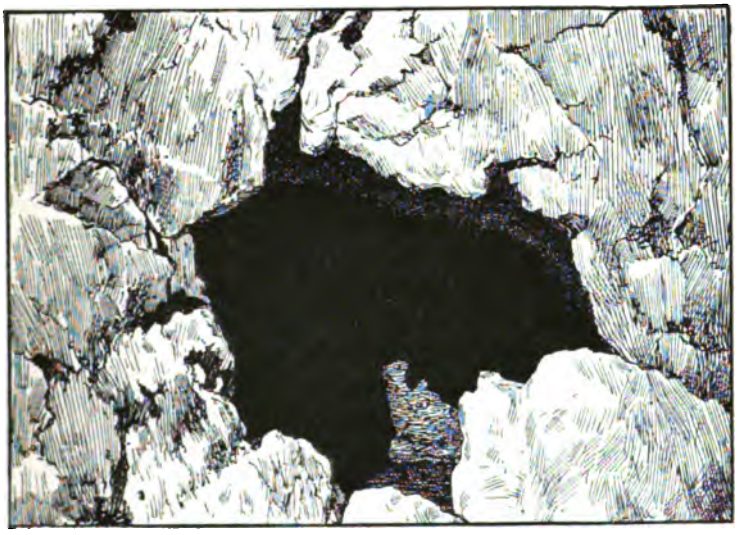
* The silence of the Peak is now effectually broken, as workmen day after day toil within the crater itself, digging out the sulphur. One can scarcely help wishing that such Vandalism may soon end.

barefooted. Slipping and sliding down the cone, the cinders closing over and around my feet, I have the impression that there are quite as many inside my boots as without.

Frequently reminding Lorenzo that we wished to see the Ice Cave, we jumped and scrambled down the lava stream, in and out of its immense blocks, and finally, after having first borne a little too much to the northward, arrived, by the gesticulations of Lorenzo, who had kept further south, at a few stones piled above a large hole. This cave is remarkable both in its situation, formation, and contents. Its altitude is 11,000 feet; it is situated in the midst of a lava-flow within 1,200 feet of the summit of a non-extinct volcano; a hundred yards above it there is a fissure from which issues hot water. The cave is formed of porous lava, and yet it is filled summer and winter with congealed snow and ice. It was probably formed by a lava bubble, such as are to be seen in the Puerto Orotava, and, as with them, its opening is at one side of the dome. This aperture faces north, so that the sun rarely enters, and never penetrates far into, the interior. It is some hundreds of feet below the snow level. The Peak is 12,200 feet high, and the line of perpetual snow is 12,500. Six months of the year the Peak is covered by snow, at which time the wind drives it into the cave. Here it remains until the return of summer, when, partly by melting and partly by men who come to procure the snow and carry it to the valleys below, the cave is almost entirely emptied. Lady Brassey must have been misinformed as to the nature of the Ice Cave, or she would not have written that in it "there is a stream of water constantly running!"

The lava near the entrance of the cave has formed a wall, where a small part of the rock is fairly level. We were anxious to enter, but as the entrance is fourteen feet from the bottom of the cave, it is impossible to do so without a rope. This Lorenzo having obtained at the camp, we were gently lowered into its recesses. The wall at the entrance slopes inwards, so that, once inside, it is equally impossible to get out without assistance. At the foot of the opening are the remains of Mr. Piazzi Smyth's ladder, which, however, is now perfectly useless, there being only two rungs

of it left. The cave is not large. It has three arms, to north, south-west, and south-east, all filled with water, with a substratum of congealed snow. The arm behind the ladder is partially choked with lava stones, and the rocks under the entrance would suggest from their form that the mouth has fallen in. Some earth-covering boulders just immediately below the opening form a dry footing, a yard or two square, on which we stood. I was hauled up, dangling in mid-air, in momentary expectation of having my fingers taken off me as they passed the rocks where the rope was drawn over the edge.



ENTRANCE TO THE ICE CAVE, PEAK OF TENERIFE.

On our return to Alta Vista we gained a splendid view over the Cañadas and across to Gran Canaria. At 11 a.m. slight fleecy clouds wander over the sky towards the horizon; elsewhere some "mare's tails" are scattered. The sky itself is a sort of dull blue, and the heat is great. Lazily flying are some bees and a Painted Lady butterfly, whilst an occasional chirrup denotes the presence of grasshoppers.

Once more the horses were packed, and we prepared to leave El Teide. It was proposed that we should return by a different track from that of yesterday by crossing the

Cañadas to the crater wall, where we should find a path skirting the foot which would lead us past the Spring of Guajara to Los Roques and the pass to Guia. This route was said to be longer, but not so severe on the horses. We assented, therefore, as we no more than the arrieros wished to return by that diabolical path of yesterday.

We reached the boulders on Montaña Blanca, and passed our own former track across that sloping desert, at 12.20. Pursuing the path a little further, our guide then led us downwards to the south-east, and made across the bottom of the Cañadas for the crater wall. We walked on rapidly, with all due certainty and determination, for a little, when we found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, formed by one of those heaps of red lava which have flowed from time to time from the Peak down upon and over the surface of the old crater. We knew for certain now what we suspected before, that our guide had lost himself and us. Riding to the brow of one of these lava mounds, whose unevennesses are sometimes filled in by lighter particles blown against them by the wind, and thus forming a sloping bank, the hopelessness of our case presented itself. The entire surface appeared a mass of lava hills and mounds, intersected by flat spaces of yellow scoriæ, and dotted here and there by the grey-green retama.

A perfect labyrinth was the whole, amid the mazes of which we wandered and wandered. Two landmarks fortunately, however, are always visible—if one could only get near either—the Peak and the crater wall. For some hours, however, we remained at about the same distance from both. Frequently we halted and held a discussion as to the probable direction; then we would scatter and try several openings, only to find an impenetrable wall of lava at the end of each. Sometimes an evidently trodden path would raise a shout of joy from one of the party, and after us all pursuing it diligently for fifty or sixty yards, it would disappear entirely or end in a cave in the lava, inhabited by goats. The great and necessary want was water, which we knew was nowhere obtainable save at the Spring of Guajara. Notwithstanding our predicament and consequent exertions, we could not fail to be interested in the scenery, and were much struck by the

appearance of the Cañadas, which have a beauty of their own. Perfectly fascinating do they become, these interminable islands of lava, surrounded by a sea of yellow shingle. Occasionally they seemed gigantic rockeries, with nooks and crannies sufficient for all the ferns of the universe, but destitute of the commonest weed. At last, passing beyond these high rocks, which so bounded our vision, we emerged among low rocklets and shrubs, and were able to see and make direct for the boundary mountains, where, with many benedictions from the men, we struck the path.

It was nearly four o'clock, and we had a long way to go, so we walked at a rapid pace, sometimes breaking into a trot. The path lay a few yards from the foot of the cliffs, whose bases just here sloped for a hundred feet before becoming perpendicular. A little scant vegetation clung to the sides, while on our right lay the level part of the Cañadas, sprinkled with retama bushes. We thought our troubles ended, and stepped merrily forwards, little recking of what was in front. Presently the path, which had been perfectly level and smooth, like a well-beaten footpath, became interrupted by a lava-flow, which had reached from the Peak to this crater wall. There was nothing to do but to climb it. So we mounted and walked along the top carefully until able to descend again. From this onward, however, the track became rough, very rough. The crater wall, or chain of mountains, here curves back, forming bays or coves, and as bays are bounded at either end by promontories, so are these curves bounded by perpendicular cliffs. They reminded us of the numerous coves round the island of Serk, save that here lava takes the place of the sea.

Fortunately there was moonlight, daylight having fled long before our journey was over. Several times the path up and down these promontories was so badly made, that we had to place stones for the horses to tread upon, which they did with all due caution. Once the steps down were so steep, that we had to sling packing ropes round the animals' necks, and while one man led the horse and another dragged him back by his tail, a third helped to prevent him falling by leaning on and pulling him back by the rope round his chest.

At last, at eight o'clock, we rounded a promontory, and joyfully recognised our resting-place at Guajara. Dismounting, we left the horses to the care of the men, and ran down the sloping bank to the flat bed of yellow pumice beneath. Here, choosing an even surface, we commenced picking out the large stones and throwing them right and left. The pack-horse was brought down, unloaded, and we soon had our tent erected. Plenty of dry retama branches and sticks lay around, and we had a blazing fire in a short time. We managed to get a "square meal," as our transatlantic cousins graphically put it, out of bread so hard that we had to divide it, chisel and hammer fashion, with a knife and stone, tinned milk—there were no goats this time—tea, and gofio. It was of course impossible to eat the bread, but boiling it in milk, we found it excellent.

LOS ROQUES, LAS CAÑADAS.

We started next morning at 9 a.m., and instead of mounting the Guajara pass, by which we had come, we kept straight along the Cañadas at the foot of the cliffs, continuing our course of the previous evening. Keeping to the south, we passed close underneath the mountains which continue to bound this ancient crater. We soon passed beneath the Sombrerita Chiquita, a smaller mountain than that from which we took the photograph of the Peak when we were staying at Vilaflor, but of the same shape.

We reached a point in the Cañadas known as Los Roques. "The Rocks" are some high, sharp, pointed masses of lava thrown up in past ages when the crater was cooling,

which did not again sink, but remained as a sort of memorial of what had been. In the distance they look like the ruins of a castle, and so they are—the ruins of a lava castle. They correspond to the "temporary chimneys" described by Miss Bird as rising out of the boiling lava in Hawaii.

Dismounting, we sat under the shadow of some retama bushes, and finished our fruit. The situation is very fine. The crater walls seem to close in, and it is as though we were in a triangle surrounded by hills, the centre being a mass of black lava. The shape of the rocks is rugged and jagged in the extreme, and sharp pinnacles stand erect both at the top of the crater wall and down its sides.

The road—by courtesy—which we were following would finally have led us to Garachico, so we had to diverge to the left in order to cross the Pass of Guia. A break in the mountains gives an easy and short ascent, which soon brought us in sight of the sea on the south-west coast. Immediately on leaving the barren crater, vegetation begins, though sparsely. The path followed the curving of the hills, gradually descending, but passing up and down dips and barrancos. Sometimes the track was only a foot wide, and once, as this foot was a smooth rock, with anything but good foothold, and precipice below and above, we deemed it advisable to dismount and walk across. The retama was now replaced by codeso bushes. Winding our way down the gentle descent, we could see through the bright, clear atmosphere Palma's double mountains, like hogs' backs, and Gomera's high, compact, bowl-shaped form. The sea was scarcely visible, owing to a bank of low-lying clouds; and beneath us Palma and Gomera looked as if floating high in the air. In the foreground lay a chain of lower mountains, over which we had passed when going from Santiago to Guia.

The descent now became steep, and the heat was very great. The ground was so rough and irregular, that it necessitated walking. The skin was off my feet in a few places after the Peak scramble, so I was thankful when we could again mount. When we arrived at Guia, we were foot-sore, weary, and hungry. Lorenzo said we had better go to the alcalde's house until we had something to eat. This we

thankfully did, for, being still early in the afternoon, the heat and flies were unendurable. We intended later in the day proceeding to the Port of Guia, a little bay about a mile off, and there pitching our tent, to await the arrival of the schooner for Gomera. Two disappointments were in store for us. First, there is no water at the Puerto, and secondly, the boat for Gomera had come—and gone. This was really vexing, for we thus lost a whole week, which might have been spent leisurely at Vilaflor, Adeje, and on the Peak. We asked were there no boats which would take us to Gomera. This, we were assured, was an impossible feat, various excuses being made, such as that it was dangerous and too far. Considering that Gomera was within easy sight, and that four hours would have taken us over, it seemed difficult to believe that these fears were anything but imaginary. The Guanches were not a naval people, and certainly the present inhabitants of these islands are indifferent sailors and inferior fishermen.

Everyone of course knew that we were going to Gomera, and presently we were told there was a man in the town who was also going there, and knew the island. We invited him into our room, which opened direct upon the street, and showed him our map of Gomera. It may be well to epitomise here the information that we had already extracted from English and Spanish inhabitants at Santa Cruz, Orotava, and throughout the country about this island, a stone's throw —fifteen miles—from their own.

It exists. It is pretty. It has good goats. There is one well-to-do man, to whom we were given a letter of recommendation. A schooner goes once a-week from Santa Cruz, but where it stops, and when, is unknown. *Voilà tout!*

We were naturally anxious to obtain a little more knowledge; and in order that it should be as accurate as possible, we produced our map and questioned the man. Innocently did we bring forth the English Admiralty chart—the only accurate map there is of Gomera. We found, however, that maps were unknown; and the excitement and curiosity of the neighbourhood became great at the idea of seeing Gomera, which they all looked at day after day *in personâ*,

portrayed on paper. So as, with one finger on San Sebastian and another on the Valle Hermoso, we endeavoured to show the Gomero their relative positions and find out distances from him, the good people of Guia crowded round us closer and closer, until we had room neither to see nor move. We laid the map on a table, and, by the light of a candle, went over it. Heavy drops of perspiration stood on our informant's face with the manful effort he made in endeavouring to understand the intricacies of the map. We elicited, after much trouble, that the part of the island lying between San Sebastian, Hermigua, and Valle Hermoso was the prettiest; that the other side, to the south-west, was barren, destitute of vegetation, and lava-covered; that we could go to El Valle Hermoso by Hermigua, and return thence by the *cumbres*, or mountains, in mid-island. Nothing more could we extract from him about his own home.

CHAPTER IX.

GUIA—OUR CAMP BY THE SEA.

No game was ever yet worth a rap
  For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
  Could possibly find its way.
  * * * *
For what's worth having must aye be bought,
And sport's like life, and life's like sport:
  "It ain't all skittles and beer."

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

THE morning of Tuesday, September 18th, found us feeling fatigued, and rather glad than otherwise that our stay in Guia was enforced. We hoped to be lazy and sleep late, but, alas! when the flies awoke, soon after five, there was no more rest for us. They were in the room by thousands, indeed by millions.

Our room is square, with a low ceiling, whitewashed all over. Small beams cross the ceiling, a foot apart. They seem unnecessarily strong, but are not really so, when one remembers the weight of the azoteas. The floor is of adzed planks, which have not been washed since they were laid, judging by appearances. A deep cupboard let into the wall, painted bright blue, of a particularly ugly shade, is at one end. Opposite it is the window, also blue, with the usual corner seats and shutters, or postigos, from which one peeps out at the passers-by. Two small painted brackets and half-a-dozen cheap sacred prints are the ornaments.

Gofio in this part, as elsewhere, is the staple food of the islanders. It is wheat, barley, Indian corn, or rye ground very fine. The process of preparation is very simple. After the wheat is threshed, what is wanted for immediate use is

put in a large, flat, round earthenware pan, about two and a-half feet in diameter and three or four inches deep. This is placed on the fire, the wheat being constantly moved about with a stick, padded at one end like a drumstick. When the grains are slightly browned, they are taken off and ground. The mill consists of two round stones of granite, that belonging to this household being about two feet in diameter. In the top one is a hole three or four inches across, into which the wheat is put. Attached to the side of the hole and of the upper stone is a lever, standing out horizontally about a foot from it; and to this is fastened a pole, about four or five feet long, the upper end of which is held by a swivel in a rafter. A little coarse salt is put into the mill along with the wheat, and all comes out ground very fine. It was curious to note that the same results are here attained thus simply that can only be secured in England, and that not nearly so well, by steel mills and a great deal of fuss about granulated wheat. After the wheat is ground the gofio is ready for use. It is seldom eaten dry. It is made in this way. A handful is put on a plate or in a bowl, and cold water is poured on it until there is enough to make the gofio into a stiff mass about the consistency of dough. The natives mix it with their hands until quite smooth, but the process can be performed nearly as well with a spoon. Instead of water, hot milk is sometimes used. This is considered a very agreeable dish. There is nothing to prevent anyone eating gofio, and those who like porridge, and are accustomed to use wheaten or whole meal, would like it very much. That it is wholesome and strengthening there can be no doubt, when one sees the amount of work and hard walking the arrieros can do upon it alone, without even the milk.

In the evening, after four o'clock dinner, we walked round the town, or rather village. Service was being held, as it was the anniversary of the patron saint of the church, Nuestra Señora de Guia, from whom the district takes its name, in place of the ancient Ysora. We looked into the church, which was well lit up. The music was fair, better than we should have in most country churches at home. There was a conspicuous absence of men. We could not see any save

those officiating, all the worshippers being women and young girls. Leaving the church, we wandered in the darkness through the streets. The moon had not yet risen ; and as there are no lights of any sort except the gleam of a dim candle shining out of a shop, and as the streets are very roughly paved, though better than many in the island, it is with no little difficulty one walks erect. The shops simply contain the bare necessaries of life—a certain sign that there is no money to spare. At one window we passed a shoemaker reading a bulky volume, the first I have seen. How is it shoemakers are literary in every clime? There is a noticeable dearth of books everywhere, and on inquiry we find there is no school within a considerable distance. There are very few men or women who can read, much less write. The alcalde himself cannot, and has thus to employ a secretary.

As we seriously contemplated pitching our tent at the Puerto, we deemed it advisable next day to go down and inspect the neighbourhood. So, hiring a mule, for which we paid two *pesetas* (one shilling and eightpence), John, Lorenzo, the camera, and myself started. The road was rough, by the side of a barranco, and steep, the descent being 1,725 feet in about a mile and a-half.

The Port of Guia is simply a beach, where it is possible to land from boats. A few fishermen's huts lie to the right as we descend, towards which we turn our steps. They are one-storied, and built of lava stones and mud. They lie against a lava stream, which here enters the sea ; the lava, in fact, forms their back wall. In front some branches are laid on sticks, forming a sort of porch, and over this is trained a vine. There are about half-a-dozen huts, and all have these original verandahs. The rough black lava background, the green vines, the half-naked children and but scantily clothed men and women, the boats lying by the shore, the bright sunshine, and the roar of the surf on the beach, together formed a pleasing and unusual picture.

We learned from the fishermen that not only are the day and hour of the calling of the schooner for Gomera uncertain, but that it should call at all is doubtful, and that a stick with

a white rag is generally put up when the vessel is required to enter the bay. Considering all these circumstances, and the probability that if we stayed in Guia we should never get to Gomera at all, we thought it would be better to encamp at the Puerto, if possible. Crossing the barranco to the side farthest from the fishing huts, we found another little hut, or rather cave, under a small jutting-out headland. Rounding this cliff, we came upon a large cave, where we saw that we could pitch our tent sheltered from the sun, and so be cool, with plenty of space left for dining-room, drawing-room, and kitchen! The great drawback to encamping here is the entire absence of water, which we should have to bring with us. It puts quite a premium on dirt. The fisherfolk look as if water were unknown in their houses and on their persons. Through the glare and the heat we returned to Guia, the going up proving a much more tedious business than the coming down.

PEASANTS OF TENERIFE, WITH WATER-BARREL AND "MANTO," OR BLANKET CLOAK.

After dinner next day, we went, in the cool of the evening, upon the azotea. Here on the walls lay quantities of figs drying. Even this dull and uninteresting place looks picturesque in the glow and peacefulness of sunset. Above us, in the distance, lies the Montaña de Benjar, a sort of steeper slope rising from the lesser slope to the sea. Below, the fishing boats are beginning to put out, and as darkness sets in, the pine torches are lit. Lights spring up here and there, where before we had not perceived any boats—a sure sign that the toilers of the deep are at their work. Although excessively poor, the fishermen look upon themselves as descendants of St. Peter, and hold their heads high in consequence.

The women are very straight, due no doubt to the habit

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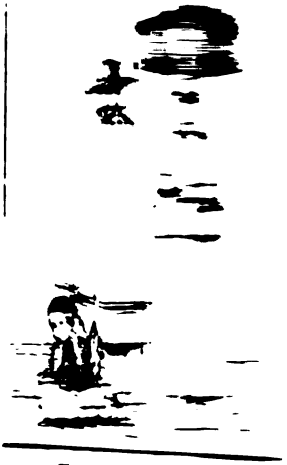

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[illegible] closed measures about a

of carrying little water-barrels on their heads when going to and fro for water. They seem gentle to their children, and very affectionate with them. Pine torches gleam occasionally in the town, as people move in and out of their houses and yards, the effect being weird, and giving this town, which is commonplace in the day-time, a romantic and Eastern aspect at nightfall. The boats are all ablaze on the sea, and the few azoteas the village possesses are peopled by their owners.

The people of Guia all count on their fingers, every figure from one. It becomes rather ludicrous at last, this perpetual "fingering," especially if two or three in a shop be all trying to make a correct total out of their individual ten fingers. The only candles procurable are Dutch; and the only foreigners ever seen on this side of the Peak are French bagmen, with traps on their backs, selling cheap jewellery. Butchers' shops are conspicuous by their absence, as meat is a luxury rarely procurable. Sieves are kept in the shops for sifting the cochineal, which the shopkeepers buy from the small growers until they have sufficient to send to Santa Cruz. All the carpenters' tools are said to be English. Tin utensils are used almost entirely for cooking. They are suitable to the climate, as, owing to the dry atmosphere, they do not rust.

On Friday morning we effected our removal to the Puerto. A crowd of people saw us off, and many "Adios" sent us on our journey. One would have thought we were going to Timbuctoo, instead of only a couple of miles away. When we got to the bottom, we turned to the left across the barranco, and, rounding a little point, came upon the large cave we had settled upon for our camp. We at once set to work to put the tent up, clearing away the stones and driving in the pegs ourselves. The muleteer was stupid, and did not know how to do anything, although he is first cousin to the alcalde. When we came to look for the paja molida (chopped straw) for our beds, we found the men had calmly given it to the mules to eat. A layer of this chopped straw under the tarpaulin and our rugs on the top make a tolerably soft bed, at any rate quite soft enough when one is tired. We had brought two little barrels of water from Guia, with about four

gallons in each, but we had nowhere to put it, so had to borrow a couple of *tinas* from two of the fishermen, which with our can held all the water. A *tina* is a red earthenware pot or jar, like a bulb with a hole on the top, about four to six inches in diameter. When this is covered with an earthenware saucer, the water within is kept perfectly cool. Another similar receptacle, kept under the dripping-stone, is called a *bernegal.*

We went out in a very small boat to see the fire-fishing. The sun had nearly set over Gomera, tinging the clouds with all shades, from rosy red to pale pink—a beautiful sunset. Darkness soon follows sunset here, and from the lights in the sky we turned to those of the sea. As the oars dipped, the phosphorus danced and played through the waves. The people of this island are certainly not a sailor-like population. The boat did not seem "ship-shape," nor were the fishermen. The rowing was execrable, and the oars curiously shaped. Except a small handle of about eight inches, the oar was square up to the blade, which was very broad, double the usual width in England, and straight. When it was quite dark, the boy lit some pieces of split pine-wood, placing them upon a round, flat stone, about nine or ten inches in diameter, in the stern of the boat. The boats are sharp at both ends, and have little lockers forward and aft. Upon the deck of the aft locker the fire was placed, the boy sitting in a hole in the locker with a line and rod in his hand, and throwing out, from time to time, fish and bait cut up very finely. The light on the water and the bait are supposed to induce the fish to be caught. There is little caught, however; yet good authorities say the seas are swarming with fish. If we got no fish, we got a good tossing, and saw a picturesque sight.

Our first night at the Puerto under canvas was a success, and it was a relief not to be awakened in the morning by thousands of flies. The cave is wide and high, and at the right, where it is a little lower, a wall, in which there is a door and two windows, has been built across. This recess was used by the former owner as a stable for his horses or mules. The front of the cave is shut in by a low wall, some twelve feet thick. The space thus enclosed measures about a

hundred feet deep by fifty across. The roof vari
at the entrance about a hundred feet high to sc
fourteen feet above our tent, which we placed
to be out of the sun. The floor is compose
stones, some of which appear to have dropped
time from the roof above. At the first glance or
thought that there was not a single plant ami
barren stones, but on looking carefully we four
individuals. There was one fine specimen
cucumber (*Citrullus colocynthis*), throwing out its
radiating from the centre, closely pressed on the
bearing a great many small gourds, about the si
From these the valuable cathartic drug colocynth

OUR CAMP BY THE SEA, GUIA.

A few individuals of the Palma Christi (*Ricinus communis*) we also found. Its seeds yield castor oil, but it is more popularly known for the tradition asserting that it was the plant of which Christ's crown of thorns was made. There were also a few individuals of the *Reseda scoparia*, a native mignonette of this island, and of the Common Purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), which is a valuable anti-scorbutic herb. On the left, near the entrance, the cave is broken away; and a wall has been built, with steps, leading up to a little higher level, where are a piece of half-cultivated land and the remains of a house. A couple of fig-trees and some cacti are all that are now to be seen. The man and his wife who lived here were swept away by a barranco.

The islanders are very foolish about these barrancos. Because there may have been no water in one for a year or two, they take for granted there will never be any, and sometimes build in the very bed of the river. Then there may come a time when there is heavy rain in the mountains, and the water gathers, and before they have time to think, the roar of the coming water is heard, sweeping everything in its course, stones, trees, and human beings, out into the sea.

After breakfast, which consisted of fish, coffee, bread, and honey, our boatman of the previous evening paid us a morning visit. The people of this island as a mass are poor, but the fishing population are miserably so. They never have anything to eat almost but salt fish and gofio. The clothing of this man consisted of a blue cotton shirt, like the smock-frocks of the French peasants, and a pair of linen trousers; over these he had a jacket and another pair of trousers, both so patched, that, with the most careful scrutiny, it was almost impossible to tell what the original material had been. These outer garments were for warmth, the blue shirt and white—originally—trousers being the ordinary garments. Still, they are not any poorer than the inhabitants of many a fishing village in Ireland and Scotland; while the Canarian peasant has the advantage of an equable climate, and knows nothing of piercing east winds, or days and days of wetting rain.

We prepared our dinner in island fashion. First a large saucepan half full of cold water was put on; then into it three or four large onions were thrown; then the fowl was put in, and this boiled away merrily. Another vessel was put on another fire which we had to make for it, and the rice put on in cold water for a little. Then added to the fowl and onion were about a dessert-spoonful of ground sweet capsicums (*pimiento dulce*), a little whole pepper, and a little garlic. There should have been tomatos, but they were not to be got for love or money. Then the most of the liquor from this was poured on the rice, and it was put on, to burst fully. More water was then added to the fowl and potatoes, and large pieces of calabash put in. When turned out, the rice is quite thick, and this is called *sopa*. The other dish of vegetables, with the fowl, is *puchero*. If there be no meat or

fish to flavour the vegetables, the *puchero* is made of the latter alone, and is called *puchero blanco.* Any and every vegetable can be put into it, and the more the better. We have had cabbage in it too, and pears.

We were not so much in love with our quarters as to forget the reason of our being there, and all the following morning we kept looking for the *correo* (post), as the mail schooner is called. At last, about mid-day, we saw a sail in the distance, but after waiting some time, noticed that the vessel was evidently making direct for Gomera. We sent Lorenzo to ask the fishermen the meaning of this; and they then told us, for the first time, that the correo does not always come in here, that it has to be signalled. We thought this was a little ruse to endeavour to keep us longer in the neighbourhood. With some difficulty, we made them hoist their flag—by courtesy—a white handkerchief tied to a fishing-rod and stuck in a rock above the huts. We also hoisted a towel on another fishing-rod at our camp. After a little we had the satisfaction of seeing the schooner turn towards us, and about four o'clock they sent a boat ashore.

CHAPTER X.

GOMERA—SAN SEBASTIAN.

'Tis morn. Behold, the kingly Day now leaps
The eastern wall of earth, with sword in hand,
Clad in a flowing robe of mellow light,
Like to a king that has regained his throne,
He warms his drooping subjects into joy,
That rise rejoiced to do him fealty,
And rules with pomp the universal world.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

OUR first experience of island schooners we thought terrible. The extortionate fare of eight dollars had been demanded from us, but we finally compromised for six dollars, and felt ourselves considerably "done" even at that price. Later, we looked back upon this particular boat as the best in the islands. We did not enter the cabin during the night, but, wrapped in our rugs, lay and and sat on the little deck at the stern. As the rudder was in the middle of this, and the boom lay over it, our position was not one to be envied. Whenever the boom "went over," we had to move, whether sleeping or waking. The dew fell heavily, wetting our faces and hair, besides the rugs; and we were stiff with lying on the hard boards. It is worth noting that this was the first dew we had seen; it does not fall upon the land. As those on board began to awaken, we were shown some attention. Hot coffee was brought to us, and a little hand-basin, with water and a towel. We were very grateful, but not half as much so as we ought to have been, if we had only known what sort of schooners we should be in later. The patrón (the responsible official, half-skipper, half-purser) came to us before reaching Gomera, and said, "I hear you are going to Hierro. I will take you there if you like, waiting for you at Gomera three days, and

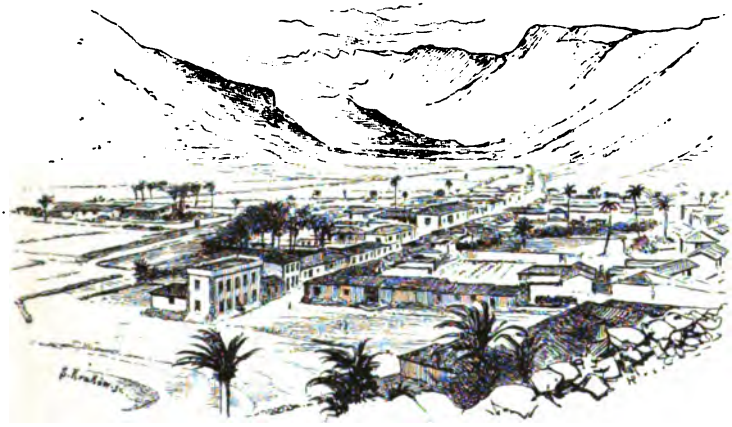
at Hierro four, and then bring you back to Orotava. Will you go, however, to Hierro first, and return to Gomera?" We asked him if he would wait four days in Gomera and three at Hierro, to which he agreed. On inquiring for how much, the mild sum of sixty dollars was asked! So we said, "No, thank you; it is too much." This conversation began about six o'clock in the morning, and at intervals of about half-an-hour he used to come to us, lowering his price each time. At last, after we cast anchor at San Sebastian, at 8.30 a.m., he offered to do it for forty dollars, so we turned to Lorenzo, and said, "Take all the luggage ashore. We think thirty dollars is ample, too much in fact." "Very well," he said; "I will do it for thirty dollars." And no doubt he thought himself well paid, as indeed he was, from what we learned afterwards.

As the sun rose behind Tenerife, we obtained a fine profile view of the mountains, culminating in the majestic presence which overrules these ocean isles—the Peak. The mountains of Gomera were enveloped in a layer of grey, fleecy clouds. Soon the distinctiveness of the outline of Tenerife had gone, under the influence of the rising sun, a haze having gathered on the mountains. The rocks of Gomera grew more and more distinct, but the summit was still enveloped in a bank of clouds, the sky above them pale blue and clear.

Gomera, which is round in form and seventeen miles in diameter, is highest in the middle, but slopes more on the southern than the northern side. The surface is much broken up with barrancos. Red and white horizontal strata, sometimes dipping, and twisted at various angles, vary the brown monotony of the rocks. Several protruding seams, apparently of harder rock, a few feet wide, run down the cliffs perpendicularly to the sea.

The point of San Cristobal at present hides San Sebastian, and, save for the houses at Montañon, there are no signs of life on this side of the island. As we near the coast we can discern numerous little bays, with precipitous cliffs in the background, recalling, only on a much larger scale as far as the cliffs are concerned, Serk. Punta San Cristobal terminates in a curious knob, like the tower of a castle. As we sail

onwards we pass a little green valley. The first sign of San Sebastian is a small white fort, perched on a black rock, jutting some distance out into the sea, and hiding the town until we round the point. Immediately we send up two tattered rags, which go by the name of flags—one the broad red and yellow stripes of Spain; the other a pendant, to show we are the mail. We glide into smooth water, the good vessel rights herself, and, swinging round, we drop anchor in twenty fathoms of water, where Columbus weighed anchor on September 7th, 1492, and took leave of land, only to see it again thirty-four days later, when he found the New World.



SAN SEBASTIAN, GOMERA.

This is the prettiest landing-place, port or bay, in the archipelago. One comes on it suddenly, round a corner as it were. The bay is horseshoe in shape. The town or village of San Sebastian is built on a flat piece of land about half-a-mile broad, entirely surrounded by mountains, except at the back, where it contracts into a barranco, twisting and narrowing until it is lost in the recesses of the mountains. Palm trees are scattered about this plain at intervals. To the left is a square tower, and on the right a tall house. The strand is black, and as the waves break on it, the line of white surf forms a dazzling contrast to the inky lava ground to sand by the ocean. Extremely pretty is the whole scene, and stamped with a character of its own.

From the boat we were carried through the surf, and, on landing, excited considerable astonishment. We passed up the little street to our fonda, which is the fonda *par excellence*, for there is not another in the whole island. The roof of our room was raised, and of dark wood. The walls, though whitewashed, had a dado of old-fashioned paper. The shutters were a brilliant blue, while red cotton curtains, or rather valances, hung above the window recesses. Several houses in the town have quaint balconies and window-shutters, of which we took a few interesting photographs. The favourite colour for shutters here is green, which gives a bright look, and yet is restful to the eye after the glare of the sun.

Opposite the fonda stands the Church of the Ascension, which turned out to be very plain, with whitewashed walls and grey pillars. The ceiling is of wood, mellowed with age into a dark brown. The organ-loft is over the entrance door, its carved sides and balcony, and seventeen stalls of plain fretwork nailed on wood, ruined in effect by the white-washed walls. Wide, perfectly plain arches join the grey pillars together. The pulpit, of wood, which is so worm-eaten that it seems scarcely safe to get into, is painted almost grotesquely in green, gold, blue, red, and white; the work-manship is of the rudest description. On the wall on the left of the church, and near the chancel, is a fresco of a battle between some ships and a fort. It is about twenty feet long by twelve deep, enclosed in a painted frame, and it bears signs of having been painted and partly whitewashed over. The fort has the English ensign flying from it, above a white standard, and there is a bell in it. A number of galleys fill up the picture, which dates back to 1780, but flags and cannon balls predominate, waving and flashing in and about the oars. Whether or not it bears any reference to Sir Francis Drake's unsuccessful attempt to land in 1585, when on his way to the West Indies, is difficult to tell.

Don Salvador, "mine host" of the fonda, proved himself a man of taste in more ways than one. He has collected a few Guanche antiquities, which he showed us. Carelessly lying on the sala table was an old paper MS., dated 1669, written

by "Captain y Sargento Mayor Bartolomé Roman de la Peña," in which some curious facts and traditions concerning this island are given. In 1494 it is said that the Gomeros rebelled about the payment of tithes, whereupon the Bishop, Don Diego de Muros, worked a miracle to show the power of the Church, and how necessary was the duty of submission. He took a cheese and excommunicated and anathematised one half of it, which there and then turned black; but, upon his blessing, it resumed its natural colour!

A QUAINT CORNER, SAN SEBASTIAN, GOMERA.

San Sebastian is completely surrounded by hills or mountains, and faces the deep, blue bay. Conspicuously in mid-valley, a little outside the town, stands a square tower, begun by Hernan Peraza and finished by Guillen Peraza, first Count of Gomera after the conquest. The barranco runs at the further side of the town; and the greater part of the flat, alluvial land, is green with crops of black pepper and sweet potatoes. Palm trees, whose fruit ripens, wave and bow in the strong wind which is always blowing here. After the conquest the town was called La Villa de Palmas, but the

name was changed in later years. Continuing our walk to Buen Paso, by a path a few feet wide, cut out of the perpendicular cliff, we were rewarded by a beautiful view of the calm, blue bay beneath, and a fishing boat floating peacefully on its surface. Suddenly we turned an angle, and beneath us lay a little fort, at the extreme limit of the rocks upon which it was possible to walk. It was in this fort that Hernan Peraza's wife and friends took refuge after his death, until Pedro de Vera brought them relief from Canaria. He was wicked and tyrannical, and drove the people to insurrection through his immoralities. A beautiful Gomera girl whom he liked, but who disliked him, betrayed him, and he was murdered by her countrymen in a cave in the barranco of Yganaga, or Magañas. Lifting our eyes a little above the ruined fort, and beyond it and the blue sea, we catch sight of Teide, more majestic perhaps from a distance than when close at hand.

I wish I had a pen of fire with which to beg, beseech, command, threaten, or do anything that would make the authorities really prevent the wholesale and wanton destruction of trees that takes place. Tenerife, which used to be a land of forests, and consequently water, is now in parts a desert. Gomera, fortunately, has not a large population, so that the growth of trees has almost kept pace with their destruction. The result is that the island is a garden of Eden. Irrigation is possible; the sun is always present; moisture hangs about the hill-tops; woodland glades and forests abound, rendering the natural features of the island still more beautiful from being clothed with verdure. This truth, however, we realised more fully on our return from Hierro, when we rode through and over Gomera's loveliest valleys and mountains.

We paid a visit to the old Franciscan monastery which was established by Guillen Peraza, the first Count, in 1533, in expiation of his many immoralities. There is but little of it remaining; only part of a balcony, and the broad staircase leading from the patio and cloisters. The cemetery is inside its walls.

On our return to the fonda, Don Salvador produced a

Guanche skull and dinner. Whether the one was intended as an appetiser for the other or not, I cannot say. The dinner was good. Potato soup, beef, ptarmigan, French beans, cooked and served cold with vinegar and oil, fried potatoes, fish, something like pancakes in sweet sauce, and fruit, formed the *menu*, served in this order.

We had a letter of introduction to a gentleman at the other side of the island, which we left with Don Salvador, who promised to forward it immediately upon seeing our vessel returning from Hierro, so that horses might be sent for us, as they were difficult to procure in San Sebastian. In all good faith we gave our directions, and received assurances of their being attended to promptly. What a humbug Don Salvador turned out remains to be seen.

Meanwhile we had some bread and milk for supper, about ten o'clock, and were called to go on board again about one a.m. Don Salvador escorted us to the beach, where we went through the same process as when landing, being carried out to the boat, and then rowed to the schooner. Nature has been kinder to Gomera in a landing-place, than to Madeira, and yet San Sebastian is unknown, and Funchal is too full of English.

We turned into our bunk, such as it was, and laid our rugs on the boards, to make them a trifle softer, rolling up coats for pillows. Being first-class passengers, we enjoyed the society of the skipper and the remainder of the sailors, besides a few youths who had been over in Tenerife at the college there. A woman and child, second-class I suppose, travelled in the hold! She and I were the only females on board. The child was dying apparently of consumption, but was ordered to Hierro to try the effect of a mineral spring in that island, supposed to be efficacious for everything.

CHAPTER XI.

HIERRO—VALVERDE—SABINOSA.

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,
Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

HORACE.

So far as we could ascertain, no English-speaking person has been on the island of Hierro since the days of Columbus. Even Glas, whose accounts of the other islands still remain the most accurate, never visited this island himself, so we have not the benefit of his experience. Little as is known of Gomera, still less is known of Hierro. It is therefore with somewhat of the feelings of discoverers and pioneers that we approach the most westerly island of the Canarian Archipelago.

Until noon we had a breeze, which bore us along pleasantly. There was a steady roll, the swell of the Atlantic, but the sea was not rough. The wind, however, died away, and although we sighted a cloudy, indistinct mass, supposed to be Hierro, at one p.m., it was five o'clock before we reached the island. A shoal of porpoises, and numbers of sea-birds of various kinds, beguiled what was now becoming a rather tedious journey. I did not particularly enjoy the long swell in a small schooner, and was glad enough when, at five o'clock, it was proposed we should land at El Rio. This spot is a deep gully or creek running inland, protected on either side by rocks. Near the mouth of the creek there is a bar, and as the tide was low, we could not get into the little bay. The name El Rio (The River) of course implies a river. At present there is not the least sign of one, but no doubt there may be a mountain torrent in winter. Our boat was rowed

alongside a rock on the seaward side of the bar, but, owing to the swell, it could not be brought within several feet of the rock. A couple of men jumped ashore, and by their aid we jumped too, arriving, baggage and all, without a ducking. Scrambling and jumping along the rocks, we reached the shore. Here, in a sheltered position, lie a few huts and fishing boats. Hills, black with lava, shut them in on all sides. Of course, no horses were to be seen, so, leaving our luggage with Lorenzo to look after it, we started along with the patrón, walking, for Valverde. A shrub grew abundantly where we landed, called both *carcosa* and *vinagreda* (*Rumex lunaria*) by the natives, who did not appear certain of its name. It is a round-shaped bush, with tough, glabrous leaves, the solitary clumps being several feet in height. Dotted here and there all over the incline, it imparted a distinct feature to the landscape. Cattle browse upon and like its leaves. A zigzag path led up a cinder-strewn hill on the left. The climb was toilsome, especially as we had not eaten since the morning. Our breakfast then consisted of fish, sweet potatoes, and an oily mixture by way of gravy. Hunger is good sauce, so we managed a hearty meal, sauce and all. Having reached 650 feet of altitude, we rested for a few minutes, then started again. Another rest at 1,150 feet; when at 1,600 feet, we struck the direct path to Valverde, situated on the top of the island.

Hierro is approached in quite a different fashion from the other islands. All its sides are precipitous. There is but little littoral, and that is surrounded by precipices. Consequently the towns or villages are on a plateau in mid-island. Valverde, the principal town—a collection of a few houses, more deserving the name of village—is four miles and a-half from its port and a couple of miles from El Rio, the ascent in each case being abrupt.

The patrón tried to persuade us to put up for the night at a house he recommended. However, the priest of Hierro had kindly offered us his house and hospitality when we met him at Laguna, where he had gone to consult a doctor, there being none on his island. Walking through the clean little town late in the evening, we were the subjects of much curi-

osity to the villagers, to whom strangers are unknown. The patrón was constantly asked if we were *francéses*, the last visitors to the island having been French, and *ingleses* never having been seen before. We arrived at the priest's house at 6.45 p.m., to find he had not returned from Tenerife, and that his housekeeper was totally ignorant of us or the worthy *padre's* promised hospitality. It is needless to say that on Hierro there is not an inn of any sort, so that we could not simply turn away and go elsewhere. The good woman knew this as well as we did, so invited us to enter, and she would give us what she could. A horse had been meanwhile requisitioned and despatched for our luggage. Pending its arrival, we were supplied with supper, such as could be procured at a moment's notice. We were lodged in the priest's room, I think, a very comfortable apartment, although the bed measured, of course, but three feet in width. The sala opened off it. The walls were more than two feet thick, so coolness was ensured. As in most Spanish houses, no means of washing was supplied in the bedroom, it being a very general custom to have one room for washing, where everybody goes for that purpose.

After the tossing of the schooner, we slept luxuriously until seven o'clock next morning, though we had intended starting as early as possible for El Pinar. While waiting the arrival of our two mules and a horse, we noticed the curious-looking church, just below the priest's house. It has a low tower, with a mosque-like dome, the sides of which are painted a vivid blue and brick-red in streaks. A wooden balcony runs round the tower beneath the clock. Beyond and around is the town of Valverde, lying in a semicircle of hills, the houses curving round and climbing up and down them. The houses are not in rows, but scattered. Never more than four are clumped together. Some have flat roofs, and some the usual red half-pipe tiles. The walls are whitewashed, the wooden shutters, as a rule, unpainted. A great deal of greenery is agreeably mixed up with the houses. Towards the tidüth-east the valley slopes to the sea, most of the houses name El K way; north-east a rounded hill hides the view, present there the town on that side. A small square, into may be a mount's house abuts, lies in front of the church,

VALVERDE CHURCH, HIERRO.

which is 1,750 feet above the sea. From seven this morning, the square gradually filled with men, anxious to see us, the hour of our departure being easily ascertained from the arrieros.

Hierro has no wealthy residents. The priest's house is, in fact, the only one of any size or accommodation, the remainder of the dwellings being those of peasants. The island is absolutely devoid of a road of any sort, and consequently of a wheeled vehicle. A good broad-paved path near the church led us out of the village at the opposite side to that by which we entered. The paving soon ceased, and we got on a trodden path, pleasant and soft to the horses' feet. The path winds between and along the undulations in the hills. At the top of one of these, a cutting or slope looks down into La Caldera, which is perfectly flat, and cultivated at the bottom. Groups of peaked stones conglomerated, formed into fantastic shape, like druidical remains, are around and beneath. Where we stand, at 2,350 feet of altitude, the rocks are a brown-grey like basalt. The southern wall of the Caldera is lower than the rest. That we were to come across so many of these cauldrons or craters, which point beyond dispute to the volcanic origin of the islands, we could scarcely have believed.

Two large pools of water invited the animals to drink. They are formed by the rain in winter, and being 3,000 feet above the sea, do not entirely evaporate. The water is muddy, it is true, but still it is water. Hundreds of birds, the canary-bird in particular, flock to these pools, and are almost indifferent to our presence. We now follow a flat path lying between the tops of the hills. Constantly we pass tanks for rainwater, a necessity here, round which the birds congregate. The natives of Hierro at the time of the conquest are said to have used cisterns, as they do now. The word *Hero*, or *Herro*, by which they called this island, some say, signified a cistern. The Spanish conquerors, not understanding the word, changed it into what from its sound they supposed the word to mean, namely iron, which in Spanish is *hierro*. To their minds there was nothing improbable in this, for they imagined that iron was found on the island, but they were wrong. The Frenchmen in the expedition similarly mistranslated the

native word, and so misnamed the island Fer—Iron—while the Portuguese have called it Ferro, from the same interpretation. The French still speak of the island as Ile de Fer. It will thus be seen that Ferro has neither rhyme nor reason for its use, and is at the present day unknown to the natives. As the islanders appear to have always been called Herreños, it would seem reasonable to infer that Hero was the more likely pronunciation of the name. Where Hero really came from is quite another matter, as difficult of elucidation as the names of the other islands.

Hierro was the Capraria of King Juba II., the members of whose expedition brought descriptions which plainly identify this island, not only on account of the goats, but also because of the large lizards, which Bethencourt in 1402 still found there.

The ancient inhabitants appear to have had only one king, and were thus saved those internal dissensions which proved destructive to Tenerife. On the other hand, owing to their unpreparedness for battle, they were unable to resist the various pirates who from time to time devastated the island and carried off prisoners. Two versions of the conquest of the island are given, which may perhaps modify each other. One states that a soothsayer, Yore by name, had prophesied in the years past, that when he was dead, and his bones in dust, "their god, Eraoranzan, would come to them in white houses on the water." Yore advised them not to resist or fly from him, but to adore him. Consequently, when Bethencourt's ships anchored in the port, the natives, remembering Yore's prophecies, firmly believed Eraoranzan had come, and greeted the invaders, much to the astonishment of the latter, with joy instead of with resistance.

They were monogamous, and appear to have had no distinctions of rank, with the exception of the king, so intermarried freely. They buried their dead in caves. Murder and theft were the only crimes punished. For the former, says the chronicler, "the murderer was put to death in the same manner as he had killed" his victim; for theft, an eye was put out upon the first offence, and the second eye upon its repetition, so "that he might not see to steal any more.'

They had a goddess as well as a god, called Moneyba, worshipped by the women. Curiously, however, here, as in the other islands, they had no images, nor did they offer sacrifices. Their gods were those of imagination, to whom they prayed. But they believed that the gods visited them occasionally, resting upon such occasions on two great rocks called Ventayca, where, though invisible to their adorers, they heard their petitions, afterwards returning to heaven. When taught the Roman Catholic religion, they worshipped Christ and the Virgin under the names of Eraoranzan and Moneyba.

At 10.30 a.m. we pass a church and a few houses, which we find form San Andres (3,050 feet). The church is very poor-looking, being literally a barn and a belfry. The path, leading as it does over smooth, undulating ground, devoid of vegetation, save potatoes occasionally, is usually confined between loose stone walls. There is a pleasant, cool breeze, and the sky is cloudy. Our animals are uncouth and untrained in every respect. They have never been required for civilised life, and where there is no demand there is no supply. Tinder boxes are still used for striking a light, and it was with much interest I saw a man light his pipe as our forefathers used to do.

The soil is like caked sand, and where tramped it turns into several inches of dust. Sometimes the road, or rather path, leads through places which have the appearance of being cuttings. A small yellow flower, which attracted our attention, was new to us. The arrieros called it *gurman* (*Calendula arvensis*), or something similar, but the Herreños are very difficult to understand, they speak so thickly. White butterflies, somewhat like those at home, flitted by us, and heath, 3,500 feet above the sea, looked homelike too. A little further, and we came in sight of some trees on a conical hill, which were quite refreshing to the eye. Pines, silver-green in hue, and a shrub which the guides called *masilba*, looking in the distance like bushes of boxwood, formed the wood. *Breso* (*Erica arborea*), a large heath, which would make a good broom, grew in the banks. Beside the path grew an elegant herbaceous plant, just then in flower, *Sonchus leptocephalus*. The pines were in odd and contorted shapes, and

were clothed to the ground. They were, alas! not close together, forming a thick forest, but thinned so that one tree scarcely threw its shadow upon another. This destruction must be since the conquest, for Bethencourt's chroniclers speak of the "large forests of pine and laurel."

We now left the main road to see Las Playas, one of the features of Hierro. The island is three-sided, and on two sides are these curious precipices, the mainland between being a high plateau. Winding my arm round a pine tree, I leaned towards the precipice, because the edge itself is unsafe. It is so steep, that, except in one place, there is no foothold for man, yet isolated pines grow from top to bottom wherever there is a ledge of soil. Standing where we do, we are at one side of a slightly curved bay, the back of which is a rocky precipice 3,000 feet high. That the cliff is not absolutely perpendicular we know from the fact of pines growing in crevices and on ledges, but to all appearance it is a precipice. A white line of surf breaks along the sandy shore, behind which is a very narrow piece of littoral, in reality but a sea-border. The beach lies in undulating curves. It is at our side alone—the southern—that the pines grow; the other is probably too steep. Orchilla is gathered on these cliffs. The peasants, notwithstanding that accidents sometimes occur, still let themselves over by means of ropes. The centre of the ridge round the bay, rising to about 3,500 feet, slopes at each end towards the sea, until within only about 1,000 feet of the water. The view seems to us certainly one of the finest in the islands, as we stand on the top of that huge wall and look down on the small plain it shelters, seeing the surf breaking, while we are beyond its roar, and watching the birds as they soar in space. The clearness of the atmosphere enables one to see objects distinctly, although diminished in size, as if through a glass.

Turning, we leave the shelter of the pines, and retrace our steps across the brown sward to the road. The dark, thatched roofs of El Pinar soon came in sight. Some sheep and cows in pens show that pasturage is plentiful about here. The wool on the sheep is straight and bright yellow, with an oily appearance.

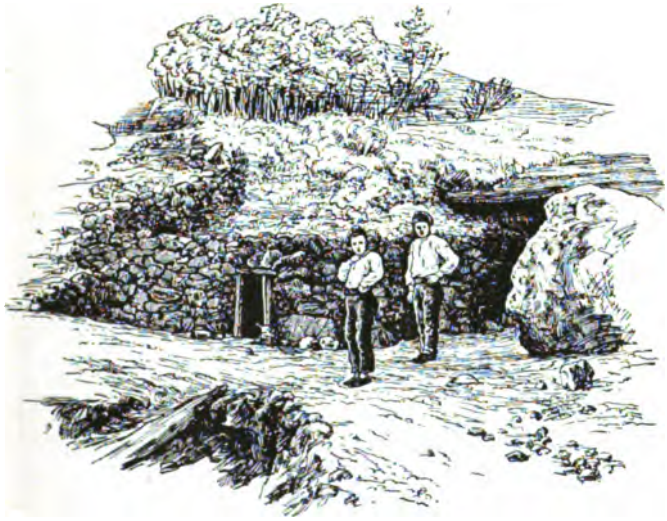
The Puerto de Naos, the best port in the island, where Bethencourt landed after his conquest of Gomera, can be seen from here. He had with him Augeron, a native of Hierro, who, with many others, had been captured by Aragona pirates and sold as a slave. He was sent to Bethencourt by the King of Spain to act as interpreter. Hierro was almost depopulated by pirates from time to time, and in 1402, three years before Bethencourt's advent, four hundred unfortunate Herreños are said to have been captured and carried into slavery. Augeron turned out to be the brother of the reigning King of Hierro, Armiche, to whom Bethencourt sent Augeron to persuade the King to have his powerful protection and friendship. So well did he fulfil his task, aided perhaps by the readiness of the people after the prophetic warnings of Yore, that Armiche came peaceably to Bethencourt, with a hundred and eleven followers. His trust was rewarded by his being enslaved, and a garrison of the invaders left in the island.

Leaving El Pinar in a northerly direction, we went up through scattered pines, with barley growing between their stems. Many of the pines were burnt, in that terribly wanton and destructive manner that is so deplorably characteristic. At 2.15 p.m. we were 3,000 feet up, the ascent being gentle, and through a pine forest. What a charm there is about pines! They soothe one, without being gloomy. Their needles, while admitting light and heat, yet temper both. Long vistas of pine trunks give one a feeling of space, not of suffocation, as with ordinary foliage and undergrowth, for nothing grows beneath a pine.

Three hundred and fifty feet higher there is a break in the pines and a little rising ground. This gives us a magnificent view on our left northwards, over plains and conical hills, all brown and covered with pines, rising higher and higher till they crown each cone. Where we tread is covered with turf and heather, all brown now, for it is September. I should like to travel in Hierro in May.

About 3 p.m. we were glad to call a halt for rest and food, as further on the ascent was steeper. A crack in the ground, like a miniature barranco, offered us a pleasant shelter from

the sun. Almost under the high bank, and standing back from the path, in the angle of the road, was a little hut, built of loose stones. We photographed the hut and two picturesque-looking men, who wore dark blue caps, with peaks hanging down at the side. The corner of the little cliff in which we had our luncheon sheltered a lovely maiden-hair fern, and a yellow, hairy sort of moss. Southwards lie hills, sparsely covered with pines, while above us, on our left, is Mal Paso. The hut is 3,650 feet above the sea, an altitude at which one finds a pleasant climate in these islands.



GOATHERD'S HUT, EL PINAR, HIERRO.

After half-an-hour's rest we mounted and rode onwards. There are many curious fissures, in which trees grow luxuriantly. A cross on our right, called Los Reyes, serves as an exact guide for the height, which our aneroid gives as 3,900 feet. The name has an ancient sound, but I find it difficult even to conjecture its origin.

Still ascending, we now cross a sweep of fine black lava, like cinders, in which the horses sank. Again a stretch of heath-covered mountain, blooming with white flowers, called by our guides *ortelanilla* (*Cedronella Canariensis*). Swallows flew backward and forward as we reached the summit of Mal Paso (4,400 feet). We were told we were on the highest

point in the island, but it was not possible to see, owing to the mist which rolled round the top of the precipice, on whose edge we stood, looking down on where El Golfo ought to be. The Admiralty charts give two higher points on the same ridge, which is not correct according to Fritsch. The mist was not on the southern side of the Mal Paso at all. It opened and closed and rolled along the edge of the precipice, just on a level with the top, and tantalisingly prevented our having what must have been a fine view. The track we followed, of our own choosing—for path there was none—led over loose lava, full of holes, into which our horses' feet sank.

After riding along the top of the mountain ridge some distance, we changed our course, turning to the right and descending by what was really a track, although steep and of loose cinders, until we reached a dip in the hills (3,845 feet), at the foot of Taganasoja. This is a mountainous cone, lying near the main ridge. Our path led between both mountains. Enormous heaths, tree-like in size, grew on each side and around us. The descent from this point to Sabinosa was one of the most lovely rides we enjoyed in the islands. It was a perpetual treat of green, a feast to the eye, with all the luxuriousness of a tropical, and the verdure of a temperate climate. The path wound in and out of a forest (3,400 feet) of gigantic heaths, the undergrowth being thick and luxuriant, hare's-foot and other ferns growing in the wildest profusion, while bracken, moss, and lichen, all of the greenest, reminded one of the Emerald Isle. A species of laurel was also abundant, and of large growth; and we frequently stopped our animals and picked blackberries off the bushes, and this at a height of only 2,650 feet. We came across a shrub, called by our arriero *tomillo salvage*, reminding us of wild thyme. It turned out upon investigation to be the labiate plant *Micromeria lasiophylla*.

Peach and apple trees grew 2,400 feet above the sea. We were then about half-way down, the path winding along the hillside. Occasional patches of a little more level ground were cultivated. Poppies, bright and gaudy, recalled England, 2,100 feet up. There were not many trees here, but shrubs and undergrowth. The wood was simply lined with bracken,

heath, and wild flowers. A rock or large stone was pointed out as a landmark, and called Piedra del Rey. These constant references to kings are very puzzling. Perhaps one of the Guanche houses formerly stood here.

It was now 5.50 p.m., and when at a height of 2,050 feet, the Punta de la Dehesa burst into view in the distance. Sabinosa lay at our feet, perched on an excrescence on the mountain side, really on the site of an old crater. It is above the sea, and a little inland. A small, narrow, and level plain lies beneath it, and beyond, running out into the sea, is the Punta de la Dehesa, famous as being the point through which Richelieu decided that the first meridian should pass, as the most westerly known land.

CHURCH IN WHICH WE SLEPT, SABINOSA, HIERRO.

It was now getting dark. We had our tent with us, but there did not appear to be any place where we could pitch it, and we had not time to seek for a suitable camping-ground before nightfall. We were therefore at a loss, but Lorenzo took the matter in hand, and soon appeared before us with a key, which turned out to be that of the church. We passed the night under its roof; our bedding for the time being two mattresses lent us by one of the kindly peasant women.

CHAPTER XII.

EL GOLFO—EL RISCO—VALVERDE.

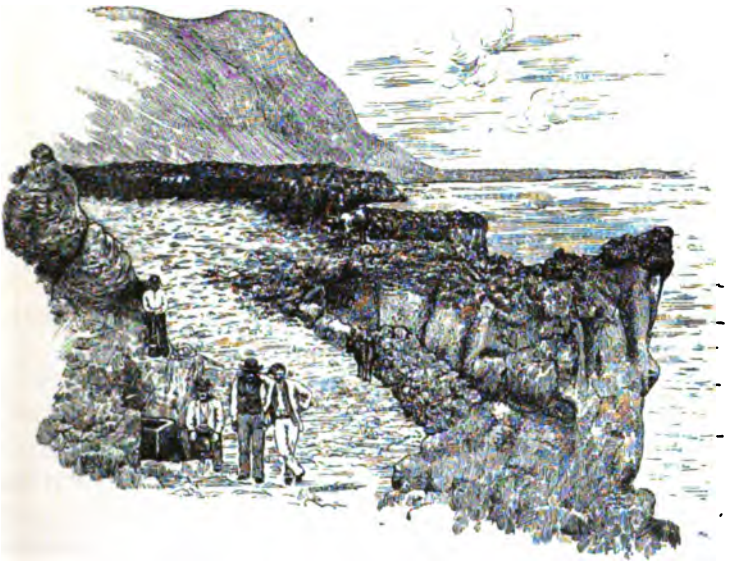
Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;
* * * * *
Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine;
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills;
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine.

HORACE.

WE walked down early next morning in the direction of the mineral well, which is surrounded by four flat stones, forming a square about two feet high. Five feet further back is a stone seat, from which steps lead down towards the well. A small cliff rises above and behind, hiding the well entirely on the land side, and affording a pleasant shade from the sun. A man in homespun trousers and cap and well-patched shirt let down an old rusty can, with a rope attached, for water, which we tasted. It was slightly warm, and had a very faint flavour of sulphur. We measured, and found the depth was thirty-four feet to the surface of the water. The curious fact about the well or spring is that it is below the sea level. The lava-flow, doubtless from the crater Sabinosa now stands upon, and down which we walked to the well, runs into the sea, forming a rough point immediately below us. The rocks are jagged and steep, and the sea breaks a few yards beneath. The Punta de la Dehesa, of meridian fame, forms a striking and interesting object from the well. A little higher up are some huts, where those who come for baths or to drink the water can lodge. It is said to be good for skin diseases. The man who drew the water carried

a pole, or *lanza*, with which he hopped or jumped along, not taking the trouble to keep to the path, but going over the rocks.

As we rode on once more, we could see the headland of the Roques de Salmones standing out in the distance like a gigantic sentinel of seamed lava resting on jagged rocks, the blue sea all around. The rocks form the most northerly point of the Golfo. The rough land over which we passed has scattered through it fig trees and euphorbia; occasionally



MINERAL WELL, AND PUNTA DE LA DEHESA, SABINOSA, HIERRO.

they intertwine—food and poison. We also saw quantities of a grey shrub with a small orange flower, called by the natives *irama*, but really *Schozzogine argentea*. A little above us the land is terraced, and the flat places thus obtained are cultivated with barley and other crops. We are surprised by the number of cows, which, in proportion to the size of the island and population, is great. It proves that there is pasturage obtainable, and pasture means a sufficient rainfall. The want of water is the only difficulty with which cultivation meets in the archipelago.

A fine sweep of bay is this littoral, backed by the moun-

tains or precipices of El Golfo. The slope to the sea is steep from the foot of the cliffs, along which we skirt half-way up. It is difficult to guess the distance from the cliffs to the sea, but probably from one mile to three would give an idea of the size. Occasionally we pass vine-presses, and figs drying by the thousand; the latter are a drug in the market in Hierro, speaking figuratively, for Hierro is guiltless of a market. Such figs—delicious, ripe, large, and juicy!

A little cluster of houses called Jaralejos marked the spot where the road began to descend from here to Llanillos. This part is very thinly populated; in fact, there are no houses at all for some distance. Further on we came to a house and vine-press; and, as the men were trampling the grapes, we turned aside to see the operation. A large square wooden place like a tank, a few feet above the ground, with a shed over it to keep off the sun, was half filled with grapes. Three men, with their trousers turned up to their knees, their legs and feet dirty—grimy—trampled the grapes, the juice flowing out of wooden pipes into tubs placed to receive it.

We came upon a little plaza and a broken cross. Numbers of these crosses everywhere break the monotony of the roads. They are erected for trivial causes, a corpse having rested there on its way to burial being the most frequent reason. All the houses, or rather cottages and huts—I don't think we saw a two-storied house except in Valverde—had quantities of figs, tomatos, and pimientos drying outside them on the tops of walls, or wherever there was sunshine. We reached Llanillos, consisting of only a few houses, at 11.30 (800 feet), making no delay there. Half-an-hour's ride from Llanillos, a shrub called *sabina* (*Juniperus Phœnicea*) was pointed out to us, growing out of a rock. This is considered a landmark, and a curiosity in the eyes of the natives. We also saw a sort of shrub-tree, like a laburnum, called *tagasaste*, of which we were to have more experience later. A plant, called by the guide *duranillo*, was the Virginian poke-weed.* El Golfo is more or less wooded, which gives a charming effect to the landscape.

Famous as Hierro is for trees of all kinds, there was one

* *Phytolacca decandra.*

in times past which attained so much celebrity that it was called a "holy tree." Its virtues have been mentioned by Thomas Herbert from hearsay, and many myths gather round it. It could, so it was alleged, produce or distil water from its leaves. Galindo, in his history of the conquest, written in 1632, gives an account of the tree, which he had seen before it fell. It was a huge laurel (*Laurus fœtens**) standing by itself on the top of a rock. A cloud or mist in the early morning caught on the thick leaves and numerous branches of this tree, and during the day dropped down in water. A cistern, divided in two, for man and beast respectively, caught the water as it fell. The tree, which must have been of very great age, was destroyed by a storm in 1612. †

We met a man evidently in full dress. The material was a sort of brown tweed, homespun; the jacket was short, and the sleeves open at the wrist; he wore a black straw, sailor-shaped hat, which must have been a bit of modern fashion on the top of the home-made suit.

Vines, rye, and cochineal are the chief occupiers of the land; there is also a fair amount of herbage. At 12.30 p.m. we reached Tigadaye (750 feet), and were at once transported to the land of Fairy Tales by seeing numbers of women with spindles, spinning as they walked or sat, low-crowned black hats not taking away from the effect. A venta, the first we had seen, suggested lunch-time. There was no wine to be procured; but some bread and cheese happily turning up from somewhere, we managed to get a little luncheon. We were now near the north-eastern extremity of El Golfo, and nearly beneath the cliffs at that end. The clouds rolled away, and we got a photograph of the Risco. As we neared this end of El Golfo, I asked the guide where we were going next, for there was apparently no path, no outlet. He pointed to the cliff in front of us. We could see nothing but precipice, and told him so. He persisted in pointing out what he called a path, and, with much difficulty, we at last discerned a zigzag streak, like a vein in the rock, going up the face of the precipice. "It is the worst path in the islands," they told us, and

* Or *Laurus indica* of Linnæus.

† "Noticias del Hierro," by Bartolomé Garcia del Castillo.

truly in some respects they were right. An hour's riding, after we had quitted the venta, brought us to the foot of the Risco, and we began the ascent. The path, varying in width from three to six feet, is cut and blasted out of the precipice itself. In parts it is built up, in others carved out of the rock. It is paved with stones oblong in shape, and set so that the upper edge of each is slightly raised above the lower edge of the one in front. This affords a gripping place for the horses' hoofs, going up or down, and prevents them sliding from top to bottom, as they might readily otherwise do. Going up this evenly paved road reminded us forcibly of walking up an inclined wall. The turns were frequent and sharp. Sometimes at the angles a greater space was carved out, so that, if meeting others, one had room to pass, for it was scarcely safe or possible to do so on the path. We, of course, ascended in single file. Part of the time I led. When mounting at the venta, I rode sideways, but after we began to ascend the Risco, Lorenzo came to me and begged me to ride "the other way," for it was not safe. He pushed the stirrups to the extremities of my toes, so that I could readily disentangle myself should the horse go over, and, notwithstanding these precautions, looked very miserable. My horse had an unhappy knack of walking at the extreme edge, and as, except at rare intervals, there was not even a stone to protect the edge, one cannot wonder at Lorenzo's uneasiness on my behalf. He gave me careful instructions that if the horse slipped, at whichever side was land, I was to throw myself off, while the horse rolled into space.

The view is lovely. Beneath lies Punta Grande, a little rocky peninsula with a few houses upon it and a bay at each side, charming to look down upon. Leftwards lies the smiling valley, cultivated and peaceful. It is marvellous to think that this sloping wall is the only road between one of the most populous parts of the island and its capital, Valverde. It is a grand road in every sense of the word, and a triumph of semi-civilised skill. Near the top we met some men and women, with pack-horses and mules, returning from Valverde. They all carried long sticks or poles, with which they walked. We met where there was no angle in the road, so much care

and ingenuity were exercised in passing each other. My horse was led close to the rock, and brought to a standstill when the laden horses and mules were led past, foot by foot, with extreme carefulness. The heat was terrific, men and horses being so wet that the water ran off them. It was an awe-inspiring ride. The Virgen de la Peña, on the summit, was reached at 3.15 p.m., 2,200 feet above the sea. As we stand on the top, we can look immediately down on the path beneath. We began the ascent above the Punta Grande, and finished it only a hundred yards or so to the northward, so that the path zigzagged between two almost perpendicular lines. The chapel of the Virgen de la Peña is a little enclosure built and covered over, with a small image of the Virgin inside, adorned with flowers. A door is in the wall, and in it a grating, into which the passers-by have stuck red geraniums and pieces of pine. We only stayed for a few minutes; men and horses were too hot to delay in the breeze.

We were once more on the plateau which runs from one end of Hierro to the other. The country is tolerably flat here, and well populated for this island. The houses are thatched, and appear fairly good, and the farms well-to-do. We crossed a barranco that was one immense rock, in which a groove had been cut by the water. Numbers of birds, speckled brown with white-grey breasts, flew about. The men of this part were not so dark as in the Golfo, and wore more hair on their faces, "mutton-chop" whiskers being the fashion on the island. The men are tall, but loosely knit, and this style of wearing the hair gives them a sheepish, out-of-the-world look. They are open-faced, and, as a rule, both men and women have bright and clear complexions. The hair is not generally black, but dark brown. They are gentle and pleasant in manner, and quite capable of seeing and appreciating fun. They are not at all as grave as the Tenerifians, from which I should infer that there is more unadulterated Guanche blood left in Hierro than in Tenerife.

The Montaña de la Torre, which faces us, is like a piece of paper which has been caught up in the middle and the hand drawn downwards, crushing it, so seamed are the sides. Near

it we found in blossom the winter savoury,* called by the natives *albahaca.* Some houses near, going by the name of Casas del Monte, we reached at 4.30, and found the height 2,000 feet, so there is little variation on the plateau. A whole family was outside, engaged in domestic occupations, forming quite a picture. The women and girls were sewing, and the men and boys chopping wood and making brooms.

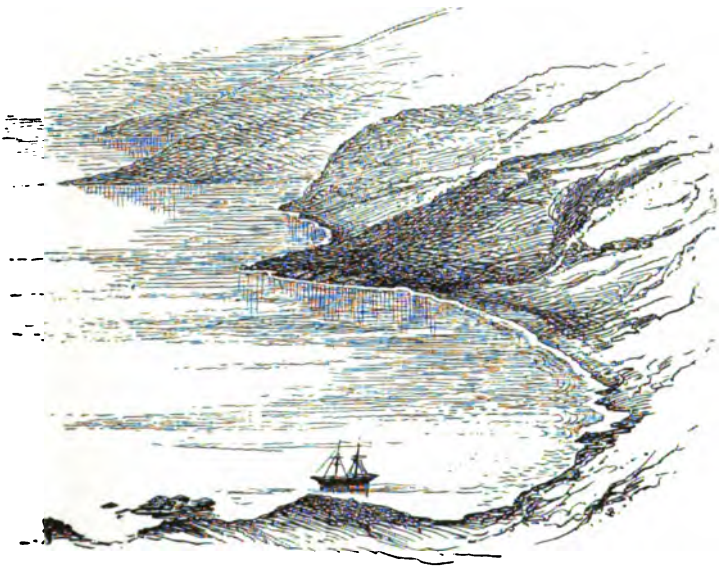
A field of cochineal that we passed was gathered in, the harvest over. There is not a great deal of the unsightly cochineal cactus in Hierro, so the reaction which set in was not much felt by the islanders. On the other hand, there is no sign of the island having benefited by the sudden influx of wealth which cochineal brought generally to the archipelago. There are no public works half finished, and no large houses going to decay. All is poverty. The inhabitants are peasants, and the best of them are still but well-to-do peasants. Very pleasant are they, straightforward and gentle, exceedingly like the descriptions we read of them in the few sentences that are contained in the MSS. which were written on the islands.

We reached the foot of the Montaña de Tenesedra at 5.10 p.m., having been steadily descending, for the height was now only 1,600 feet. Passing along the side of a cultivated valley, we crossed it. Immense fig trees abounded everywhere, gourds crept over the ground, and potatoes were showing green. The September crop, however, is only used for seed. This district, called Calzada de Pinto, has a great deal of grazing land, though just now, being the end of the summer, everything is brown. The view opened, and we saw Echeydo, a number of houses sheltered by a hill above. Soon after we passed a cross fastened in a stone, Del Calbaris (? Calvario), as well as we could understand the name, also near this a *fuente,* or spring. We noticed here that when goats are grazing they are tethered by a rope, run through a hole made in the horn.

About six in the evening we found ourselves once more in Valverde, where the priest's housekeeper welcomed us, and soon after a young priest coming in, we had supper together.

* *Satureia montana.*

After supper we found there was a sort of *tertulia** being held in the sala for our benefit. I do not know who were present, but there were several men and women, the most respectable evidently in Valverde. They were very anxious to know where we had been, and what we had seen in the islands, and why we came. They got their information very much more easily than we got ours, for they knew nothing of anything we wished to ascertain. All agreed in saying that there were still immense lizards to be found at the Punta de



PORT OF VALVERDE, HIERRO.

la Dehesa. Later informants deny it; and as we did not see them, I fear I must leave that matter where I found it, wrapped in obscurity. Some day I hope to clear it up by personal inspection.

The Virgin of the Conception is the patroness of the church at Valverde. The paintings on the walls are by one Marcos Machin, a native of the island. The same style of roof and beams is here as in the church at San Sebastian, but this is larger. The side chapels, which have octagon roofs, with floors of red tiles and stones in a square pattern, are

* Unpremeditated evening party.

dedicated to the Virgin of Carmel and St. Augustine. The paint on the woodwork is meant to represent white marble. The chancel is painted to imitate red curtains, and in the uncertain light is not a bad imitation. An old wooden trap-door in the floor leads to the vaults. The priest led us up into the belfry, where, besides a bell with a cross upon it, there is also a clock. There is a view of the town from some old balconies outside, but, owing to the church lying lower than the priest's house, we had as good a one from his azotea.

On our way next morning to the port, which lies about four and a-half miles from Valverde, we passed the cemetery, which is not large, and is surrounded by high walls. All the cemeteries are thus enclosed, for what reason I do not know, unless that the dead may be hidden from sight, anything reminding man of mortality being particularly repugnant to his mind. The sea lay in the distance far below, the coast and rocks not being visible. Suddenly, however, the road turned sharply to the right; and below us lay the port. It was a bird's-eye view, as the road, although now close to the sea, was some distance above it, the descent being steep and abrupt. Immediately beneath lies a little white house, at the extreme edge of the rocks. A rocky point runs out at right angles to the shore, forming a one-sided bay. Under the shelter of the rocks, riding calmly at anchor, lies our schooner. Northwards craggy points run into the sea, forming numberless little bays. Rough and jagged is the coast, the precipices guarding the island from the wild fury of an unrestrained Atlantic.

The coming and going of the schooner are the sole events of the week to the Herreños. Hierro is certainly the most solitary of all the islands. Rarely is the rest of the group visible to her inhabitants. She is out of the beaten track, her commerce is very small, and her visitors few. We were told by all we met that no English-speaking person had ever been there before.

Once more we set sail and bade adieu to a spot in the ocean which had given us much pleasure—solitary, happy, singular Hierro, as far as the outside world is concerned,

"Sacred to silence and the solemn sea."

CHAPTER XIII.

SAN SEBASTIAN—NATIVE DANCES.

The strength, the industry, and the civilisation of nations—all depend upon individual character; and the very foundations of civil security rest upon it. Laws and institutions are but its outgrowth.—SMILES.

If you wish a thing done, *go*; if not, *send.—Old English Proverb.*

WE slowly loitered on our way back to Gomera—for our sailing was little else—and we had every opportunity to admire the rugged outline of the island. The man steering was a very fair specimen of the natives of Tenerife. His dress consisted of trousers originally of white duck, but patching being necessary, a strip of dark blue, six inches long by two wide, had been inserted on the knee of the right leg, and on the back patches of blue and white check, brown, yellow, and a circular spot of olive-green. He was guiltless of foot-covering. His jacket was a loose blue blouse, patched with white, his hat black felt, with the centre of the crown open to the air. Notwithstanding this remarkable attire, his oval-shaped face, closely cropped hair, black moustache, and dainty cigarette between his lips, lent him the refinement of a gentleman, and in point of politeness he outdid many of those who call themselves gentlemen.

We had sailed from Hierro on Friday, September 28th, and it was nearly three o'clock on Saturday before we sighted the square, white fort on San Cristobal. A strong breeze now caught us, and we ran along very merrily, but had to tack several times before we could run into the bay. There is always a breeze here, so it is at all times possible to sail close to the town. The approach to San Sebastian from the north is much prettier than from the south, doubtless because one

comes upon it suddenly and unexpectedly. It took about fifteen or sixteen hours' sailing both going and coming, though the distance between the nearest points of the islands is but some thirty miles. We had only had some salt fish and potatoes since leaving Hierro the morning before, so appreciated dinner of vermicelli soup, boiled mutton and puchero, roast veal, cold bread and milk in a soup plate, peaches, and bananas, at the fonda.

Don Salvador, the landlord of the fonda, was again profuse in his attentions, showing us several old manuscripts, and among them one on parchment of the arms of a family whose descendants are still alive. The parchment, which is sheepskin, has about an inch and a-half of the edge painted in red and white in florid style. It gives nine generations down to 1667. With the advent of Sunday the people assembled for mass. The square or courtyard in front of the fonda was filled with two hundred people at a time, the vast majority being women, though there were more men than in Tenerife. A few white mantillas brightened the assemblage, but the greater number wore black *sobretodos*. The former are made of cashmere, and are not so long nor so large as the latter, which envelop the figure to the waist.

In the course of the day we strolled round to a neighbouring garden, and saw some beehives, placed with their backs to a wall, each made of a piece of palm trunk hollowed, with merely a flat stone on the top. This is about the only use there is for palm-trunks.

The doctor, who lives opposite the fonda, has a Guanche mummy, which we were told he would be pleased to show to us, so we went across and took a photograph of it. The mummy was that of a man, the height five feet one inch, size of the head round the forehead twenty inches. The right hand was laid on the hip. The mummy was bound with thin leather, which was sewn as finely as if with a needle. One traveller denies, what a former one asserts, that the leather was finely sewn on these mummies. There must therefore be a difference in the execution of the workmanship. The jaw was not tied up, the mouth being open. The toe-nails were good still, the limbs very straight, and the hands and feet

slender, the cusps of molars more ground upon the right side than the left, but all well preserved; this points to gofio food, not bread. The ligaments and tendons were in good preservation.

Our Sunday ended in a peculiar and rather un-English fashion. Don Salvador brought in his sister and another woman to dance the island dances. The first was the "Malagueña," which Don Salvador said belonged only to Gomera. I found that what the inhabitants say with regard to

PALM-TRUNK BEEHIVES, GOMERA.

their own island may be true, but their information about the other islands is nearly sure to be wrong. The "Malagueña" is known throughout the archipelago, not in Gomera only; and a form of it is common in Spain, where it had its origin. Two people, a man and a woman, face each other, and raising each hand alternately, snap their fingers while moving slowly in time to the music. Sometimes one sings, and sometimes the other. The woman in this case not liking to sing, the guitar-player took her part. They twined and intertwined their hands, sometimes back to back, then over their heads or

on their hips, joining and separating. This pretty dance then ended with a very slow and graceful kind of waltz, when the man led the woman to a seat. They next danced the "Isa." For this there must be equal numbers of men and women, not less than four. They dance in a circle part of the time, and a great deal of the figure is "lady's chain." The "Folías" is a very old dance, a primitive one, and said to be used now only in Gomera, Tenerife, and Palma. Four people stand in a square, but face in different directions, frequently changing partners. As in the "Malagueña," there is singing and snapping of fingers. Both men and women take two steps forward and back again; when they meet, they form as if about to waltz, but do not; they never touch each other during the entire dance, though often at the point of doing so.

The "Seguidilla," or a form of it peculiar to Gomera, proved to be much the same as the "Folías," but the "Seguidilla Majorera" is said to be danced throughout the province. *Majos*—the ancient name for the inhabitants of Fuerteventura —is retained until this day in the form of *Majoreros*, so possibly this dance dates from before the conquest. It requires four people for the last-mentioned dance. Snapping of fingers and singing take a prominent part, the women crossing over backwards and forwards. "El Tango Herreño," said to be peculiar to Hierro, has also, I am told, other names: "Santa Domingo," and "La Saltona." Not having seen this dance under these various names, I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

Every islander seems to play the guitar, be it ever so little, and to dance some of the dances. All console themselves, day and night, on board the schooners and ashore, with and without guitar accompaniment, correctly and incorrectly, by singing the "Malagueña." It rings in my ears now, and seems an inseparable accompaniment to our journeys on horseback and on the ocean. As we rode along the lovely mountain sides in silence, suddenly the sound of the "Malagueña" would be wafted across from the opposite hills, as some goatherd wound slowly homewards. Or, with sails idly flapping, and the boom creaking as we rolled on the surface of the Atlantic swell, while no breath of air filled the white

canvas above our heads, when the stars shone over us, and all on board were wrapped in slumber, the man at the helm would chant the "Malagueña," extemporising in the most poetical and musical of European languages.

It was very extraordinary, we thought, all this time, that Señor Don Manuel Casanova Bento had not sent the horses. There were none procurable here, or we should have started for Hermigua. Don Salvador had promised that when the schooner came in sight he would send a letter to Don Manuel, so that, by our calculations, Don Manuel ought to have received the message on Saturday night. All day long we asked continually if the horses had come, but were always answered in the negative. Don Salvador would look through a pair of opera-glasses up the valley and along the hillside whence he expected them to come, then, turning to us, would shake his head. At last, late on Sunday night, they arrived. We arranged therefore to start early next morning.

One of the most flourishing industries in the islands is bootmaking and cobbling! The roads are so bad, that a great many shoemakers are required to keep folk shod. I had my boots mended in San Sebastian, and very well done, too. In the evening after dinner we went for a walk upon the cliff. The outline of Tenerife was barely visible, owing to the lateness of the hour, the sun setting behind the headland. The rocks along whose side the path was cut, we noticed, were twisted, as if, when molten, a giant hand had bent them. The view up the valley behind San Sebastian is magnificent. The outline of the mountains on each side, and closing the valley at the further end, is very jagged. There is a mysteriousness in the evening light which renders all around grand in the extreme, a background of dark clouds adding awe to the mystery.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOMERA—SAN SEBASTIAN—HERMIGUA.

The fresh hours of dawning are precious in the summer season in a sultry climate.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT was pleasant riding along in the early morning, the sun not well risen, the mountains only in sunshine, and the dew still hanging on the leaves in the valley. The path led along a perfectly level plain, until the mountains on either side gradually closed in like a defile. Generally we walked in the bed of the barranco, but sometimes the path diverged. Large and Small White butterflies flitted from flower to flower. The whole valley was one mass of flowers, of varied hue and size. There was the *balo*, or *Higera de Infierno (Gomphocarpus fruticosus)*, the arghel of Syria, the leaves of which are employed for adulterating senna, and a small shrub with a white flower like a daisy—*ratonera (Maruta cotula)*. Another, with an arrow-shaped leaf, was *sagitate*. A great deal of a large-leafed shrub like a tobacco leaf grew in the hedge, or on the sides of the barranco, and it was called *iñame*. Canes and brambles were in one place, through the midst of which the path wound. Quantities of *balaterra* make the ground bright green. The hillsides, where too steep for other vegetation, are covered with the straight kind of euphorbia. Presently we *met* a little stream of water, just a trickle, which wandered in and out of the stones, finding its way oceanward. It was curious to actually see the water moving, not in a continual stream, but, like a pioneer, running over what was perfectly dry ground. The guides upon seeing it exclaimed that winter had come. There had been rain on the *cumbres* (mountain-tops) in the night, and the water was now reaching the valleys.

The next time we crossed the barranco it was near some houses, and the water, from being a trickle, was now a tiny stream. The houses above, of dark brown colour, were rendered beautiful by golden clusters of maize hung over their verandahs to dry. The arrieros had gone straight on a little while before, leaving us to follow the windings of the path. We overtook them, and found they were quite wet, having met the barranco—as the water is called—in one of their short cuts. The rush of water came just before we crossed, as if a sluice had been suddenly opened above, when, like a wall about a foot high, it came tumbling down the steep river-bed. The barranco widened a little, leaving room for some houses and cultivation, while figs and orange trees, dotted here and there amid the brown cottages, relieved and made picturesque the scene. We have not yet got above the region of palm trees. They grow at the bottom of the valley, which is mostly cultivated. A curious rock lies in front of and above us, like a house, with an outside staircase and numerous cave windows. I fancy, had we time, an inspection of those caves might prove interesting from a Guanche point of view. Quantities of plantains were around us, and presently we came to a house which had eight or ten beehives. The path now led straight up a very steep rock, between some houses, Mito Fragoso, as well as I could understand the name.

The ascent became steeper as we moved upwards, apparently towards an amphitheatre of gigantic, ragged precipices, a fringe of scattered trees on their heights standing out against the sky. The ground was actually so moist here, that we passed through a bank of rushes.

In the centre of the amphitheatre, and at the bottom, palms were growing. The last we saw was at 1,000 feet of altitude, where we arrived at 8.10 a.m. Quantities of *Anla vaquilla* grew around, a small yellow flower, like our common weed in the fields at home. Just above, where a solitary palm, the last straggler up the mountain, stands like a watch-tower on a hill, we turn in our saddles to rest for a moment and to see the view behind. Near San Sebastian, in the far distance is a bit of sea, bounded on either side by sloping mountains, forming a triangle, a tiny, tiny one.

We could see the windings of the valley and gorge beneath us up which we had come, stretching onwards until lost in that speck of blue sea. Numbers of dragon-flies and butterflies darted and flitted past us. We stopped to rest at 8.30, 1,400 feet up, a steep bank above and beneath us. A little stream pleasantly purled downwards in miniature falls and leaps. The men prepared to breakfast. One produced from somewhere a small bag made of a kid's skin, the legs sewn up; this was half-filled with gofio. Placing the opening of the bag under the little waterfall, he let some water run in, and then, closing the neck, he kneaded the bag and its contents upon his leg above the knee. This custom is worthy of special attention, being identical with that of the Guanches.

The men in Gomera are very fine; they have open countenances, and lithe, active, muscular figures. The latter are shown off to advantage by the white shirts and trousers tucked up to above the knee or hanging loose just below it, a girdle or sash round the waist, suggestive of the "loins girded" of Eastern life. The Gomeros speak distinctly, but sound the *g*'s harshly. They are much easier to understand, however, than the Herreños, who speak thickly and gutturally. Somewhat more is known of the old inhabitants of Gomera than of those of Hierro. In Azurara's account he states that the people of Gomera were less civilised than those of Canaria, that they had neither clothing nor houses. Bethencourt's chroniclers and Glas's MS. speak of their distinguishing characteristics, the former remarking that the Gomeros were tall and spoke "the most remarkable of all the languages of these islands, and speak with their lips, as if they had no tongues."

They had renowned warriors, whose memories were cherished in their songs. One Gralegueya was a man of great size and uncommon strength, of whom a story is told that he and others having swum to a rock at some distance from the shore, they could not return owing to a "shoal of porpoises or sharks." It must have been porpoises, for Gralegueya jumped into the sea, and seizing one of them in his arms, dived to the bottom with it. In its struggles to get free it lashed the water, and frightened the rest away, when

the natives swam ashore in safety. Glas states from personal observation that in his day there were plenty of deer, and that more mules were bred in Gomera than in the other islands.

Just before stopping to rest by the streamlet a man overtook us, riding a horse belonging to the doctor. The saddle was from Habana, and is the most suitable kind for these islands. It was much the same as a Mexican saddle, being high in front and back, with the toes protected by leather from catching in the scrub. The front of the saddle is raised into a sort of round, flat piece, and there are numbers of rings all over it. Some of these were intended for a lasso, but could readily be utilised for other travelling necessaries.

We wound slowly upwards, the straight euphorbia now replaced by the rose-shaped species (2,300 feet). The ride was simply glorious, up a steep path or zigzag road, which six men were mending, and which could readily be made into a good carriage road. The view towards the sea from near the summit of the ridge was splendid. The ridge is literally a ridge. There are not half-a-dozen yards of level standing-room. The top reached, straightway one descends the other side. A cross has been erected to mark the culminating point of the pass, which is 2,600 feet high, and where we arrived at 9.30 a.m.

The view from the top is wonderful, the sea at both sides of the island being visible. This knife-like ridge runs due east and west. Beneath lies an immense valley, and beside and above is a thickly wooded mountain. The view towards San Sebastian seems a direct line through the valley we have left behind. This northern side of the cumbre has an entirely different character from that up which we have just ridden. Here verdure runs riot—trees, shrubs, and undergrowth in wild profusion and luxuriance. We also found the little yellow flowering plant *Sida rhombifolia*, used as a substitute for tea throughout the archipelago, and numerous specimens of the pretty rock-rose peculiar to these islands (*Hypericum Canariensis*). We wandered down an eccentric path through a lovely wood, until we suddenly reached a rocky eminence, and the "valley lay smiling before us." It

was the Valley of Hermigua we looked upon, from an altitude of 2,200 feet. The valley is narrow until near the sea, where it opens out, and where the village of Hermigua, surrounded by cultivation, is situated. From the bed of the river the ground springs on either side until it ends in precipices. Leftwards and southwards the mountain side slopes to the river; and this is cultivated from the bottom to about half-way up. On the right side and above the valley a number of ridges run parallel with the sea, their tops being almost horizontal. Rising from their midst are the higher mountain ridges of the island, also running parallel to each other, but terminating in the long ridge we have just crossed, lying at right angles to the sea. The mountains on the left of where we stand are thickly wooded, and, with a majestic swoop, also run towards the sea at right angles. We descend by a steep, rocky, winding path through a glade of moss and ferns. Blackberries, ripe and luscious, grow in abundance, and as we ride along we pick them off the brambles on either side. We meet a man with a long pole, one of the climbing or leaping poles used throughout the archipelago by the peasants, corresponding in use to the alpenstock of Switzerland. The natives are particularly active, and leap immense distances when following their goats, like the Swiss chamois-hunter. These poles are a Guanche legacy, the leaping being spoken of particularly by the first rediscoverers of the islands as a noticeable custom of the *isleños*, and one in which the people of Gomera especially excelled.

We soon reached the valley, where our path, a very fair one, followed the watercourse. Every spot was cultivated. A house is pointed out to us as the doctor's, and we find the altitude is 450 feet.

Presently a gentleman walks after us towards one of the largest houses in the valley, and as we dismount greets us as our host, his daughter at the same time coming out of the house to meet us. We find Señor Don Manuel Casanova and his daughters—his wife is dead—kindness and hospitality itself. They immediately gave us coffee and milk, and a delicious sort of short bread in twisted forms, a kindness we much appreciated, as it was now noon.

Just beside the house some cochineal was being gathered in, so we begged leave to see the process. The leaves of the cactus were quite white with the insect. Women were engaged in brushing off the bugs with little brooms or whisks. They catch each leaf at the extreme point cautiously, for fear of being pricked, and then brush off the cochineal into large, oval, shallow baskets, made of straw, like a skep, about one foot wide and two feet long, after which the insects are dried in an oven. The women were covered with the white-grey powder off the insects. Don Manuel tells us that the price of cochineal used to be six shillings a pound; now he gets only sevenpence-halfpenny a pound. It is certainly to the future advantage of the islands that cochineal fortunes are no longer to be made. During the few years that it was cultivated, the people were consumed with an intense desire to be rich, extravagant display was the fashion, immense and often useless buildings were begun and never finished, owing to the as sudden falling off of the trade, and all the other great and useful resources of the islands were totally neglected. The consequence was that, after the discovery of the aniline dyes, the inhabitants were, from the highest to the lowest, almost reduced to poverty.

Don Manuel, jealous for his native island, said to us that we stayed a long time in Hierro, and were giving but a short time to the interior of Gomera. I explained that we had intended remaining longer in Gomera, and that we had been waiting for horses at San Sebastian. He said he sent off horses immediately upon getting our letter, which he received on Sunday afternoon. I then told him of our arrangement with Don Salvador, that when he saw the schooner coming, he was to send a messenger at once to Hermigua with the letter. It was only then that we discovered how shamefully Don Salvador had treated us. Instead of sending a man off on Saturday, he never sent until Sunday, on purpose to keep us at San Sebastian. Don Manuel was very much vexed. He said it was "just like him," and what might be expected. Don Salvador is an alcalde in San Sebastian, and I fear that alcaldes are synonymous with the tax-gatherers of the Jews as to their social status. It seems the alcaldes tax the people

for the roads, the money generally undergoing a filtering process before arriving on the highways.

Meanwhile the day was waning, and the beauty of the scene was becoming greater every moment. The Peak reared its head clearly and distinctly against the sky as it caught the rays of the setting sun, while the lower mountains of Gomera and Tenerife were buried in the gloom of approaching night, a bank of clouds allowing nothing of the lower portion of the Peak to be seen. Lights began to twinkle in a few dwellings, so reluctantly we turned and went down into the house.

CHAPTER XV.

HERMIGUA—AGULO—VALLE HERMOSO—"CUMBRES."

From the sounding sea,
Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar.
Dewy, and gleaming, and fleet are we!
Let us look on the tree-clad mountain crest,
On the sacred earth, where the fruits rejoice,
On the waters that murmur east and west,
On the trembling sea, with his moaning voice,
For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
And the bright rays gleam;
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
And the Ocean stream.

ANDREW LANG.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, we proceeded on foot to Agulo, accompanied by Don Manuel and his daughters. The distance between the two places is short, half-a-mile or a mile, and the walk charming. Immediately above our host's house, the cliff, which is almost perpendicular, is dotted over with openings, said to be Guanche caves. I would we had time to explore. Weeks or months would not be too much to spend in Gomera to do justice to its beauties and curiosities. A good path amid fine scenery leads round a headland and a dip, on the other side of which lies Agulo. The boundary between the two is marked by a cross, "Cruz del Viento" ("Cross of the Wind"), 625 feet above the sea.

Tenerife opens into view, so that we can see beyond Adeje. Beneath are a few huts on a flat promontory close to the sea, called Tepe, and as we turn round the cliff, we see a cluster of houses at the top of cultivated land, like a castle crowning the heights. This is Agulo. Evidently Agulo is considered a show-place, if such a phrase can be applied to

this isolated and out-of-the-world spot, and is a summer resort for the inhabitants of Hermigua, being cooler and closer to the sea. The town is situated at the western side of an amphitheatre of hills, down which, we are told, innumerable waterfalls dash in winter. Water is dripping everywhere, and the rocks are overrun by green creepers. The grey-green cactus grows in clumps upon the cliffs, while the brown mould, dark from recent rain, looks refreshing and sweet. Here, too, we saw sugar-canes, looking like weeds in marshy ground. The Gomeros are very tenacious of the honour of having given to the West Indies their staple of the sugar-cane, a plant indigenous to this island, whence, it is said, Columbus transported it on his second voyage to America.

We now bade farewell to our thoughtful hosts, whose kindness was unsurpassed, and whose society was really enjoyable. Our stay with them was a bright spot in our journeyings. They were much vexed that we did not remain longer and get to know their island better, but they were not nearly so sorry at our inability to linger as we were.

After rising up a steep gradient, until an altitude of 650 feet is reached, the road winds inland, on tolerably level ground, along the side of the mountain. Beneath is the barranco of La Trabasia, while the mountain on the opposite side leaps in a series of bluffs down to the sea. The wind, which is still strong, blows the dust over us. The path on both sides is well wooded, there are many homelike brambles, the soil is good and not stony, and, except in a few places, the road could readily be turned into a highway for vehicles. A mist is rolling over the tops of the mountains above us. All around are mountains, thrown together apparently without method, for they lie at all sorts of angles. The elevated valleys lying between the hills are cultivated, maize growing everywhere. Our route lies entirely through wooded regions. The bright green, feathery breso is on each side of us as we gently ascend. Near the top the view opens out, and we see the other side of the ridge, and look down into part of the Valle Hermoso, a ridge of mountains lying beyond, and a smaller ridge below.

We stopped at the "Cruz Eterna" ("Eternal Cross"), where three roads form a triangle (2,275 feet high), in order that our men might light their pipes! It was 2 p.m., and pleasant riding, not at all too hot. Immediately after leaving the cross an immense blunt-topped rock came in sight, rising up from the middle of the valley, a rocky bridge covered with grass joining it to the mountain side, down which we were riding. The mountains on either side of the valley tower up above this magnificent sentinel. This view of the gigantic monolith, framed in luxuriant vegetation, is unique and beautiful. Our arrieros called the monolith by two names, Tosersali and El Roque del Valle Hermoso. The former I

EL ROQUE DEL VALLE HERMOSO, GOMERA.

never heard again; the latter seemed the better known. We next crossed a ridge, the road lying in the middle, joining two high hills, somewhat like the Coupée in Serk, only here on each side is a valley, not a bay. A grand mountain chain sweeps around in a circle, ridges or spurs running down from the top towards the centre of the valley. For another few minutes we pass through woods, when, again emerging, we come upon Buenavista, a turn in the road where the valley and its town, lying snugly below, come in sight. The town is perched upon the hillside, a little above the bottom of the valley, the flat ground of which is reserved for cultivation. The usual terracing is quite a feature here, and the land being very steep, the terraces are close together. There are only

one or two azoteas in the village, upon which we look down from a height of 1,850 feet.

We arrived at Hermoso at 4.30, and presented our letter of introduction from Don Manuel at the house of Señor Don Domingo Garcia y Gonzales, where we were treated most hospitably.

The "beautiful valley" has lovely women as well as lovely scenery. The girls are simply pictures that one never tires of looking upon. Perfect oval faces, generally dark eyes and a wealth of dark hair, complexions fresh and delicate, small, well-poised heads and shapely necks, the figures tall and well moulded, carried with a stately yet easy natural grace, form nearly the perfection of womanly beauty.

Early on the following morning we walked through the still empty street downward towards the sea. A great quantity of a lovely mauve flowering plant abounds, called *trepadora*. Maize hangs out of the windows, and on the balconies and verandahs of the houses, in large quantities, giving a brilliancy to the scene that is very picturesque. We were surprised to find a good carriage road, following which, we turned a corner, an angle of land jutting out into mid-valley. Before us opened the other and lower part of the valley, with the sea beyond, while behind lay the village, completely hidden. Palms waved in the breeze, with clusters of golden dates upon them, while the winding river-bed wandered to the sea, a trickling stream now only in its bottom. The fruit of the palm here is neither good nor perfect, the heat not being sufficient. Only at San Sebastian does it ripen in perfection. Hare's-foot ferns in great profusion nestle on every available spot on the palms, clinging to impossible places. The people are busy irrigating their fields. Orange groves are around, but the fruit will not ripen till January. The road, really a road, and not a path, is hedged with aloes.

The men in Gomera carry coarse canvas bags, either checked or striped. They are made of a straight piece of fabric, about three feet long and perhaps a foot wide, at either end of which is a bag, and exactly across the middle a long slit is cut. This hole is large enough to admit the head, the

bags hanging over the back and chest. Sometimes they are decorated at the corners and sides with tufts of red and blue flannel or stuffs. The girdles or scarves—*ceñidores*—that the men wear round their waists are about four yards long. Our new man to-day took off his and twisted it on his head like a turban, upon which he placed the portmanteau. The *ceñidores* cost about two shillings, so are a costly part of dress to the people, as prices run here.

After breakfast we start once more, riding up the valley or Barranco del Ingenio, one of numerous barrancos which lead from the mountains into the Valle Hermoso. Little side valleys between the spurs open out into the main one, first on one side, then the other, our path turning and twisting as we wind along near the bottom. Clinging to the face of one of these spurs, we passed a most picturesque village—Puestelagua. The houses are perched one above the other on the steep hillside, so steep, that it seems as if they must be glued there, or they would fall.

The mountains have a curious spotty appearance, owing to bresos and myrtles growing in isolated patches. A red, coral-like moss, a species of *selaginella*,* brightens and surrounds the bases of the trees. At a height of 2,175 feet we stopped under a large Spanish chestnut. Below, on the right of the path, a tiny spring oozes forth. It is closely hidden, so that none but those who know the road would suspect its hiding-place. After leaving the chestnut, the path ran through woods such as only Gomera can produce in beauty and quantity. Immediately in front of us was a party consisting of a couple of women, three men, and a donkey laden with potatoes. The women are much fairer here than in Tenerife, and have a good colour. We had scarcely time to note of whom the party consisted, when the donkey, a diminutive animal, got into a groove in the road made by the rain and fell. When up, it appeared no larger than a big Newfoundland dog, and was completely hidden from sight by the burden, which did not appear heavy but bulky. The race of donkeys in Gomera is almost liliputian, but this little one was the smallest I ever saw in my life.

* *Denticulata.*

Soon after, leaving the road to Chipude on our right, we crossed a flat piece of common (at a height of 3,650 feet), which the arrieros called Laguna Grande, and entered a wood. Here we found ourselves in a mist, and were glad of our plaids, in which, by a judicious manipulation of the corners, we managed to completely envelop ourselves, and so were dry and warm. So dense was the mist, that we could not see more than a few yards on all sides. Silently we wandered over the cumbres, along paths thickly lined with woods, clouds of heavy, cold, wetting mist driving in our faces. Evidently the route was not one frequently trodden by the guides, so that, the mist coming suddenly, the path itself was not sufficiently well known to be recognised without landmarks. The wind was tremendous, too, and instead of clearing the mist away, seemed only to blow it all around us in greater density. After a long time we perceived that we were near a precipice, a valley evidently being below on our right. The men stopped, and waiting, anxiously watched the mist clouds. Suddenly one huge cloud rolled aside, revealing for about five seconds a deep, cultivated valley, with some houses, far beneath us. The guides uttered exclamations of delight at being able to fix our whereabouts, and we rode on much relieved. Presently we came to a small church, that of Las Nieves, a roughly built little place, standing on the edge of the precipice and overlooking the valley on the right. Though we had descended a little, we were still riding along the top of a mountain ridge, on our right Sombrero, and on our left, once more the companion of our wanderings, its summit just visible above the intervening mountains, the Peak of Tenerife. The mist was gone by this time, having been left above.

A glorious sunset, of crimson hue, warned us that night was coming. There was no moon, and to be benighted on the cumbres would not be pleasant. The path was now descending slightly, and becoming rough and stony. As long as daylight and level ground lasted, my little mule kept up pluckily. But careful riding was necessary, the mule was going more slowly, and although it had never yet made a false step, one felt it would soon be a probability. Rapidly

the light was fading out of the sky. Racing the light requires speed, so we dismount and take to running, jumping over stones and rocks, keeping a sharp look-out where our feet go. Only a hurried glance can we occasionally spare towards the west, where scarcely a streak of crimson survives. When the last blush fades, night falls. One moment more, and we reach the bottom, to find a fairly good path leading across the plain and over the barranco to the town of San Sebastian, where lights now glimmer from every house.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAN SEBASTIAN—OROTAVA—SANTA CRUZ DE LA PALMA.

Red flashed the sun across the deck,
Slow flapped the idle sails, and slow
The black ship cradled to and fro.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE voyage from San Sebastian to Tenerife proved the reverse of pleasant, for the heat was insufferable on deck, and the stuffy cabin contained scarcely a breath of air. The boom rolled and squeaked, the man at the helm singing the everlasting "Malagueña," importuning in impromptu verses the wind to blow and the ship to go. We arrived opposite the Puerto de Orotava on the night of Friday, October 5th, after a voyage of forty hours; but as they refused to land us in the darkness, we had to endure another night of rolling and suffocation.

With the first streak of dawn we insisted on being put ashore. The sailors rowed abominably, in windmill fashion, out of time, and as if they and the oars were out of joint. As we reached the harbour—for there is part of a mole here—an old man standing in a shed on the opposite side to the landing-place shouted to us. The men stopped rowing, when the following colloquy, of course in Spanish, took place:—

"Where do you come from?"

"San Sebastian."

"Where are you going to?"

"Santa Cruz."

"Any sickness?"

"No, Señor!"

"*Bueno!*"

Two seconds sufficed for the interrogations, and we were rowed ashore. Our luggage was taken to the hotel, where we were thankful once more to get the chance of plenty of water and English baths and basins. A budget of English letters awaited us; and as we had not heard from home since our arrival in the islands, the greed with which we read them may be better imagined than described.

We were glad to rest after our month's journeyings, and occupied the remainder of the day in unpacking and settling our accounts. I should recommend everyone to have a very clear understanding of the terms upon which guides and arrieros are engaged. Although everything was settled amicably with Lorenzo in the end, we very nearly came to loggerheads over a technical misunderstanding. The agreement was that we should pay him a dollar a day and his keep. By the latter we understood his food. It seems, however, that he meant his clothes as well, that is to say, whatever expenses he might incur in our service—purchasing new shoes or mending old ones, buying or patching of trousers, and suchlike things.

While at Orotava, we enjoyed the rare sensation of pulling oranges from the trees. It teaches one extravagance in the use of the golden fruit to get it thus in quantity, for here one merely sucks the juice, discarding the pulp. There is a marvellous difference between the flavour of oranges when picked ripe and the taste of those to which we are accustomed in England. The latter are picked unripe, and become mellow on the journey. They never, however, attain to the full, rich, *orangy* flavour of the mature fruit. I must say that I think the full, delicious flavour is not to be attributed only to the ripeness of the fruit, but to the fact that the oranges are from the Canary Islands. The testimony of those who have travelled in many climes bears out this statement. We do not know what oranges are as a fruit in England. Their flavour is poor, thin, and watery compared with the golden apples of the Garden of the Hesperides.

We were not fated to enjoy a prolonged rest in lovely Orotava. On the Sunday, word was brought to us that a vessel sailed for Palma that night. It was a brigantine that

ran usually between Palma and Cuba, and had only come over to Tenerife to discharge some cargo. Being therefore a much larger vessel than the *correo* (mail) schooners, we decided not to lose this opportunity of better accommodation.

At first the captain refused to take anyone, but when he found that we were English people, he said he would be most happy to oblige us, and would take no money for the journey. Very differently did the boatmen act who took us out to the vessel. They refused to row a quarter of a mile to the brigantine, lying in the offing, under three dollars (twelve shillings). Before we left, a Spaniard who had received permission also to cross in the *Matanzas* came to the hotel. He mounted the stairs and appeared at the top when we were at supper, his luggage in one hand and, to our horror as well as amusement, a basin in the other! This preparing for illness is very disgusting, and the barefaced way in which these bedroom utensils are carried about and on board by passengers is, to say the least, trying to English sensibilities. We went on board late at night, and the *Matanzas* was rolling so heavily, being in ballast, that we had to jump for the ship's ladder as the boat rose on the swell and clamber up the side in the darkness. A lantern above the bulwarks showed us the friendly hands ready to drag us over the side. The captain asked us how much the men required for bringing us out, and when we said, "Three dollars," he uttered a few Spanish oaths, stamped his foot, passed his hands through his hair, and looked as angry and distressed as a man could. He said, "They are perfect robbers, and you shall not pay it. The villains!" and so on. "Why, one dollar is too much for them." A bargain is a bargain, and we did not like to withdraw from it. But our worthy captain simply refused to give it to the men. It was with reluctance, and with muttered curses and threats, that he at last consented to give them two.

We considered our quarters on board luxurious after our late experiences of a correo, though others would no doubt think they had scarcely the bare necessaries of life. Unfortunately we were no nearer our destination next morning, and the wind having failed we spent the whole of Monday in

idly floating hither and thither with the tide. Tuesday found us about fifteen miles from the Puerto de Orotava, and we had the prospect of limited supplies before us, as the captain, scarcely expecting to spend so much time between Orotava and Palma, had not obtained any large stock of fresh food.

We drift further north during the night, so that on Wednesday we have Palma, Gomera, and Tenerife all on our port side as the *Matanzas* heads to the westward. Presently a steamer, bound towards Palma, passes with aggravating celerity, while our sails flap uselessly. Provisions are getting short in quality, though not in quantity, being of the commonest description and in tins. The fowls become fine by degrees and beautifully less. There is no chance of starvation, but we have a variety of odds and ends. Breakfast consisted of biscuits, cheese, raw bloaters, black beans and rice, sardines, rice and a lump of salt pork, an omelet of eggs, sliced potatoes and bits of ham—called *tortilla de jamon* *—potted salmon, potatoes in their skins, salt fish, and wine. The bill of fare is lengthy, but many would not care for the items, various though they be. We were hungry, and enjoyed the repast immensely. The *comedor* is a tiny deck cabin, in fact only the passage at the top of the companion leading to the cabin, the saloon below not being used for meals. The accommodation is limited, as the captain, doctor, and three or four mates are all there. I pleaded being afraid to venture in for fear of sea-sickness, and sat outside, with a chair for a table. There were no tumblers or glasses to drink out of, so the wine-bottle was handed round for all to drink from "turn-about." This was done by the men in a curious way. The bottle had two openings: one a very narrow spout in the side, the other, larger, on the top, somewhat in the fashion of a teapot. Both corks being removed, the bottle is lifted above the head and about six inches from the mouth, when the wine is shot out of the narrow spout down the throat. It requires great dexterity to accomplish the feat without spilling a drop, as the men always succeeded in doing.

After dinner we sat on the poop, our usual resort, and enjoyed a most magnificent sunset, the lights all over the

* See Appendix.

heavens being marvellous in colour. We thought at the time that the wonderful changes and combinations were from local causes, but many weeks later we ascertained that throughout the world the after-glows were creating comment and wonder, and science was at its wits' end to account for them. Sunset faded, but only to give place to moonlight, which lit up the sea gloriously. The captain hoped a breeze would spring up at sunset, and shifted the sails first one way and then another, until finding it useless, he ordered them down altogether.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

CHAPTER XVII.

PALMA—ARGUAL—CALDERA.

How wound we through the solid wood,
With all its broad boughs hung in green,
With lichen-mosses trailed between!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ON Friday morning we rose and went on deck before six o'clock, when we found ourselves close to Palma, and at 6 a.m. cast anchor, in fifteen to twenty fathoms of water, in the roadstead before Santa Cruz, the capital, four days and a quarter after leaving Orotava. A steamer can do the journey in some four or five hours, the distance between the two nearest points of Tenerife and Palma being about fifty miles!

Santa Cruz de la Palma, or, as it is invariably called throughout the island, La Ciudad (The City), lies upon a sloping hillside, the white houses, with flat roofs, rising above each other as they cluster at the foot of the mountains. The situation has been compared to that of Funchal, in Madeira, but there the mountains rise more abruptly from the town than in Palma. From the sea La Ciudad appears as if lying at the foot of the mountains—which are really in mid-island—and between two precipitous cliffs. The ground slopes upwards from the sea, and the houses climb the slope in scattered groups. Southwards white houses are dotted pretty thickly over the landscape, on the declivity between the mountains and the sea, while many small eruption molehills give a unique character to the scenery as they rise amid cultivation of all kinds. Towards the north the main chain of mountains rises more precipitously. Everywhere there are trees and greenery.

The mountains are green, and wooded to their summits. Palma may be called the Highlands of the archipelago, for, although the Peak towers above them all, Palma has a greater extent of high mountain than any other island.

Palma was recently under a cloud, from the shadow of which it has just emerged. Yellow fever made its appearance last year, and was fast sowing the seeds of death before it vanished in face of effective measures. A Spanish barque, trading with Habana, had wrought the mischief. The captain, on bringing his vessel into Santa Cruz de la Palma, landed the effects of several persons who had died from yellow fever during the voyage, and gave no warning to the authorities that his ship was plague-stricken. The germs of disease spread; on the 8th of November, 1888, there were several cases, and on the 12th the first death occurred. Next day official notification of the existence of fever was given,

SANTA CRUZ, PALMA.

and before the 12th of January, on which day the last death occurred, 25 persons were stricken down, 16 cases proving fatal. The epidemic was luckily confined to one portion of Santa Cruz de la Palma, the Barranco San Telmo, the victims being of the working-class. On the 17th February of this year the port was declared free from infection and officially opened. The ill news had reached Santa Cruz de Tenerife on the 9th November by one of the interinsular steamers. Telegraphic inquiry was at once made by the authorities, but the chief health officer at La Palma contradicted the report, for which misstatement he was afterwards suspended.

At a fonda near the sea we got a room and had a wash, very necessary! Breakfast followed. The food was not particularly good, the meat was tough, and the cooking indifferent. There was a nice view from the comedor, and in other hands this might be made a very comfortable little hotel. The rooms are a fair size and airy, and the position of the house is good.

As it is said to be only four hours' journey across the Cumbre Nueva—a higher pass, but finer scenery than the Cumbre Vieja, 1,000 feet lower—to Argual, we did not start immediately, but went to see the church of San Salvador. The altar has a curious mechanical arrangement, by which the crown-board and curtain are raised from behind, whereupon two cherubs come out. The floor is of black and white tiles laid in squares. There is a picture of St. Peter, depicted with a cock. The font, which is of white marble, is massive, and stands on a square pedestal. This and an embroidered cope of English work, which we were shown, are positively affirmed to have been brought from St. Paul's Cathedral in London by traders in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Henry VIII.; the time of the Reformation being that assigned to their advent in Palma. Those who showed us the church did not, however, tell us that the font we saw was of so early a date.

It will be remembered that it was Alonzo de Lugo who conquered Palma in 1492, taking six months before he could subdue the heroic islanders, after which he invaded Tenerife. De Lugo landed at Tazacorte in September, 1491, where, fortifying his camp and building a chapel to St. Michael, he, by means of presents and promises, reduced the south-west portion of the island. The people of the northern part were made of different stuff, it would seem, for they resisted. But, by kind and judicious treatment of his prisoners, De Lugo conquered them also. At La Caldera, however, they came to an engagement. Here the people, under their chieftain, Tanause, made an obstinate resistance. De Lugo and his troops ascended by the bed of the river now called the Barranco de Angustia. He was defeated, but finally Tanause, knowing he was in a *cul-de-sac*, agreed to submit on honour-

able conditions. Through a mistake, however, in the hour that the surrender was to take place, a misunderstanding of which the Spaniards were only too glad to make use, a combat ensued, and Tanause was taken prisoner on May the 3rd, 1492. The chieftain, who accused De Lugo of breaking faith, was sent along with some others to Spain as trophies of the conquest; but too noble-hearted to bear captivity, starved himself to death on the voyage. The Palmeros struck one more blow for liberty when De Lugo had gone to Tenerife, but upon his sending one Talavera and a few soldiers against them, some of the natives joined the Spaniards, and helped to subdue the others. Bloodshed ensued, and, the chiefs and ringleaders being put to death, the island was finally and for ever vanquished.

After inspecting the oldest silk loom left in the island—Palma was at one time famous for its silk-weaving—we started at 1.50 p.m. for Argual. Turning up a side street, we soon got into the only carretera in the island, which leads, in corkscrew fashion, out of the town to above the little caldera, for a distance of seven kilometres. We obtained a fine view of the curving bay, with its black strand and gleaming white breakers, and several schooners in the offing, about 225 feet beneath. Far in the distance, high up in the sky, we could just discern the top of the Peak, the remainder of Tenerife being completely hidden. At the three-kilometre stone we were 450 feet above the sea. The road has been well engineered and metalled, the ascent being gradual and in tolerably wide sweeps. The day is cool, and the sky cloudy, like a summer day in England. Our arrieros—we have only two—have poles, the inevitable *lanza* carried by all the islanders. The horn tip at the business end of the vaulting pole as used by the Guanches has given place to the iron tip of to-day. The only difference in their dress from those elsewhere in the island is in the cap, which is curious and peculiar to part of Palma, although something similar is

PEASANT'S CAP, PALMA.

worn in Lanzarote. It is close-fitting, made of navy blue and red cloth, bound with yellow. It is all peaks, or rather points, and is never worn on the head in what one would suppose to be the correct way, but stuck jauntily on one side.

At La Cruz de los Arboles, where there are a few houses, we left the carretera for the older and shorter road. Near a venta we once more crossed the new highway, and passed up a lane, of the Devonshire order, between high walls, lined with mulberry and chestnut trees. Later, another high wall and on the other side blackberry bushes on a bank remind one of many a spot in England. Some cacti, however, dispel the illusion.

We next came to a "Surrey lane," beside which there was a house approached by an avenue of vines. Heaths and breso, which is a kind of heath, began to put in an appearance at 1,350 feet. The houses and land are good, and wear a well-to-do aspect. A few feet higher, at three o'clock, we stopped on a little bit of common to take some views of the district. In front lies the ever-present Tenerife; below to the right is the hamlet of Breña Alta, on the other side of a little wooded gorge. The land immediately beneath slopes gently, forming almost a sort of plateau, until it ends in a rising mound, the crater above La Ciudad. Our arriero, seeing we were halting for a few minutes, took a tobacco leaf out of his pocket, and prepared to smoke. It is odd to see a whole leaf used. It was home-grown, and apparently had not been fermented.

Soon we pass through woods of tall chestnuts, laurels, and breso, the road winding steeply through the forest, and almost immediately entered the clouds and lost sight of everything. The woods in their luxuriant foliage and undergrowth, the damp from the clouds hanging upon the leaves and dripping downwards, making all a brilliant green, remind one of Ireland. At last we reach the summit of El Paso, 4,300 feet high by our aneroid,* at 4.50 p.m. The view ought to be grand, but clouds obscure everything. Just as we were looking round in despair for a break in the mist, it cleared off, and we could see lying below, on the west, a plain of well-cultivated land. The descent seemed abrupt, and from the

* Vidal gives this in the chart as 4,640 feet.

bottom to the sea almost at one level. No valleys or mountains bounded the view, which could not compare for beauty with that from the pass in Gomera, where we looked down upon Hermigua. But trees and greenery of any sort are always beautiful, and there is more cultivation here, the configuration of the ground and soil being suitable to agriculture. We did not delay upon the summit, for it was late, and we were still some considerable distance from Argual.

Much to my disgust, I discovered, when we started in the morning, a Spanish bridle, or *cabestro*, which is really only a headstall, on my mule. A half-circular piece of iron fits over the nose, while beneath are two straight pieces of iron, one of which slips through a ring in the end of the other, and is joined to a single rein. This rein is sometimes formed of leather, but on my mule it is an iron chain, which reaches nearly to the saddle, where a piece of rope joins it for holding in the hand. Owing to the amount of iron chain, the rein is so heavy to hold that I am obliged to twist the rope round my hand several times to prevent it slipping entirely out of my grasp. This form of bit is a very powerful curb, for when pulled it compresses the iron over the nostrils and behind the mouth, stopping the animal's breath. It is unnecessary, except for untrained horses, and cruel, for the iron chafes the skin and generally keeps a perpetual sore upon the nose. I suffered by it, for, as we were riding at a very rapid trot, my mule stumbled, and I instinctively pulled up the rein, but the animal fell and threw me off. Luckily it lay quiet, and I soon disengaged myself.

In the fast-deepening darkness we entered the little town of Los Llanos, a clean place, with fairly good houses and a couple of plazas, the one near the church having seats in it. Our destination was still further, as we had a letter of introduction to Señor Don Miguel de Sotomayor y Fernandez, who, along with his brother Don Manuel, lives at Argual. The road to their houses led along the side of an aqueduct, from which the water dripped upon the roadside, causing a bank of ferns and wild flowers to grow luxuriantly. This aqueduct was made by the Sotomayors at their own expense, for the use of the people on their estate and for purposes of irrigation.

It was quite dark when we arrived, and not till next morning were we able to examine the house into which we had been received so hospitably. One of our windows looks out upon an immense square, formed by this house, a couple more dwelling-houses, and some offices. It is a little like a Cambridge quadrangle. In the centre is a pond, surrounded by rough stones, rockery fashion, round which grow three groups of the graceful papyrus. Pigeons, white and black, flutter and pick up grain on the ground. Our other window looks over a beautiful garden; a well-cemented tank in the centre giving means of irrigation, while washing sinks are at one side. What a beautiful place in which to do prosaic laundry-work under the shade of the oranges and myrtles!

ARGUAL, PALMA.

From the azotea we had a splendid view of the mountains. Those on the western side of the Caldera take a sweep round to our left; they are precipices, and their outlines are very jagged. Near the sea we can see, climbing the steep cliff in zigzag fashion, a road which leads up and over the lowest part of the wall round the Caldera, and which we hope to traverse on the morrow. In front of us, and partly hiding the Caldera—as it forms one end of the curving wall which surrounds the crater—is the Pico de Alejanado. The crowning summit of the jagged outline round the Caldera is the Pico de los Muchachos. To the right of Alejanado is the undulating plain or slope through which we passed yesterday

after crossing the main chain of mountains running down the centre of Palma. The land around is well cultivated, and particularly so in the immediate neighbourhood of this house. There are large plantations of sugar-cane, green and fresh-looking, while quantities of tobacco plants droop their long green leaves gracefully on their stiff stems.

We were shown by our host a hat or cap worn in one of the neighbouring districts. It is made of dark brown, almost black, homespun material, with a peak in front and a flap hanging down behind, in fact very like a "sou'-wester." This he kindly gave to us, together with one of the leather aprons commonly worn in Palma. Its original owner's name had been written on the back in ink before the skin had been sent in its rough condition to be prepared for use, so as to ensure getting the identical skin again. Our hosts gave us some native palm brushes, made of split palm leaves. The smaller ones, of about eight inches in height, are used as hand-brushes for clothes or furniture. The larger have handles stuck into them, and are used for household purposes.

PALM-LEAF BRUSH.

We started, about ten o'clock, on our expedition to the interior of the Caldera. Riding through some lanes and below the village of Argual, we reached in a few minutes the eastern side of the Barranco de Angustia, along the bottom of which the Spaniards went when subduing the island. We, however, rode along the top of the east side, not more than about 150 feet above the river-bed. The opposite cliff for some distance from the sea is divided into two parts, the lower half of which is precipitous, containing caves. There are also most curious slits, as if the precipitous cliff had been cut down from top to bottom by gigantic and powerful cheese-scoops. These semicircular slits begin and end abruptly. The upper half of the mountain slopes a little at first, and here a few scattered houses are built, and the land terraced; but the slope soon becomes abrupt and

then precipitous. As we walk along the edge of the barranco half-way up its side on a narrow path, we can look backwards down by the narrow, cliff-bound river to the sea, where, near the shore, a schooner is riding at anchor. The best port in Palma is at Santa Cruz, and, indeed, Glas says it is the best in the archipelago, as a sailing vessel can get in and out of it all the year round, and the anchorage is safe. But at the mouth of this barranco is another, not much frequented, on account of westerly winds. It was here De Lugo landed, and the little town of Tazacorte is now on the site of the fortified camp of that famous leader.

As we wind along the narrow path the slope beneath us becomes precipitous, nearly as steep as at the opposite side. We can look down into the contracted gorge, where a stream, like a silver thread, winds beneath. The river-bed is of grey lava, which Fritsch calls Caldera conglomerate-stone. It is now over 1,000 feet beneath us, and there is as much more precipice above on the side we are traversing. The cliffs opposite present precipices of some 3,000 feet in height. Occasionally the perpendicular character of the scene is varied by a sloping piece of ground on the side of the cliff, where, the soil being favourable, the land is terraced, and where cling a few cottages, with white walls and red-tiled roofs. Or at the bottom of the barranco, a few feet above its bed, one sees a little spot—at this elevation looking like a plateau, but not really flat, for it is terraced—covered with canes and tobacco, green and refreshing to the eye against the brown mountain sides. Wherever on the cliffs earth has accumulated, there a pine tree has taken root, and greenery surrounds its base—curiously bright, tender spots on the brown barrenness of basaltic-like scenery. Numerous ridges or spurs from the main chain or circle of cliffs forming La Caldera run down towards the centre like converging rays. The walls of this gigantic crater are between 3,000 and 4,000 feet of sheer precipice before the spurs begin. These spurs or ridges are intersected by gorges, which lead into the main gorge or barranco, running into that of Angustia, by which we have entered. According to Lyell, the Caldera is three or four geographical miles in diameter, and the barranco four and

a-half geographical miles long. The water falls 1,500 feet from source to mouth.

Our resting-place is a jutting piece of rock, a spur ending so abruptly, that the path downwards must be cut out of solid rock. It is called El Paso de las Viñas, and our aneroid gives it as 1,400 feet* above the sea. We go down a winding cutting in solid rock, like a circular staircase, where there is so little space between the rocky walls, we deem it advisable to dismount and walk. It is short, however, and soon opens on a path, which also descends.

Crossing the bottom of the barranco, we ascended a rocky spur on the other and western side, whence we could see the cemented watercourse running along the side we have just left in a straight line to Argual.

The path led upwards through quantities of *tagasaste*, a bush a little like lavender on a large scale. Don Miguel gave us some of its seed, and we have since reared the plant in England and Ireland. It is said to be particularly good food for horses and cattle. We ascended until we reached from 2,800 feet to 3,500 feet, where the path wound along with sheer precipices above. After reaching this height we stopped at a place called the Punta (Point) to look down into the Caldera beneath and up to the rocky wall which surrounds it. One is inclined to imagine that the bottom of the Caldera is flat, but this is far from being the case. The spurs, rising 3,000 or 4,000 feet in height and terminating in saddle-backs, run downwards into the centre, and there form broken masses and massive pinnacles, partially clad with pines. The ridges themselves are tolerably thickly covered with pines, though some are used for pasturage for cattle. The soil over which the green pines are dotted is of a yellowish-red colour. On the ridge a little beneath us stand a couple of cottages. A dog barks at our intrusion, starting a wonderful echo after two seconds, which he promptly answers again and again. Above us the cliffs rise perpendicularly until lost in the mist. Looking down the gorge seawards, we see an expanse of

* Fritsch gives the height of this as two hundred and forty metres, so either he must have mistaken the place, or the figures apply to another spot, perhaps the bottom of the pass.

cultivated, sloping land, in the midst of which lie Los Llanos and Argual; beyond, the sea, looking calm and blue in the distance; and in the far, far-off horizon the faint outline of Hierro is just discernible. The sun is shining there, though not upon us. It is, in fact, chilly, and we are not surprised to find the temperature is 58° F. (14·5° C.), though it is only 1.15 p.m. We would gladly have encamped and wandered amidst the beautiful gorges in mid-Caldera, had we only had the time, but a couple of days at least would have been required to explore its recesses.

Our return journey to Argual, which we reached about five in the afternoon, was accomplished after some difficulty. Bad as the ascent had been, it was nothing to the descent. The path was simply of the breakneck description, with every vice a road could have.

Don Miguel, before daylight waned, took us to see the process of making tobacco and cigars which goes on upon his estate. The leaves, after being plucked green, are hung up to dry, by means of a cord run through the base of the stems, in a dark room, well ventilated, for from twenty-five to forty days. They are then taken to the sorting-house, where girls spread them out and tie them in packets, according to the quality and colour, which vary considerably. The packets thus sorted and tied up are placed in a square cane stand in another room. In this they are packed tightly and covered by a matting, upon which large stones are placed. The leaves are then left there to ferment from twenty-five to forty days, when they become more or less of one colour, after which they are made into cigars. It is in this last particular that the Canary Island cigars fail. They have not yet got the practised hands to roll and trim, and the cigar, though good in flavour and by many considered equal to Habanas,* is not sent into the market in the same condition outwardly. It is also too dark in colour, which is probably caused by over-fermentation. A thermometer is kept in the centre of each stand of leaves, so that the temperature may be carefully regulated, but I fancy the methods at present used for effect-

* *B* and *v* are frequently and incorrectly transposed in Spanish; in this way Ha*b*ana often becomes Ha*v*ana.

ing that object are not satisfactory. The cigars are said to be very excellent in flavour, though strong. The Spanish Government bought a monopoly of the produce of many of the manufactories * in the islands for a certain number of years, and are selling these cigars in Spain *sans peur et sans reproche* as Habanas!

* Since leaving Palma I have been informed that the cultivation of tobacco and its manufacture into cigars has greatly increased and promises to enrich the island.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PICO DE LOS MUCHACHOS—SAN BORONDON—LOS SAUCES.

> A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
> A solemn sea! whose billows wide around
> Stand motionless, to awful silence bound,
> Pines on the coast through mist their tops uprear,
> That like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

IT was now Sunday, October 14th, and our only chance of avoiding days of hardship on board one of the island schooners lay in our being able to reach La Ciudad by Monday, upon which day the steamer was expected from England. The unfortunate becalming and loss of four days in coming to Palma had thrown us out in our plans. The journey from Tenerife to Palma is generally rapidly accomplished, as the wind is usually favourable. It is the return that is frequently so slow, owing to the north-east trades blowing the greater part of the year.

Shortly after six o'clock we are on our way once more, and riding down a winding path which leads into the Barranco de Angustia, near Argual. Mules appear from various directions, and we get into a train of animals all following each other one by one—seven mules and one horse. We feel like Eastern pilgrims meeting and amalgamating our caravans. The ascent of the Vuelta de Magar, as the pass over the mountains to Tigarafe is called, is very steep. The road is a mass of large stones or rocks, up which our mules must climb, for they cannot be said to walk. There are many men with their mules, so we have a good opportunity of studying the island type of build and physiognomy. The men wear whiskers, and have well-knit figures. They are not so tall as Herreños nor so polite as the inhabitants of Tenerife, but

they seem light-hearted and witty, and if descended from the Benahoares, should be brave.

Between the visit of Bethencourt to Palma and its conquest in 1492 a serious attempt to subdue the island was made by the Spaniards, under Guillen Peraza, who, with two hundred archers and three hundred men from the already-conquered and settled islands of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, landed and marched into the interior. The rocky nature of the country and the valour of the natives, who leaped from rock to rock with ease, obliged the invaders to retreat. Guillen Peraza, in an attempt to rally them, was killed by a stone, in the throwing of which missile the natives were great adepts. The troops fled, carrying off, however, Peraza's body, to Lanzarote, where it was buried. A dirge was composed to his memory, which is said to be sung at the present day by the Palmeros.

Many of the customs of the ancient inhabitants differed considerably from those of the other islands, but the food was similar. He was considered cleverest who could steal without being discovered. Their manner of worshipping was to sing and dance round great pillars of loose stones, erected in each district, performing feats of agility before them. In one place there was said to be a natural pillar of stones, called Idafe, "upwards of a hundred fathoms high," to which they sacrificed sheep and goats to prevent its fall, which they feared. They held the sun and moon in great veneration, but here, as in most of the islands, they adored one God, greater than all, whom they called Abora. If a man felt that he was dying, he asked his friends and relations to bear him to a cave, where they laid him on a bed of goat-skins, placing some milk beside him, closed the mouth of the cave, and left him to die alone. They also buried their dead in caves. There is no doubt that they or a previous race were acquainted with the art of writing, for a stone on which are hieroglyphics has been found in a cave in the Barranco Velmaco. It is broken in three pieces and partly worm-eaten. The deciphering of it has not as yet been accomplished by *savants*.

At 7.30 a.m. we arrived at the top of the pass, and found we were 1,750 feet above the sea. The view as seen from the

summit is that of a sloping table-land leading down to the sea from the chain of mountains running through the middle of the island. The unevenness of the surface is lost in the height, and the craters that rise here and there look like low mounds. Below lies the point of Juan Graje, which is the bluff at the extreme end of the ridge we have just crossed. This perpendicular cliff, of nearly 800 feet, must present a fine appearance from the sea. Further north, however, in the Punta Gorda district, there are precipices dropping into the sea 1,100 feet in height. The ground here is sloping, and we have a magnificent country spread out to view, a land of oranges and bananas, of figs and pomegranates, as well as of peaches, pears, and apples. The western slopes of these islands, where the land is fertile, are the most luxuriant, owing to their being sheltered from the hot wind—Levanter as it is called—that crosses the Sahara, and which kills and blights vegetation, and occasionally brings locusts. This wind comes but rarely, sometimes a whole year passing without its advent, and when it does come, it blows but for a day or two, the outside limit being generally three days. It affects sick people, retards progress, and, in fact, acts on man, beast, and vegetable much in the same way as our east wind, save that the Levanter is stifling, not cold. Owing to the short time during which it blows, one does not lay much stress upon its existence, for, although the worst feature of the Canarian climate, it is a very minor and insignificant evil compared with those from which other countries suffer.

After three hours' journeying, we have reached an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea. As we ascend clouds begin to blow up from the Caldera, like whiffs of smoke. It is 10 a.m., and we walk along a narrow ridge just above where we were yesterday in the Caldera, the precipice on one side and steep slopes on the other. It is difficult, almost impossible, to discern the horizon at this height, partly because of the blending of sea and sky, and partly because of the mist clouds which roll hither and thither.

It is curious how sharply defined these mountain mists are. One moment we are in sunshine, and the next buried in white, rolling fog. It has a corresponding effect upon the

spirits, which invariably fall to zero as soon as we enter, and as rapidly rise upon passing out of the clouds. Quantities of codeso at 6,600 feet of altitude were to be seen. I picked a leguminous flower (*Adenocarpus vinosus*). Pines were numerous, the beautiful *Pinus Canariensis* and *crepa* (*Ruta pinocala*), a low shrub, good for goats, growing amid loose stones. Suddenly we emerged on a level with a bed of clouds, stretching around us as far as the eye could reach, soft, snowy, billowy, fleecy down, beautiful beyond comparison.

LA CALDERA, PALMA, FROM THE RIM OF THE CRATER.

As we look around and endeavour by means of the earth which we know lies beneath to tell our whereabouts, we fail signally in finding a landmark; we might be looking upon ice-floes in the Arctic regions. Something in the far distance, however, like a tiny dark cloud, makes us look a second time, as it appears more defined in outline than a cloud is usually. The object is a small triangle, the apex at the top—a little pyramid. Suddenly a light breaks in upon our dull brains, and we exclaim, "The Peak!" It is the Peak indeed, that omnipresent genius of these islands, but so diminished in size from our seeing only the summit, that we scarcely recognise it, and apparently so close, that it seems impossible to be a

part of Tenerife. One other landmark is ours. The extreme summits of the wall around the Caldera, the Pico de los Muchachos and Pico de la Cruz, are just visible, forming a semicircle, the centre of which, as well as the outside, is filled with a snowy sea.

The depressing effect of the mist upon our spirits being removed, it seems as if we all, horses included, climbed more joyously upward. The rocks here are of different formation, having a slatey cleavage. The path is but a goat-track, and that of a bad kind. The horses climb yard by yard, putting their fore-legs deliberately on a rock, and dragging their hind-legs by one supreme and deliberate effort after them, our hands buried in their manes. Occasionally we come to a bit of smoother walking, and pass over a depression of loose soil, brilliant red and orange in colour, with a touch of grey that is

SUMMIT OF THE PICO DE LOS MUCHACHOS.

almost mauve to tone it down. Presently we see red pumice rocks similar to those on the Cañadas in Tenerife, and at about the same altitude. A green shrub with a leaf like that of the myrtle, called *malfora* (*Hypericum floribundum*), grows plentifully around.

At last we reach the summit. It is 1.15 p.m., and our aneroid measures 7,400 feet. The Pico de los Muchachos is generally considered the highest point of Palma, though the Admiralty chart gives the Pico de la Cruz as forty feet higher. There is at any rate little to choose between them. Our first impression upon seeing the rocks, or Los Roques as they are called, which at the extreme edge of the crater form the Pico de los Muchachos, was that we were beholding the ruins of some ancient castle. These rocks on the summit,

pillars of red pumice, thrown together anyhow, have formed themselves into fantastic turrets, bastions, and castle walls, roofless truly and broken, as if bombarded.

While gazing through the broken rifts of cloud to the westward we behold hosts of islands, great and small, flitting and changing among the clouds, any one of which might be San Borondon, that mystic island that is now and again found, only to be lost once more in the Atlantic. This island is one of imagination, but it is curious that it has existed in men's minds since the earliest days. Ptolemy and Pliny both mention it, and, owing to its magical character, whereby it could not be reached, call it Aprositus. It is only in later times that it has been called San Borondon or Brandon, after the Scotch proto-navigator, who is supposed to have landed there in A.D. 565, at the same time that he is also said to have endowed the water-tree of Hierro with its virtues. This latter story is undoubtedly older, and we may reasonably suppose the other is also more ancient. One or two sailors at different times have solemnly sworn to having landed upon or seen the island, but morning or a storm caused them to lose, never to find it again. In 1519, when the Canaries were formally ceded in the treaty of Ivora to Spain by Portugal, San Borondon was actually mentioned as one of the group by the name *Ilha nao Truvata* (Unfound Island)! Seven years later, an expedition left Canaria in search of it, and in 1721 another exploring party started from Santa Cruz. Friars and clergy accompanied the expeditions to exorcise the spirits that ruled it, but the magic island refused to appear, even at the bidding of the Church of Rome. The last recorded appearance of San Borondon is in 1759.

We started again at 1.50. The temperature had fallen to 56° F. (13·4° C.), so we were glad to walk for a while, after sitting upon the summit in wraps. The path now led among masses of rock, on the inside, as it were, of the Caldera wall. A curious thin rock like a slate stood out from the side of the crater at one spot, while others were like flints, but in masses. The rocks, all in gigantic groups, sometimes of red pumice and again hard trachyte, seemed like a geological medley, if such a thing were possible. The most curious formation of

all, and one which must have struck the native mind as being uncanny, because it is called "Para de Roberto," is an immense wall running down towards the Caldera, about a foot and a-half to two feet thick; it stands, where the path divides it, some way above our heads. Its course is perfectly straight, its sides flat, and the stones of which it is formed all fit compactly and evenly into each other. I find no record of it anywhere in my researches,* and yet to my mind it is one of the wonders of Palma. It may indeed be the Idafe of the ancient inhabitants, which they worshipped. It is said that Idafe was situated in the Caldera, into which this rock appears to descend.

The Caldera wall from this point of view appears to have headlands, the clouds which lap its points representing the sea. Beneath, on our left, are pine-clad hills and valleys. The path along which we ride is really a series of stairs, with this disadvantage—the steps are uneven, and our legs are nearly broken by the rocks on either side, or torn by the codeso bushes, so little room is there. The only human beings we have seen since we left the top of the Vuelta de Magar were two lads or youths dressed in costume going to La Ciudad. At 7,000 feet, and at 3 p.m., we find the path branching. The upper one, to the right, leads to the capital, the lower, to the left, which we follow, to Los Sauces. Five hundred feet lower we reached the clouds and entered the mist once more. The path was now delightful and comparatively easy. We passed through pine woods, codeso bushes forming the brushwood. The sun—for the mist did not last long—slanting across our path, lit up the boulders and stones through and over which we passed. A break in the woods reveals Los Sauces lying below on a point of land. We dismounted and walked part of the way—for the path was very steep, and the soil slippery from the damp mists—down a ridge or spur that slopes from the summit to the sea, Los Sauces being situated near the bottom. On both sides of the ridge are gorges. That to the left contains a waterfall, which

* Bory de St. Vincent mentions a rock of Tyme, near Tyarafe. But it is difficult to locate his names, as he had never been in the islands, and wrote his account from MSS and other works.

tumbles between pine-clad cliffs. The gorge to the right is the more thickly wooded of the two, and is deeper. Its sides are steep and green-clad, while at the bottom we can hear the rush of a stream as it roars amid the boulders, and beneath the ferns and moss to its home in the sea below. But little of it reaches the ocean; its life is spent less selfishly, for it waters the plains and littoral, and brings plenty to the thirsty land lying beyond in the broad glare of the sun.

Night had fallen before we reached Los Sauces. We paid our guide, and said farewell to him. He had proved efficient, and an active, pleasant companion. His name is José Domingo y Garcia, of Tigarafe, and any who cross the Pico de los Muchachos cannot do better than engage him for the journey. We were very glad when, the strain of necessary conversation with our kind hosts ended, we were allowed to go bed-wards. Sleep soon came, as might be expected after our having been in the saddle from 6 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

The steamer was to arrive at La Ciudad next day, but we found time in the morning to see something of Los Sauces. We walked up a hill to a cluster of cottages called Lomitos, where there is a water-mill, commanding a very pretty view of the town, from which we looked down into the Plaza de Monserrat, of which the inhabitants are very proud. It is a fine square for such a small place. At one side is the church, and at the other a public garden, only begun, but with a promise of things to come, and certainly a step in the right direction. To the left of Los Sauces is a terraced hill, and on the right a fine dragon tree. Green trees are rather plentiful, and add beauty to the town, while the aspect is enhanced by the blue sea forming the background. Los Sauces is situated 800 feet above the sea.

We entered the mill, which grinds gofio, wheat and maize being the two kinds in general use. A couple of pretty girls, in the native cap of blue and red, which, worn on the side of the head, gives a jaunty appearance, are waiting until their corn is ground, when they will carry it away. Although the interior of the mill is not very different from the interior of the windmills, yet it is worth noting that it is water, not wind, that is the motive power. As we passed through one street

we heard music of a peculiar and measured sort coming towards us. Turning to look, we saw a funeral. Four little boys, dressed in grey, carried a tiny coffin, which was slung upon ropes for that purpose. Behind them came two acolytes, then a man carrying a cross, followed by two priests. Next came the band, consisting of trumpets, drum, cymbals, and kettledrums, playing a weird funeral march. The musicians had a peculiar way of resting upon the toe of each foot as they marched in time to the music. They, as it were, stepped to one and three, and rested the toe of the other foot on the ground at two and four.

LOS SAUCES.

The church in the Plaza de Monserrat is much the same as churches elsewhere, the roof of carved beams, but there is a new floor of *téa*—pitch-pine. The chancel floor is laid with red and yellow tiles, and a little organ, looking as if it were a cupboard, occupies one side. In a side chapel we were astonished to see, hung round a pillar, a number of small wax figures and miniature models of limbs and other portions of the human body. These, it was explained, were presented by those who desired to secure the welfare of themselves or others, or the healing of some infirmity, and who at the same

time made a vow or promise which they would fulfil if the request were granted.

We left at noon, accompanied by some isleños. Our first stopping-place was San Andres, a short distance from Los Sauces, and near the sea. It is really the port of Los Sauces, being almost a part of it, one might say. It is a much older place, but as it unfortunately possesses no water, and has to be supplied from the barranco, it is going down in the world before its younger and more prosperous rival. San Andres is remarkable for possessing the oldest church in Palma. It is much visited by people from all quarters of the island, who come to gain healing from the *Gran Poder de Dios* (Great Power of God), which is supposed to be exercised on those who pay the church a visit. Here, as at Los Sauces, and indeed in many churches, dressed dolls and wax images are stuck round a particular pillar. The floor of the church is of white and red bricks, laid between oblong pieces of wood. We were also shown carved figures of St. John and the Magdalene, and a life-sized carving of Christ, lying in a wooden box; "the dead Christ" it was called. Near the church are the remains of a *convento de Piedad.* The last monk, Fray Francisco, died about 1867.

Leaving San Andres, we descend into the barranco of San Juan, and reach the sea itself at the bottom and mouth of the gorge. The barranco is rugged and barren, with precipitous sides, on which grow nothing but euphorbia. From Los Sauces to the capital the country is cut up by a series of barrancos. Fortunately they are not, as a rule, very deep, not immense, like those that prevail between Guia and Adeje, in the south of Tenerife. The second was La Galga, the descent into which was bad. Rocks lay at the bottom in heaps, and in caves in the sides sheep sheltered. On the way up on the other side was a cave dwelling. Our three Spanish friends all dismounted, not liking the descent, and were rather surprised that we sat on our animals. They did not know to what we had recently been accustomed in the way of bad roads, and we in turn were astonished at their timidity. But few, however, of the native gentlemen know anything of their islands, save the immediate neighbourhood in which they

live. Still fewer know anything of any island but their own. At La Galga village, 1,200 feet above the sea—for we have been steadily ascending over cultivated land—we stop for a few moments. The church of San Bartolomé is the second oldest in the island, and dates from 1651. A little further on we come to the Barranco Nogales, the descent into which is very steep, the sides being precipitous. They are festooned with brambles and breso, while a bridge near the bottom aids in rendering the gorge picturesque. It is 3.30 p.m. before we reach the village of Punteñara and church of San Juan, and ride over a little bridge, on which is a cross, covered with blue and white paper. The road now winds amid the scattered houses forming San Juan, which lie along the heads of a number of short and shallow barrancos, more indeed like English glens. Grass grows on the slopes, and the land is cultivated here and there, while trees flourish luxuriantly in nooks. We rode round the church, and saw, to our horror, an *osario* (charnel-house). We are told that after three years the bodies are taken out of the ground and put into the *osario*, which is generally open to the heavens. It is fortunate the air is remarkably dry, or pestilence would be the result. There were no monuments in the churchyard of any sort. Two windmills in the neighbourhood had curious vanes—one a cock in a boat! the other a fish.

After riding through Santa Lucia, another straggling village a little further on, we caught sight of two men at the top of the barranco, who, instead of following the road, ran and jumped by means of their poles down the steep banks, or "braes"—the Scotch word aptly expresses it. They were bright, vivacious men, and as they and our arrieros chaffed each other, and as they, respectfully withal, chaffed our friends, they reminded me more of the Irish peasants than any islanders I have seen. There was a readiness about their answers and a bright intelligence in their faces suggestive of wit and humour. No doubt there is a large amount of Irish blood in the veins of the present inhabitants of some of the islands, but it is a little difficult to find out where it is except among the nobility and gentry, whose genealogies are carefully preserved. Some cave dwellings in this barranco once

more instance the strong Troglodyte tendency in the archipelago, a sure witness to its past races.

We met a woman by a cross (1,100 feet) in full dress. She wore a black bodice, laced across the front, a handkerchief over her shoulders, the point at the waist, and one of the costume caps. These caps all the women between this and Los Sauces wore. There was, however, no inducing her to remain to be photographed, as she immediately retreated within her house. We stopped by the cross to admire the scene stretched beneath us. The spot we stood upon was on the slope of Mount Tenagua, whence is a fine view of Santa Cruz (La Ciudad) and the ships at anchor in the roadstead. The bay has a graceful curve as seen from here, and

HALT ON MONTAÑA TENAGUA, PALMA.

the sea looks calm and peaceful, with the schooners, like toy boats, riding motionlessly at anchor. The white houses dotted over the brown slopes of the neighbouring hillside look comfortable as they nestle amid their farms. We entered the town through a gate and wall, and as we passed under the arch, and our cavalcade clattered along the stone-paved streets, with

> "Spanish spurs with bells of steel
> That dashed and dangled at the heel,"

I was reminded of tales of the middle ages. The windows and postigos were filled with fair Palmeras looking upon us as the dames of old looked down from their windows upon many a gay scene.

CHAPTER XIX.

SANTA CRUZ DE LA PALMA—ORIGIN OF THE GUANCHES.

> A simple dwelling, which shall be our own,
> Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
> As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.
>
> P. B. SHELLEY.

I AWOKE in the middle of the night to find my bed in possession of a swarm of *chinches!* They were running up and down the white curtains and over the sheets, and when I lifted the pillow, they rushed from underneath it by the hundred. This was the only place I ever saw these awful insects.

I was glad to leave the chamber of horrors in the morning for the fresh air on the azotea, from which there is a good view of the town and neighbourhood. Close beside us on our left as we face the mountains is the dark grey stone tower of the church of San Salvador. Bells of various sizes hang in its belfry, also a clock which strikes the quarter-hours. The lower and principal part of the town is formed of two long streets running parallel with the sea-shore. One, however, is much longer than the other, and is really the main street, in which this house stands. The rest of the town straggles up and clings to the hillside wherever there is ground sufficiently level for building purposes. Just about mid-town, immediately behind and above the main street, there is a precipitous rock, which is crowned by houses. The grey, perpendicular mass, a bit of wildest nature rising in the very midst of man's handiwork, gives a picturesqueness that can scarcely be equalled elsewhere. The houses, or rather azoteas, are painted pale blue, sea green, and yellow, the latter colour

predominating. The walls are white, but the balconies and windows are coloured to match the azoteas, the whole effect being bright and cheerful. Immediately in front of this fonda —which is situate in mid-town—to the westward is a dip in the hills, down which the Barranco Dolores flows. In its sheltered valley a number of palms grow, tall and stately, their graceful leaves swaying in the breeze. They do not, however, come prominently forward as an adjunct to the town, as do those of San Sebastian in Gomera. To the left is a caldera, the sea-side of which is broken down. It is always called La Caldereta, to distinguish it from the great Caldera for which Palma is so justly famous. The background beyond the town, barranco, and low hills is formed by the high mountain ridge which bisects the island from north to south, as the Apennines do Italy.

We took a walk round the town and into the market. This is a square enclosure of tile-roofed sheds. Bunches of bananas and birds in cages are suspended from the eaves, hugh calabashes lie on the ground, while vegetables and fruit of all kinds—red pimientos, sweet potatoes, onions, melons, etc.—flowers, shrubs, wood for burning, and basket-covered wine-bottles, all help to form, with the picturesque attire of the country people, a bright and pretty scene. The fruit trade is of some importance, of which we in Britain have a visible token in the tinned peaches now exported from Santa Cruz de la Palma by an enterprising firm. The dress of the women in and near the town is very unbecoming. Over the usual handkerchief, which is doubled three-cornerwise on the head and tied under the chin, is placed a small round, sailor-shaped straw hat, so small, that as a shade it is perfectly useless, while it looks ridiculous and out of keeping with the remainder of the dress. The hat, brim and all, is about the size of the crown of an English child's sailor hat. The back part is raised very high, sloping towards the forehead, almost perpendicularly.

We were fortunate in having an opportunity of examining a private collection of Guanche relics. Among them were some skulls and bones. Three of the skulls had indentations on the right side of and above the forehead, so deep as to be almost

holes. Some skulls that we saw later in Santa Cruz de Tenerife, and in Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, had similar marks. It is curious to note that they were all in the same place, as though the weapon with which they fought, or stone thrown, was always the same, and handled in a similar way by the warriors. A very perfect stone plumb was included in the collection, also a pipe-head, a complete bowl of earthenware with ornamentation upon it, a horn spoon of good shape, and a small clay spoon, used doubtless for gofio. There were also some shells, which had been found embedded in lava.

The post of alcalde, or mayor, is much sought after in these islands. It is an office, although honorary, which usually fattens those who hold it, but, in some mysterious way, not much improvement in the town is effected. As one gentleman told us, "what is prohibited, is done, and what is ordered, is omitted." In Santa Cruz de la Palma, the people select fifteen individuals, whose names are sent to the Government, for the post of alcalde. One is chosen as chief alcalde, and then the second and third alcaldes are elected by the people.

It is unfortunate that the coming and going of the English steamer is so uncertain, for had we known that so many days would elapse before its arrival, we might have ridden to the south of the island and seen the hot spring there upon the south-west coast. That at Fuencaliente was destroyed in 1677 by an eruption, the cinders and stones thrown from the neighbouring crater filling it up completely. As it is we must wait here day by day, but there is much to see in and around the town, so that we do not by any means waste our time.

One of our most delightful excursions was to a country house, or *finca*, belonging to the Sotomayors, situated to the south of the town. We had to pass beneath the cliffs of La Playa del Diablo and walk upon the sandy beach to reach our destination. It is only possible to pass round here at low water, the road being tidal. Coming to a low wall, we climbed over it, and found ourselves among the cochineal cactus. We passed on and entered a paradise of gardens. Nature and art combined, the former in the luxuriance of

verdure, the latter in the arrangement of the ground, to render this spot perfectly charming. Gardens were laid out at various levels, so that in order to reach them one was constantly passing under and over rock bridges and up and down winding paths, amid a labyrinth of trailing creepers, flowers, shrubs, fruit, and ornamental trees. All this is kept green and luxuriant by irrigation. In the centre of the garden is a well, round which a camel, blinded with wicker pads, walked with slow and stately tread, drawing water. The manner of drawing is by means of tin cans fastened on an endless ladder of ropes over a wheel, the cross-bars being of wood. As the cans rise filled with water, they turn over, and the water is poured into a trough, which is in connection with a tank. This form of drawing water seems to be similar to that described by Mr. W. J. Maxwell in his "Letters of an Engineer" as being practised in Syria, except that the wheels there are larger. We, however, came across larger wheels later in Fuerteventura, which is more Eastern in its customs as well as geographically.

The gardener who took us round, broke off oranges with twigs of the tree attached, and gave them to us. A wild luxuriance prevails everywhere. Creepers wander in reckless fashion, as if they do not know where to entwine themselves, so rapid is their growth. Sensuous oleanders, brilliant geraniums ten feet high, the lovely plumbago, straggling eucalyptus, balsams, bananas, orange trees, and numerous other plants, known and unknown, vie with each other in rendering this enchanted spot a garden of Eden.

The Playa de Bajamar, as this *finca* is named, had been a piece of waste ground, which, owing to its proximity to the sea, no one had cared to use. The Sotomayors were willingly allowed to have it at a rent of twelve dollars a year (two pounds eight shillings). It had proved a profitable speculation, for in a good season it had produced five hundred *quintales* of cochineal, which, even at the present low prices, must have been very remunerative. As a summer resort for bathing and boating one cannot conceive a more charming spot.

A few of the names given to the streets of La Ciudad may be of interest. The principal street is, curiously enough,

called "O'Daly," showing that there must once have been some noted Irishman in the island. Other streets are Santiago, Simónica, Blas Simon, Cincuenta, Cuna, Vandale, Garachico, Toros, Pilar, Mata, Viejas, Molinos. The names are printed very plainly at the street corners.

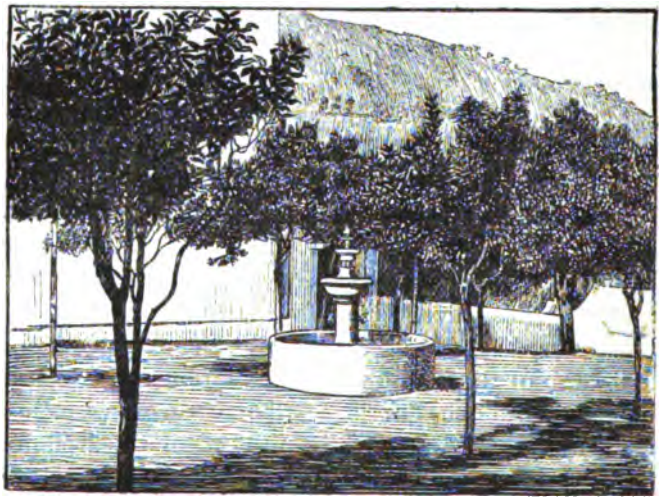
Next day, all expectations notwithstanding, no steamer arrived, and in the afternoon we walked up the Barranco de la Madera to the little village of Las Nieves. In this we passed a scooped-out place called the Cueva de la Virgen—although it is hardly a cave—because an image of the Virgin while being carried to Las Nieves, in 1805, rested here for a time. Many people make pilgrimages to the spot, and numerous miracles are said to have been worked here. For instance, the cave, though only capable of holding fifty persons, increased so as to hold two hundred. When we saw it, it would not hold ten. Again, the lamp before the Virgin remained alight although not fed with oil. The worship has been continued from the earliest times, according to Viera, but as Palma was not Christian until the conquest, it is scarcely possible that the worship of the Virgin was carried on earlier. That they adored a woman as well as a man-god is known. The Guanches may have conducted worship of some sort in this cave, which, later, was converted into a worship of the Virgin.

At the top of the ravine we found a little square, or plaza. A fountain, painted bright blue, from which flows excellent water, is in the middle, and arranged regularly around the square are orange trees, laden with fruit. One side of the plaza is formed by the church, while on another is the priest's house. Seats against the walls of the house tempted us to rest. The walls are painted a French grey, and pleasantly contrast with the windows and doors, which are bright green. Other houses are whitewashed, the windows and balconies being red.

The priest's landlady asked us to pass through the house to see the view from the back. We were quite unconscious that we were sitting with our backs to a house that is perched on the edge of a steep decline into the Barranco del Rio. Passing through the dwelling, we came out on the other side

upon a three-cornered sort of yard, guarded by a low wall, and in which were several children and a couple of women. Below lay a wild gorge, chiefly formed of rocks and stones. A watercourse guides the water along one side, turning on its way two gofio mills. A little arbour, formed of a stone seat covered with poles and branches of trees laid across, we found a charming resting-place, while the view from it was very pretty.

In the afternoon, on our return to La Ciudad, we went to the gaol, near the church of Santo Domingo, entering by a small door, which is always open. The large door is carefully barred, a needless precaution when the smaller is open, one



THE PLAZA, LAS NIEVES, PALMA.

would think. Inside we came upon a pleasant garden filled with plantains. The bedrooms are large and airy. Each prisoner brings his own mattress, and each has his box of clothes in his room. There were a few men and women. The former are employed in making pipes, while the latter wash and sew. The whole affair seemed very informal, as if playing at being imprisoned, and to escape did not appear difficult. We only saw one chain, and that was in the bottom room in a stone floor. I suppose the Government trusts to

the small extent of the island preventing the final escape of criminals. There is but little crime, however, and that of a petty description.

We had been very anxious to see a Government school, and had much difficulty in persuading our friends to take us to one. In a comparatively small room we found fifty boys, presided over by a master. This pedagogue gets 1,500 *pesetas*, or about sixty pounds a-year, with the usual allowance for requisites, equalling a fourth of the income. The globes are English, as are some of the copy-books; others are French. The boys are taught reading and writing, very little arithmetic and geography, and a trifle of Spanish sacred history. The school hours are from nine to eleven, and from three to five. The children were very clean and well dressed, but I am a little suspicious that the worthy master had been informed of our intended visit, and that all consequently was in "apple-pie order."

There are three public or primary schools in La Ciudad, one for girls and two for boys; and about eight private schools, of which three are for girls. The townspeople are anxious to educate their children, but the country people are indifferent.

Next day—Thursday, October 18th—we were greeted in the morning by the news that the steamer had arrived. Had we only guessed that so much leisure would have been at our disposal, we might easily have seen the rest of the island. However, we must leave something for our next visit to the Canarian highlands.

Mr. W. Lavers kindly came for us, and took us to see his tobacco factory. We then went to his mother-in-law's house, a very old dwelling, with magnificently carved doors and ceiling. In order to reach the garden, we had to go upstairs. It was very curious to be taken to nearly the top of the house and to walk out through a door on to the garden. This house is situated on one of the steepest slopes of La Ciudad. The garden is near the roof, where the ground slopes less, but even then has to be terraced. The entrance to the ground floor is off one street, whereas a gate out of the top of the garden is in another, the actual distance traversed being short, but very steep.

We drove in a carriage up to the Church of the Conception in the afternoon. It is situated 1,100 feet above the sea, on the brink of the Caldereta. Fifty feet higher is the highest point of the brim of the semicircular precipice forming the cauldron, which is a miniature of the great Caldera. So immediately above the town are we, that we can see into its streets, the whole of it being spread out like a map before us.

Some friends dined with us at the fonda, and we gained interesting information about the island. The winter temperature of La Ciudad is from 59° F. (15° C.) to 64·4° F. (18° C.), and the summer from 73·4° F. (23° C.) to 82·4° F. (28° C.). It will thus be seen that this town is one of the coolest places in summer, although there is scarcely a degree of difference among the islands. The population of the island is nearly 40,000, of whom 8,000 reside in the capital; rather a difference from the time of the conquest, when there were supposed to be only five hundred men in Palma. This would give the population as about 2,500. The town is garrisoned by a battalion of 1,000 militia. The tide has a rise and fall of seven feet, except during the equinox in March and September, when it rises a foot and a-half more.

On my expressing a wish to obtain one of the whip-goads used by the arrieros in this island, Mr. Yanes took us out in search of one. They are not procurable in the shops, being home-made articles. It was dark as we went through the streets. Suddenly we were ushered through a doorway in a gate, and found ourselves in a wide, dimly-lighted passage, partly open to the sky, with steps half-way along, leading to a lower level. Laying his hand on my arm, Mr. Yanes told me to take care how I stepped, and peering on the ground at my feet, I perceived that it was covered with men lying asleep in different attitudes, in their ordinary white clothes, a few in mantas. As we stepped further into the apartment, some being roused, and having opened half an eye, became rapidly wide awake. I think it was the advent of a lady in their midst, rather than the fact of our being foreigners, that wakened them completely. Mr. Yanes proffered my request that they would sell me a whip. One man who was about to offer us his had his outstretched arm drawn

back by his neighbour, who told him it was not good enough. Eventually only one man proved willing to part with his goad, the others not being able to do without theirs on the morrow on their return home. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom we noticed two smiling faces among the many handsome ones around, which we recognised as those of our arrieros Juan and Domingo. This sleeping place is used by the countrymen who bring their goods to market or for export. At daybreak they betake themselves and their mules homewards. With a hearty "Buena noche," we left them to their slumbers. The whip, I may mention, cost two and a-half pesetas (two shillings), a price considered just. The man said the lash and goad cost him nearly that, and I was told it was correct, one instance among many of the non-extortion of the Palmeros, that I am only too happy to mention. The whip, which I still possess, is four feet in length, of unpeeled, hard wood. The lash, of leather platted, is fastened by a piece of leather through a hole near the upper end of the stick. A small spike a quarter of an inch long is firmly embedded in the point. Two pieces of straight leather, seven or eight inches long, are stitched to the end of the lash, which is altogether very heavy, and quite capable of hurting the tough skins of the mules.

COMBINED WHIP AND GOAD, PALMA.

After our expedition in search of a whip-goad had been successfully accomplished we entered a *café*, where we had ices made with milk, called *mantecados*. It was an ending to the day I appreciated more than the food with which we began it, for at breakfast this morning we were served, as a great treat, with snails! They were boiled in their shells, and to add to the tempting nature of the repast, our worthy landlady, seeing we despised the dainty, proceeded to eat them

herself, drawing the snail out of its shell by means of a hair-pin, which she took for the purpose out of her hair. Observing that John was vainly endeavouring to extract one from a shell, she offered him the use of her extractor, whereupon, with indecent haste, he searched his waistcoat wildly, and fortunately was able to produce a pin.

We had still another night to spend in La Ciudad, as the steamer had not yet finished taking in cargo. On the Friday morning we went round to the shipping office to take our berths to Orotava, and were considerably astonished to find the modest sum of twenty-five pesetas each (£1) asked by Messrs. Forwood Brothers for the run over. Unfortunately, there was then no competition in the steam line, so one was obliged to give what was asked or go by sailing vessel. As the distance is only fifty miles or so, the fare was out of all proportion.

I must mention here that if a person dies who is connected, however remotely, with a family, that family is thrown into mourning. Now with us that would not mean what it does here. In the Canaries the rites of hospitality are suspended, and those who are in mourning do not pay or receive visits, nor do they go out. To such an extent is this carried by the women of the family, that they suffer both in mind and body from the confinement. The immediate result to us was that we could not be entertained in La Ciudad, several of the residents not being able to show us hospitality because they were in mourning. There is a struggle being made by a few of the best families against this custom. Those who have been educated in England see that we do not mourn for our loved ones less because we go out and do our duty and business in this life, not finding it conducive to usefulness to immure ourselves in our houses. But it is a noted fact that customs connected with marriage or the dead are the most deeply rooted and most difficult to alter in any nation, and it is from these one often obtains clues to the origin of a people whose antecedents are obscure.

The Guanche mode of burial is the best means we have of identifying that race, although aided in the research by other facts. The origin of the ancient race, now extinct as a nation,

that formerly inhabited the Canarian Archipelago, is lost in obscurity. As it is a subject which to this moment puzzles *savants*, I may be excused from endeavouring to elucidate the mystery. Suffice it to say, that the generally accepted opinion is that the natives of the Canary Islands found here at the conquest, came from the neighbouring coast of Africa, and that their language and customs have affinity with those of the Berbers and Arabs. That there was a tribe called Canarii inhabiting a forest beyond the Atlas mountains, on the river Ger, we know from Pliny's account of the travels of Suetonius Paulinus. An inscription has recently been found in the ravine of Los Balos, Santa Lucia, in Gran Canaria, which begins in the same type as the celebrated inscription of Tougga. As the date of the latter is almost certainly known to be, at latest, the second century before our era, the engravers of that of Santa Lucia must be of the same date, if not more ancient. M. Verneau has also found at Los Balos two other inscriptions, totally different, and unfortunately incomplete. M. le Docteur Hamy thinks he recognises certain Phœnician letters, of an extremely archaic type, at the edges of these stones. Some inscriptions found at Las Canales, in Hierro, by Don Antonia Padron, some years ago, have also been studied without much success. The Libyan character has, however, been recognised.

There are several facts about the ancient inhabitants that are remarkable and indisputable. The most significant ethnographical feature is that they embalmed their dead. Now at present there are only three nations known to have embalmed —the Egyptians, the Peruvians, and the Guanches. The Guanche mode of embalming is said to be similar to that of the lower class of Egyptians, although Prichard thought otherwise. There is no doubt that, in many ways, the Guanches were highly civilised. Their customs, their integrity, their laws, all point to a civilisation that could not have sprung from a savage race, but must have been the outcome of ages. Their connection with the Berbers being settled, and evidence being allowed to exist in the similarity of the modes of burial between them and the ancient Egyptians, we now only lack the link which binds the Ber-

bers to the Egyptians. There is much which renders the finding of this possible, but, alas! until the recesses of the Atlas mountains have been explored proof will still be wanting on this most important point. Sir J. D. Hooker and Mr. Ball mention in their work* that when penetrating a defile known as Ain Tarsil, 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the sea, they saw caves some fifty feet above them, in the sides of the cliffs, which they considered to be natural cavities enlarged by human hands. Where the edge was broken away, it was made good by irregular blocks of stone. "The most singular point about these dwellings is the fact that they are all near the top of the cliff, where the rock is nearly vertical, in positions that cannot now be reached without a ladder or other artificial assistance." They add that the Moors, as usual, "refer these, as well as all other antique remains, to the 'Christians,' and stories of concealed treasure . . . make it almost impossible to attempt to explore or examine them." The joint authors think the position of these caves was chosen as being more secure against attacks of man or beast. Whether the troglodytes used a notched tree as a ladder, or trusted to their superior climbing power, is uncertain. It will be seen that these descriptions apply exactly to the caves in the Canary Islands, numbers of which are yet unvisited owing to their inaccessibility. Ain Tarsil lies between the Atlas and the sea, in the lower part of the chain of mountains in the south of Morocco. The only traveller who has penetrated this defile, besides Sir J. D. Hooker and Mr. Ball, is M. Balansa, who, however, does not appear to have noticed these caves. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that their similarity to the caves in the Canary Islands has never been remarked.

But going still further back, we have good evidence that this people constituted part of the white dolicho-cephalic race which once extended through the British Isles, France, Spain, Northern Africa, Palestine, and Syria. The people of this aboriginal race, according to Professor Sayce, were distinguishable on account of their height and size, "and, down to the time of David, the gigantic descendants of the Anakim

* "Marocco and the Great Atlas."

were still pointed out in the cities of the Philistines," whose height was "like the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks" (Amos ii. 9). This race was a white-skinned, fair-haired people, which Professor Sayce says was characterised by the slightly retreating forehead and the peculiar nose, features certainly characteristic of the ancient inhabit-

GUANCHE SKULL.

ants of the Canary Islands. Blue eyes and light hair are still to be continually met with in the most out-of-the-way spots. At the Bath meeting of the British Association, in 1888, Dr. Garson examined and measured a Guanche skull, which he pronounced to be clearly dolicho-cephalic.

The distinction usually drawn, dividing Lanzarote and

Fuerteventura from the remainder of the islands, their populations being said to have come from a different source, does not in my opinion hold good, that is to say, if the present inhabitants are to be taken as at least partial descendants of the Guanches, a point on which I feel very certain. It is curious that to the present day the names of some of the inhabitants of the islands do not in the least correspond with the names of the islands. The consensus of opinion is in favour of the name of the archipelago being derived from the tribe Canarii, or Kanar, living beyond the Atlas. I would venture to suggest that they, being the principal colonists, possibly named the whole group, and that, consequently, the inhabitants of the other islands were, for some time at any rate, called by tribal names which survive in different forms. Various are the constructions put upon these names, and the old names and the modern are mixed in a manner difficult to unravel. Majo,* which is said to be the ancient name of the people of Fuerteventura, has been converted into Majorero by the Spaniards, who also try to explain that Majo comes from a *shoe*, referring to the curious foot-coverings of the natives. This is a poor explanation, for the shoes are similar to those worn in other islands. It is more likely to be from Majorata, the supposed ancient name of the island. Conejo, in like manner, is explained as a Spanish word, the inhabitants of Lanzarote being now called Conejeros, because of the number of rabbits in the island. It seems curious, if this explanation be true, that the Palmeros had not this name, as rabbits are said to be so plentiful in Palma. Titre-roy-gatra, which was the ancient name of Lanzarote, certainly does not seem to have any connection with Conejo. I have spoken elsewhere of the numerous names belonging to Tenerife, and they also admit of a tribal origin. Palma has quite lost its name of Benahoare, or Benehoave, and the present inhabitants are called Palmeros. As to Gomera, no one attempts an explanation, unless it be that it comes from Gumero, or Gomerita, a tribe mentioned by Leo Africanus as inhabiting the mountains of Mauritania. Numberless are the definitions of Hierro, already mentioned; but whether it comes from Hera,

* The "swells" amongst the lower classes in Andalucia are called "Majos."

Juno, or Hero, the son of Gomer, according to P. Maestro Sarmiento; or Haoaros, another tribe mentioned in conjunction with the Gumeros by Leo Africanus; or Hiero, who was a tyrant of Syracuse during the first Punic war; or none of these, is a matter not yet decided. But the signification of the names of the islands renamed by the Spaniards, as they are now known, is equally difficult of elucidation. There are no more palms in Palma than elsewhere. Fuerteventura is the least likely of all the islands to be considered as worthy of its name, *fuerte*=strong, or fort, *ventura*=chance, luck, or, as some say, Buenaventura=good fortune. Viera states that Canaria is undoubtedly a Latin name, and draws certain deductions therefrom. This, however, is scarcely an argument, as, whatever names the islands or their inhabitants possessed, they would be latinised by the historians of the conquerors. Instances of this mispronunciation, and consequently misspelling, are numerous, all conquering nations more or less altering the names of the places conquered. The same reasoning will also apply to Suetonius Paulinus, who would, of course, pronounce the name of the tribe he called Canarii, in Latin fashion, which Pliny would also be inclined to perpetuate. Guanche, as I have already remarked, applies *only* to the ancient inhabitants of Tenerife, though now used generically for the ancient inhabitants of the group. That this name has also been altered or modified to some extent is conjectured. Tinerfe, some say, is Chinerfe; and Teide, Echeyde; which is said to have signified Infierno (hell), and from this the island before the conquest was known in Europe as the Isla del Infierno. Bory de St. Vincent works backwards, and tries to show that the ancient Egyptians came from the Canarians, who were the remains of a nation which inhabited the lost Atlanta! The leaves of the laurel were placed on the head of a Guanche king at his coronation, and were similar to the lotus placed on the head of Isis. The *colocase*, a plant whose root is eaten, and whose leaves are represented in Guanche paintings, also accompanied the gods of Egypt. The best argument is, perhaps, that the mummies are embalmed in a similar way, and the incision for extracting the entrails was done in Egypt by a stone which, like the

tabona of the Guanches, was of hard basalt. Both used caves in which to lay their dead, and both used tombs of pyramidal form.

Messrs. Hooker and Ball mention that the Berber or Riffian houses are built of mud mixed with stone. Houses similarly built are to be found in the Canaries at the present day; and at San Bartolomé, Tirajana, in Gran Canaria, a Guanche house with a roof of these materials may yet be seen. The two main branches of the Berbers are mountain people; and the Touarecks of the Great Desert, from whom some of the Guanches are supposed to have come, are of the same stock. A curious fact is that the Berbers are decidedly superior to their neighbours in intelligence, industry, and activity, and we have ample proof that the ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands had laws, institutions, and customs that would not disgrace a civilised community.

The best living representative of the great Berber language is that of the Touarecks, and of them the tribes of Ayguer and Ahazzar; it is called Tamashek. It possesses a rude kind of writing, which, to the rest of the Berber stock is unknown, but which is used only for rock inscriptions, or on shields. M. de Rochemonteix finds a similarity of grammatical foundation between the Berber and ancient Egyptian languages, which would still further confirm my theory of the probability that the custom of embalming will one day be found to have been practised in the recesses of the Atlas. From the Berbers to the Canarii is but a short step. And the Oasis of Ammon, inhabited by a people speaking the Touareck language, forms another link with Egypt. It is also not difficult to believe but that a connection existed between the ancient Egyptians and their near neighbours of the desert, the continent being thus connected from east to west. In fact, the Touarecks are proved by Hornemann and Marsden to have extended over the entire Sahara from west to east. Until, however, Morocco is opened up to civilisation, it will be impossible to give to the scientific mind satisfactory proof of the origin of the Guanche race, and the mode of embalming their dead.

CHAPTER XX.

OROTAVA—VILLA GARDENS—THE DRAGON TREE—TAXATION.

> Green is their garden and orchard, with rare fruits golden it glows,
> And the souls of the blessed are glad in the pleasures on earth that they knew.
>
> ANDREW LANG.

WE left Palma late in the evening, and after a few hours' steaming were once more put ashore at Orotava. The trip from island to island was very pleasant—doubly-pleasant from our being within sound of cheery English voices, and within touch of familiar English customs.

The following day being Sunday, we noticed to our surprise that the shoemakers were all working. It seems they take Monday as their holy or holiday, and work instead upon Sunday. St. Crispin is the patron saint of cobblers. I have never seen better mending done anywhere than in these islands. The volcanic nature of the soil is destructive to footgear, making the superior knowledge of the art of patching very necessary.

We were shown over a cigar manufactory, and found it much the same as the one at Argual, but smaller. The only disadvantage of this climate with regard to the manufacture of cigars is that it is too dry ; there is not sufficient moisture in the air, as there is at Habana. In order to obviate this, in this factory, a jet of steam is continually issuing in the fermenting room, and can be regulated to keep up the desired moisture. The idea, originated by the owner, is clever, and apparently successful.

Tobacco has only been cultivated in the island since about 1873. An insufficiency of knowledge with regard to the preparation of cigars for the foreign markets, and consequently bad sales, have prevented the cultivation assuming

anything like large proportions. In 1876 the Spanish Government offered to protect the cultivation, and bought the stock; but, owing to its bad quality, desisted from further purchases. This of course caused general discouragement, and the cultivation was to a great extent abandoned. A few planters, however, with worthy perseverance, continued, and in 1879 sent new samples to the Government, who decided to give it another trial. This proving satisfactory, a fresh purchase was made in 1882, and the tobacco admitted into the Government factories, and classed as *partido* of Cuba. The production in 1882 was 200,099 pounds; in 1883, 300,000 pounds; and if the Government continues buying, and the sales in other markets are satisfactory, it is soon expected to exceed 2,000,000 pounds. The report on the last consignment to the Spanish Government classes some as *vuelta abajo*, *partido*, and *vuelta arriba*. The prices at the last sale were five pesetas (four shillings and two pence) per kilogramme, to three and a-half pesetas (two shillings and eleven pence) per kilogramme. The cigars at Oratava when we were there were selling for about thirty dollars per thousand; a weight of about fifteen pounds.

We were again in the saddle next morning on our way to the Villa,* as the town of Orotava is called. We are staying at the Puerto de Orotava, almost immediately above which lies the Villa, about a mile and a-half distant. A new carriage road has been made between the two, so that driving is easy. This very road, however, is a subject of disagreement and grumbling. All orders from the Government and all petitions to it, with reference to any part of the island, must be transmitted through the officials at Santa Cruz. Now between Santa Cruz and Orotava is an implacable and undying feud—which feud, by the way, Santa Cruz does not admit. Santa Cruz is the principal port of call in Tenerife, and the capital, not only of the island, but of the Province; hence it gets all the trade and all the strangers. Unfortunately, however, it is not a town, nor has it the surroundings that tempt foreigners to stay in the island, and, upon seeing it, many turn away and direct their footsteps elsewhere. The temperature is slightly higher

* Pronounced *Veelya.*

in Santa Cruz than in the rest of the archipelago during the summer, and the hotel accommodation is not of the best.* Those who know of Orotava pass by Santa Cruz and hasten thither. Hence, Orotava says Santa Cruz is jealous, and does what it can to thwart Orotava. All matters of improvement urged on by the latter are pooh-poohed or altered so effectually, that they become useless, or misrepresentations of what is required are made to the home Government. The case for Orotava lies in a nutshell—it is beautiful. Therefore, if Orotava could only be the port of call, strangers would learn that Tenerife is not the barren desert that it is imagined to be from its eastern side, and money would flow from other countries into the island, rendering it rich, prosperous, and happy. The Orotavians require and urge one gigantic measure—a harbour. A mole was commenced at Puerto de Orotava, having been clamoured for, but it proved a well of money, which either was thrown into the sea, or never went further than the engineers' pocket. So it remains unfinished and almost useless up to the present. There is, however, on the east of the Puerto de Orotava, a spacious bay, partly surrounded by rocks. This, on which experts have been asked to give their opinion, is said to be capable of making a fine harbour. Owing to much urging on the part of the *diputados* of the district, engineers have been sent from time to time to report upon the matter and to draw plans. Underhand work of some sort, it is said, has prevented a favourable report reaching Madrid. Money is a very powerful agent in the matter. The Bay of Martiánez, upon its eastern side, is partly enclosed by rocks, which only need concrete between to make that side into a breakwater.† At the present time it is almost beyond dispute that Orotava is the heart of the island. It is in the centre of the fertile

* Since leaving the island I learn that an hotel (the International) has been started in the Plaza de la Constitucion by English people; and a sanatorium a little out of the city has also been opened.

† A company is actually now being promoted for the undertaking; and Martiánez has just (July, 1889) been formally declared by the Spanish Congress "a port of general interest!" A Tenerifian correspondent assures me that this is but the prelude to a host of formalities and delays attendant on the port scheme. It is *something* official, at any rate, and may lead to better things.

district. Not only is it beautiful, but its port would be more accessible for the export of the wine, fruit, and other produce and industries of the inhabitants. It is a shorter distance, too, from Orotava, than from Santa Cruz to the lovely and little-known islands of Palma, Gomera, and Hierro. As it is also the starting point for the Peak, strangers go thither. At present yachts, when they visit the islands at all, must anchor at Santa Cruz, (the roadstead at Orotava being too open,) their owners driving the thirty-eight kilometers (about twenty-four miles) across the island to Orotava. Of course a harbour at Orotava might be almost a death-blow to Santa Cruz. But I would suggest this idea to the thoughtful consideration of all Tenerifians. Would it not be better for all to join in making Tenerife the principal island, irrespective of the town, be it Orotava or Santa Cruz? The time is not far distant when the fact of there being a commodious harbour in Gran Canaria will attract shipping, and consequently capital and strangers, to the island. What Santa Cruz fears of course is losing her position as capital, a position that Las Palmas earnestly covets, and for which she is striving hard. There is little chance of Santa Cruz increasing much in importance except as a coaling station. The advantages she now possesses she has had for a century, whereas Las Palmas is increasing by rapid strides. The Peak will always make Tenerife the centre of the archipelago; and it is only right that that island which is the wealthiest, which contains the vast majority of the aristocracy, is the largest, and has the greatest population, should also possess the capital of the province. The population of Santa Cruz and Las Palmas is at present equal, both containing about 16,000 inhabitants,* but whereas all the wealth of Gran Canaria is centred in Las Palmas, that of Tenerife is scattered throughout the island, notably in Laguna and the Orotavas. The population of Gran Canaria is about 90,000, whereas Tenerife has 105,000 inhabitants, and Tenerife pays more taxes than Gran Canaria, and more dues on imports.

* It is impossible to ascertain the exact population, as, whatever the returns may be, each island makes its capital contain the greater number of inhabitants, irrespective of the real facts!

If we add to these the other islands of the group, as they are geographically as well as governmentally arranged, we find that the western division is by far the most important. Palma has some 39,000, Gomera 12,000, and Hierro 5,500 inhabitants, making a total of 161,500, against 119,000 in the other three; Lanzarote having 17,500, and Fuerteventura 11,500. The entire population, therefore, of the archipelago is in round numbers 280,500, which may be better understood by comparison. It is a little more than Edinburgh and a little less than Sheffield.

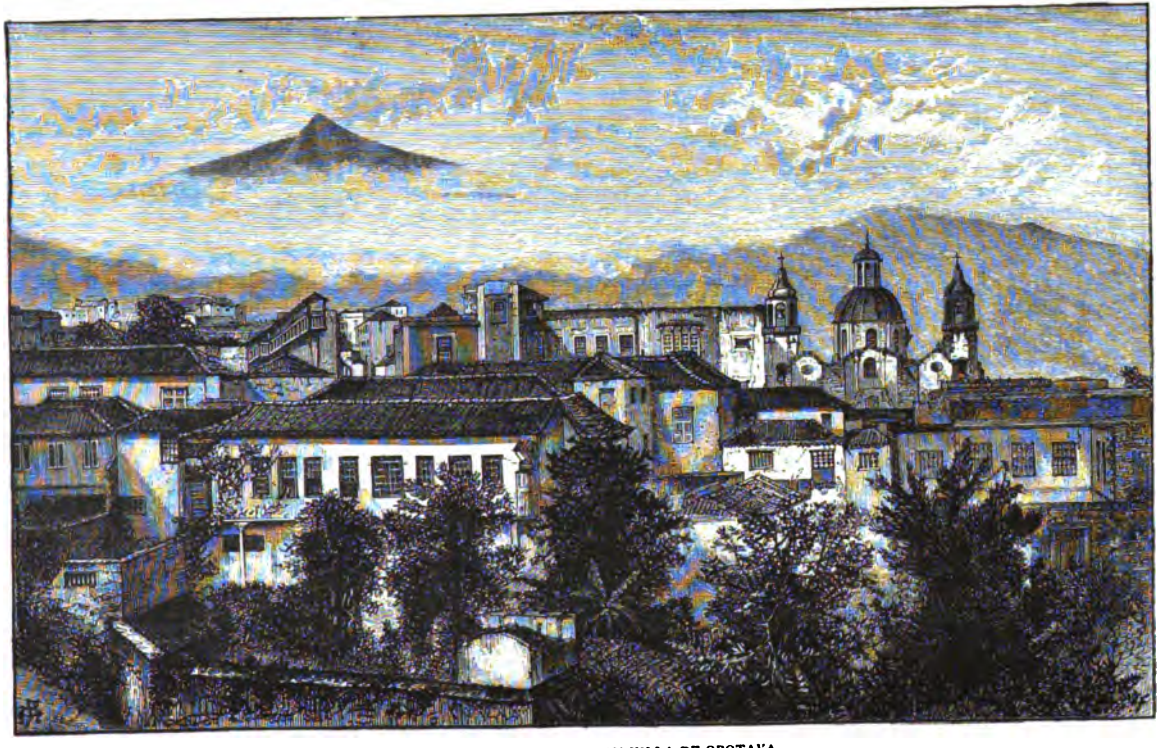
In order to reach the inn in the Villa, where we proposed to spend the night, we had to pass through the plaza. This is unique of its kind, for, instead of being surrounded on all sides by houses, there is an abrupt descent upon one side, the town stretching so much beneath, that a clear and unimpeded view can be had of the sea, the Puerto, and part of the valley. Behind the low wall, on which lamps are erected, is a broad promenade, and behind it a still larger portion covered by immense plane trees, under whose shade one can sit upon the stone seats and watch the lovely sunsets that illumine the sky over Palma. At the back of the trees and seats is a long building, part of which is the convent of San Agustin. We obtained a striking view of the Peak,

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,"

from the wall bounding the plaza.

In seeing the garden attached to the house of the Marquesa de la Quinta Roja, we were favoured with a glimpse of an earthly paradise. Her son, whom the Marquesa had just lost, was a Freemason, and the Church of Rome would not in consequence bury him. He is buried in the cemetery, it being no longer exclusively Roman Catholic, and the Marquesa has erected a handsome mausoleum of white marble in her own grounds.

We went upstairs, and thence out into the garden, which is extensive, but owing to the steep nature of the land, is terraced. Most of the walls forming the terraces are covered by creepers. At the top of the garden stands the mausoleum. We gladly turn to the luxuriance around. The scents are delicious; it is impossible to tell whence they come,



THE PEAK OF TENERIFE FROM VILLA DE OROTAVA.

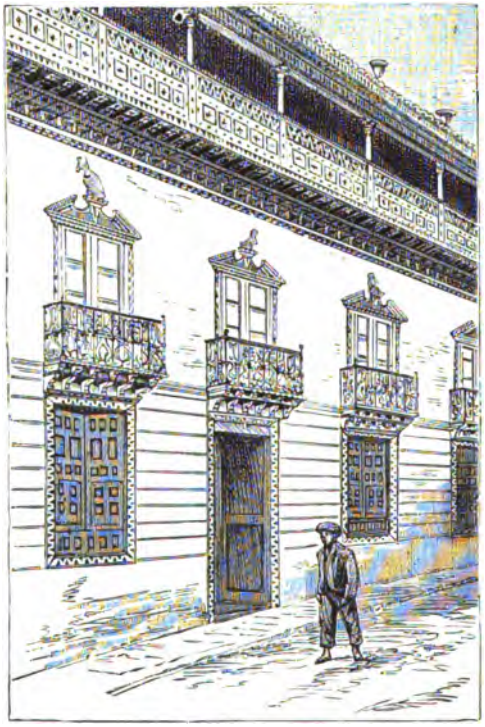
for every plant seems to be giving out perfume, save, perhaps, the immense magnolias, which reserve theirs for night. The beds are small and shaped fancifully, the high outside borders being of box, with tiles inside. Were it not for the coffee trees and other tropical plants, we might fancy ourselves in an old English garden, and from this side the house looks like an English cottage, long, low, and tiled. Numbers of birds in cages hang up under the magnolia, and seem to enjoy themselves as much as captives possibly can.

Another garden which we saw, that of the late Don Lorenzo Machado, is equally lovely, although totally different in character, being on more level ground. The Abyssinian plantain lives three and a-half years, and its leaves grow five yards in length. Arums flourish in wild beauty and abundance, and are not treasured as the apple of one's eye, as they are at home. Chrysanthemums greeted us like old friends. Oleanders and other flowers mingled with fruits of all kinds, while a coffee plantation suggested utility combined with beauty. Pomarosa fruit has a taste and scent so similar to those of roses that, if blindfolded, it would be easy to believe one was eating the latter. The aguacate (alligator's pear, or subaltern's butter) is a long green fruit, and, I think, disagreeable to eat, but that is a matter of taste. Some think anones, mangoes, and custard apples, which we also tasted, equally disagreeable.

Don Alberto Cologan, son of the Marqués de la Candia, took us to the Marqués's house to see the great chestnut tree planted in 1493. Only one branch of it is alive now. Some seeds, however, having fallen inside the old trunk, have grown into a tree, which springs out of the parent. Very curiously, too, has the new tree spread one of its branches along the inside of an old bough. The new trunk is thus cradled in the old. This new growth is bursting open, and, in fact, destroying the old tree. The branch of the giant which is still alive is only some three feet from the ground, and is as thick as an ordinary tree. The base of the trunk, at three feet from the ground, we measured, finding it thirty-two feet in circumference. The chestnut is not indigenous to this archipelago, and this particular tree must therefore have

been introduced by the Spanish conquerors. Hare's-foot ferns grow in the old tree. A wall was built at one side some years ago, and into it the tree has grown.

We were next taken to the house of Don Juan Guardia. It is a large, three-storied dwelling, and along the highest windows runs a most lovely old wooden balcony, which is carved beautifully, and is so light in appearance as to suggest delicate iron tracery. This splendid bit of work is painted,



BALCONY OF DON JUAN GUARDIA'S HOUSE, OROTAVA.

with cruel vandalism, bright green and white picked out with yellow; but even these glaring colours cannot destroy its grace and beauty. The peep into the patio through the open doorway was pleasing. A fountain and figures were in the centre, but almost hidden by a wealth of greenery, restful to the eye after the hot glare of the street. Entering Don Juan's house, we pass up a fine broad staircase. An interesting old

carving of St. Lawrence and the gridiron is in a niche on the stairs. The rooms are decorated in French style, with mirrors and gaily-coloured papers. One of them is a large ball-room, with several ante-chambers opening off it. Passing out to the azotea, we obtained a fine view of the Valley of Orotava, with the Peak in the distance, rising above the Tigayga saddle-back.

We next visited the Church of the Conception. The outside, massive and not beautiful, is flanked by two towers, containing bells, on either side of a broad façade, ugly in the extreme. But if the outside be unlovely, the interior is full of interest, and of varied beauty. Four pillars of *canteria* —a stone found in the island—slender and surmounted by almost Corinthian capitals, are on each side, the intervening arches being of most graceful shape. But the principal objects of interest and admiration are the pulpit and altar. The former is of grey marble, with the four Evangelists carved in white bas-relief on green marble panels. Cherubs' heads at the top of the panels, between the Evangelists, in my opinion, spoil what otherwise would be a rich and harmonious effect. The staircase, of painted wood, to represent marble, is also an artistic mistake. The pedestal on which the pulpit rests is the most beautiful bit of carving in the church, and perhaps in any church. An angel in Carrara marble with wings, draped in robes, concealing yet suggesting the beautiful lines of the figure, supports the pulpit. The delicately moulded arms are raised, and the hands placed behind the head. The figure is perfectly upright, and appears to be bearing, with ease, the weight of the pulpit on head and hands. So perfect are the proportions, that the pulpit does not appear as if weighing down and overpowering the slight and graceful figure which supports it. The altar, standing in the middle of the chancel, is also of Carrara marble. The centre is a dome supported by six pillars, each composed of a single piece of marble. Surmounting the dome is a figure of the Virgin in Carrara, holding a cross, and round the base of the roof cherubs are seated, their legs hanging over the edge. On either side of the two front pillars is a winged archangel in Carrara, kneeling on rough blocks of marble. The angels are

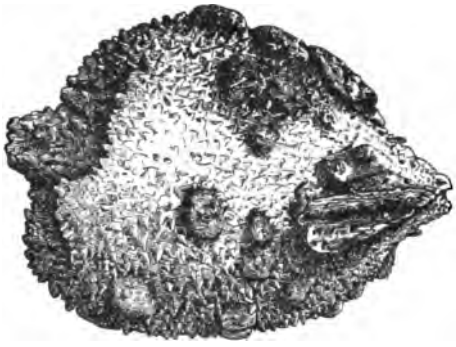
well executed, and are graceful figures. The door of the tabernacle is of silver. The altar cost 30,000 dollars (£6,000), and was consecrated July 13th, 1879. The church was built at the end of last century, and cost a million pesos (£150,000). There is a curious figure of San Francisco de Borja in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Candelaria. It is well modelled, painted in black and gold, and about three feet high; a black aureola is on the head, and a silver-crowned skull in its left hand. This is decidedly the most artistic church in the archipelago, which may be readily understood when one remembers that in it the majority of the *crême de la crême* of the isleños worship. We had several friends with us, and one gentleman who had the keys of the sacristy, took us thither to see the vestments. These were very gorgeous, brocaded in many colours with a large amount of silver and gold threads. A few were of the years 1750-60, as was also a book-stand, used when the church was consecrated, a hundred years ago. One vestment of green, with gold and strawberry colour worked upon it, was said to be very ancient, and might make South Kensington look to its laurels.

In leaving the church we entered the garden of the Marquesa del Sauzal to see the site of the famous Dragon Tree. Descriptions of this tree have been given by nearly every traveller, in every language, who has visited Orotava and written thereon. This unique vegetable curiosity, and the Peak, were the two objects visited by strangers. Now it is no more, having been destroyed in successive storms in 1819 and 1868.

The *Dracæna draco* is not really a tree, but a kind of gigantic asparagus, and a near blood relation to the fragile, delicate lilies of our gardens. What has made it so famous is the slowness of its growth. So slow is it, that the dragon tree of Orotava was by the most moderate botanist considered to be six thousand years old, while many placed its age at ten thousand. With its blood-red sap exuding freely, though with curdling slowness, at every wound, its strange crown of stiff, strong, sword-like leaves at the end of every octopus-like arm, and its scale-clad trunk, it is not difficult to trace the origin of its name. The tree which bears the golden

apples is indigenous to the Canaries, and little fancy was required, with an imaginative people, to turn this monstrous vegetable growth into the guardian dragon. Did not it bleed thick red blood, did it not bristle with swords, and was not its abode on those Isles of the Blest, far beyond the gates of Gades, in the veritable Garden of the Hesperides? The ancients always spoke of one dragon guarding the golden fruit, because the monster of Orotava was even then removed from all its comrades in size, bulk, and ghastliness. The old Guanches venerated the monster, though they were brought up under its shadow, and must have been well accustomed to its peculiarities. When Alonzo de Lugo conquered the island, he found that the Guanches performed their religious ceremonies in the hollow trunk of this particular specimen, its great age, even in their day, rendering it sacred to them. By de Lugo its large cavity was turned into a chapel, where mass was performed. Humboldt in 1799 gives an account of this vegetable curiosity. He says, "Its height appeared to us to be about fifty or sixty feet; its circumference near the roots is forty-five feet. We could not measure higher, but Sir George Staunton found that ten feet from the ground the diameter of the trunk is still twelve English feet, which corresponds perfectly with the statement of Borda, who found its mean circumference thirty-three feet eight inches, French measure. The trunk is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabrum, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca." Piazzi Smyth, who saw it in 1856, measured the trunk, and found it sixty feet high above the ground, and forty-eight and a-half feet in circumference at that level, and twenty-four feet in circumference at a height of fourteen and a-half feet. He says, "Proudly it raises its antique arms above everything around; but how it is hampered. An indigenous wild laurel tree is absolutely in contact on one side, and a Lombardy poplar is almost touching on the other; while there are such numerous peach trees, oleanders, and oranges, between and all about, that there is hardly a single point from which we can get a fair view." It is difficult to give an idea of a dragon tree to those who have never seen anything similar. The

trunk and branches are smooth, and perfectly bare, but the outer bark is divided into what can be more fitly described as scales than aught else. The branches are bare of leaves, except at the extreme points, where long, narrow, sword-like leaves, about from two to four feet in length and one or two inches wide, stand out stiffly like spikes. The branches are thick and clumsy in appearance. One of the most peculiar characteristics of this tree is the formation of glandular excrescences in its extreme old age. The Marquesa del Sauzal presented us with one of these rare and extraordinary warts from this historic tree. It is about the size of a cocoa-nut, and would puzzle a most experienced botanist to say what it is.



WART FROM THE OLD DRAGON TREE OF OROTAVA—ONE THIRD THE ACTUAL SIZE.
(*In the possession of the author.*)

The old monster was said to have been somewhat in the shape of an hour-glass—that is, although forty or fifty feet round the base, it narrowed to less than half that size, and again increased as its branches spread out, until their outer circumference would be about two hundred feet. When the storm in 1868 broke off the upper part of the tree, some of the branches lying on the ground measured eighteen feet in circumference. Notwithstanding that the trunk was supported in every way to keep it standing, it fell, and there is now not a vestige of it left. In its place, however, is its child. A seedling of the giant was planted in 1877 on the exact site of the old tree. It is a healthy plant, some four feet high; there is only a single stem, of course, from the top of which shoots out a mass of sword-leaves. When a dragon tree once branches, it never grows higher, but continues to spread in width. The branching takes place only after it blossoms. It generally does not flower for fifteen years, or even thirty. There is a dragon tree thirty years old in Doña Balbina Machado's garden, in Orotava, which has not blossomed yet.

In the Cape Verde Islands, where this sort of dragon tree is to be found, one was known to flower when only eight years old. The African dragon tree has a similar flower to that of these isles, but the form of the tree is different.

The garden of the Marquesa del Sauzal is well, one might say beautifully, kept. It is not easy, in a country where everything grows so rapidly, to keep a garden in the order to which we are accustomed in England, but the Marquesa's, while still looking wild with the wildness of nature, has yet the restraint of order distinctly marked. Standing near the infant dragon tree is a notable palm, of immense height. The

THE YOUNG DRAGON TREE OF OROTAVA, TENERIFE, IN 1884.

stem is exceedingly slender, and about half-way up there is a curious constriction. It is said this tree is as old as the Guanches, and at the time of the conquest was a landmark to the Spaniards. It is 110 feet high, and is reported to be taller than any palm in Europe. The house is some twenty or thirty yards distant, and the Marquesa told us that in a storm the tree bends until it knocks the tiles. Shortly before the death of the Marqués, while he was ill in bed, a terrific storm came on, and he could not rest or sleep, thinking that this palm, which had braved so many centuries,

would probably be broken before morning, and the second glory of his garden gone. However, it still stands, and probably owes its preservation to the fact that it bends before the wind.

Wherever we have gone in these islands, we have heard from the inhabitants many complaints regarding the treatment to which they are subjected by Spain. The taxation is very heavy, and is retarding trade. Spain takes all she can squeeze out of the archipelago, putting as little as possible into it. The natural resources of the country are thus terribly crippled. It is said that the taxation has become heavier since General or Marshal Serrano* was in the islands, during his banishment, in 1868. He was received with very great hospitality. At Orotava all kinds of invitations were showered upon him by the aristocracy of the Villa, who entertained him nobly. In order to make a better show, plate and other valuables were lent by one to the other, as each in turn entertained the general. Unfortunately, however, what seems to have impressed the guest was the wealth of Orotava, from a taxable point of view, and the hospitality thus dispensed was ill requited by heavier taxation. Whether the general's visit and the increased burdens have or have not a logical connection, is not for me to say, but it is the impression in Orotava that they have.

In 1748, Pitt wrote that England ought to use all her efforts to exchange Gibraltar for the Canary Islands. England, of course, neither could nor would consent to this exchange, although it is just possible Spain might, so little is the value of the archipelago known in the Peninsula, and so great a thorn in Spain's side is our possession of Gibraltar. Pitt was a long-headed statesman, and understood how England would develop all the resources of a possession of which Spain could neither then nor now make anything. Their resources developed, the Canary Islands might be the brightest jewel in the Spanish crown. In the Canaries, the

* It will be remembered that Serrano and his companions escaped from Tenerife, and headed the revolt in September, 1868, when Queen Isabel II. was deposed. After revolution and anarchy, someone had to pay the piper, and excessive taxation was the direct result.

Balearic Islands, and throughout Spain monasteries were abolished, and the friars scattered at one and the same time. When the Canaries were almost choked with monasteries, the poverty of the inhabitants was extreme; and during the reign of the Inquisition trade of any sort languished, owing to the heavy dues that had to be paid to that institution. In 1820 the Inquisition was finally abolished; but for a hundred years previously was allowed to exist inactive. The Church property and monasteries have been sold, and the clergy are now paid by the State. The absence of hundreds of useless individuals, living by the compulsory charity of the populace, has considerably enriched the inhabitants; and their departure has been the precursor of a better morality, and has developed a mental energy, that only requires the education of the peasantry to complete the transformation and render the islanders free.

CHAPTER XXI.

PUERTO DE OROTAVA—FREEMASONS—CUSTOMS.

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ON the slope of the mountain behind Orotava is the wood of Agua Manza, abounding with ferns, moss, and other beautiful undergrowth, that lurk in the shadow of noble trees, untouched by man's hand. The Villa is built on the lower slope, and even the streets of the Puerto are on the hillside. The Villa has, however, some of the steepest streets it has ever been my lot to see, steeper even than those of Funchal; it is also a most extraordinarily built town. Scarcely two streets run parallel; their width varies, even the same street being broad and narrow. The houses, which are old, have been erected by those who could afford to pick and choose a site, and are thus built irregularly. The walls of the streets are festooned here and there with lovely creepers. These ups and downs, odd angles, and unexpected turns render the town quaint and exceedingly picturesque. The water which gathers in the woods of Agua Manza, and flows thence to the Valley of Orotava, makes the town habitable, the people comfortable, and the gardens luxuriant.

Here in Taoro* lived the king, or *mencey*, of the island, and even when Tenerife was divided among his nine sons, he who reigned in Taoro, and his successor, was considered the chief of the chiefs. His residence was in Arautápala, the Orotava of to-day. This was Bencomo's kingdom. His cele-

* Guanche name of Orotava.

brated brother, Tinguaro the brave, and his sister Dacila, also famous in history as the most beautiful, as well as the most courageous "Guancha," belonged to Taoro also.

The temperature in the shade at the Villa at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, October 23rd, was 64° F. (17·7° C.), a very moderate degree of heat. The streets are lit with oil lamps at night, few and far between. They are paved with kidney-stones, except opposite a few houses, where evidently private pavements have been laid down. The fonda faces south-east in a street which, as usual, is sloping. It is wide, however, and the house stands at the corner overlooking, to the north-east, a large and, just now, from the crops having been removed, bare piece of land, enclosed by a low, cemented wall. At the lower side of the neighbouring square a lofty dragon tree rears its Medusa-like head, and overlooks the valley. Looking across and above the town, we see Teide rising majestically and calmly. The Puerto de la Cruz*—the real name of the Puerto de Orotava—looks but a small collection of houses, lying below on the right.

After dinner at the Puerto, which was at 2 p.m., we went out for a walk, and a most interesting walk it proved to be. Leaving the fonda, we turned to the right, and taking the first street to the right, left the town in a westerly direction. We pass Mr. Reid's store, a large and well-stocked building, and Mr. Renshaw's house, painted white and blue, and shortly are walking on the land of Dr. Perez's *finca*. *Quinta* and *finca* are apt to be used indiscriminately. The former is the Portuguese and the latter the Spanish word for a kind of small country residence, partly garden and partly farm. A *quinta* has always a house on the land; a *finca* need not have one. The English translation of this word is *farm*, but as the use of this would convey a totally wrong impression to English readers, the Spanish word had better be adhered to. For a considerable distance we walk over a vast chaos of broken-up and soil-less ground, covered with stones, looking at first like a river-bed from which water has long been absent. This had

* Care must be taken in addressing letters to Puerto to write *Puerto de Orotava*. Letters addressed Orotava go to the Villa. Telegrams must be addressed *Puerto Cruz*.

once been in a high state of cultivation; but in March, 1880, a waterspout burst on the Peak, and the water, rushing down with tremendous force and invincible volume, swept away everything into the sea, besides bringing down upon the unfortunate country quantities of large stones. To prevent the recurrence of this disaster, thick walls of well-cemented stones at various angles are being built—we saw the labourers at work—all down the slope. We pass through an avenue of young palm trees, which, in a few years, will be a magnificent plantation, and as we emerge from the shade, our attention is taken by a surgical-looking plot of ground. It is a plantation of cochineal, covered with white rags. The upper leaves of the cactus are so thickly covered, that the effect is most peculiar. The bags contain the mother-insects, and each bag is affixed to one or more of the thorns of the leaf. The material is coarse grenadine. We are again reminded of this industry by passing a small oval structure of cemented stones, with a small door—a cochineal oven. After the insects are collected, they are placed in the oven a short time to kill them and prepare them for the market.

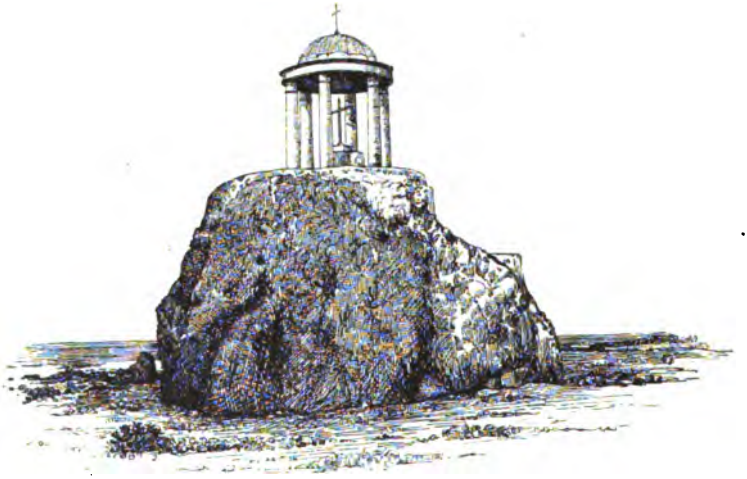
We soon approach the sea-shore, and a small whitewashed building standing alone upon a rock, which juts into the sea, challenges attention. There is a chasm between the rock upon which it stands and the mainland, with which it is connected by a few planks. It is a fortress, garrisoned by two soldiers. We next come to the Spanish cemetery, enclosed with white cemented walls, and the door being wide open, we enter. The enclosed space, as in all the cemeteries on these islands, is not large. The ground is thickly planted with black, plain wooden crosses, most of which have white ends. Several have a glass panel let in, beneath which, on a piece of paper, is written the name of the deceased person. A few mausoleums of marble are placed round the sides of the cemetery. To one of these a curious interest attaches. Some years ago an Englishman named Morris was murdered near this spot. Being entrusted with the key of his master's safe, he boasted of its possession, and displayed it ostentatiously on his watch-chain. The cupidity of two natives was aroused, and, enticing him out of the

Puerto for a walk, they robbed him of life to secure the precious key. The body was thrust into a marble mausoleum, and was only discovered owing to the keen sense of smell of a blind boy, whose information led to the discovery of the decomposed remains. The extreme sentence of the law is effected by garrotting, which is said to be second only in humaneness to beheading. Murder is a crime scarcely ever committed by the natives of these islands, and it is only for murder or treason that capital punishment is inflicted. When a case does occur worthy of the death of the perpetrator, the numerous formalities and red-tapeisms of the law proceed with a dilatoriness that is incredible. Every death sentence must be confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal at Madrid. The execution of the sentence seldom takes place sooner than two years after the commission of the offence and detention of the prisoner, and there are instances of that term being nearly doubled. Even after sentence has been pronounced in the islands, the case may be sent to Spain, unless the provisional tribunal of the Audiencia says that the sentence is without appeal. If the criminal should, however, belong to the island militia, he is tried by court-martial, and if sentenced to death, is shot at once.

Later, we saw the horrible garrottes in Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, where there are two, a second having to be made for the last execution, which was the double one of Morris's murderers.

A grave in the cemetery had just been dug. It was about four feet deep, and most irregularly shaped round the sides. Amongst the earth thrown out was a skull. A funeral now entered. The black coffin was borne from the town on men's shoulders, and some twenty or thirty men followed. There was neither priest nor music. Music is not in general use here, as in Palma, and doubtless in this instance the relatives were not able to afford to pay for the priest's services. We noticed the caper plant growing here, and also the *bougainvillea*, which has such magnificent purple blossoms. All along the shore we have passed great clumps of the stiff, columnar *Euphorbia Canariensis*, the plant which perhaps, of all others, most strikes the visitor fresh from European vegetation. A little further,

nearer the town on the left, and close to the sea, rises a circular, dome-shaped cupola, with six plain pillars, erected upon a steep and solitary rock. Steps have been made on the town side to the summit. The inhabitants of Lanzarote, about the end of the last or beginning of this century, were in great distress for want of water, which almost caused a famine in the island. Many of them came to Orotava, in search of work from the then prosperous Orotavians. Instead of their being set to do something useful—there was not a road on the island at that time—this ugly and perfectly useless monstrosity was erected, at the expense of Don Luis Lavaggi. The six pillars and the cross surmounting the whole



MONUMENT ON THE SHORE, OROTAVA.

have been added since that time, and an inscription in verse to perpetuate the imbecile, though humane, projector of the work.

Turning our face inland, we see at our feet the little, wall-enclosed English cemetery, with its waving palm and other trees. This quiet-looking little "God's acre" has recently given rise to a good deal of contention in Orotava. A well-conducted, inoffensive Freemason died, and the priests resolutely refused the corpse burial in the public cemetery. Under these circumstances, the alcalde thought proper to arbitrarily insist upon the man being buried in the English

cemetery. Mr. Reid, the English vice-consul, naturally firmly resisted this unjust proceeding, when the alcalde said that if the burial must take place in the public cemetery, the wall should be pulled down to admit the body, as the place should not be desecrated by its being brought in through the gate! Childish as it may seem, the wall of the cemetery was actually pulled down, and the unfortunate man was about to be buried, like a dog, in a corner where rubbish was accustomed to be thrown. The family of the deceased then went to Mr. Reid, and requested him to kindly allow the interment in the English cemetery, for they preferred this spot to the place and mode of interment intended by the alcalde and priests. To this request, and not to the unjust command of the alcalde, a courteous assent was at once accorded. Thereupon a fierce discussion in the papers of the island ensued, and, amongst many unpleasant incidents, one writer remarked that it was odd that an Englishman should spell Spanish better than an alcalde. The authorities have since demanded that the key of the English cemetery be handed to them, and this has been done, by many it is thought, unwisely, though under public protest. The plot of land in question was first given to the Dutch by the Spanish Government, but for more than fifty years past—long enough to establish a title—as testified by Mr. Charles Smith and other old residents who have lived that time on the island, it has been in the undisputed possession of the English. The Dutch, it appears, died out in Orotava, though there is said to be a settlement of them, or their descendants, still in Taganana, a northern district of Tenerife; and since the English have been possessors, the wall around has been raised, trees planted, and the cemetery well kept and cultivated, while formerly it was open, unkempt ground.*

We re-enter the town through the district called Ranilla.† The street is wide, paved with the unpleasant pebble stones, the houses on either side being small, and of one story. After

* The ground has been proved to be the property of the Spanish Government. The alcalde has a right, consequently, to enforce burials there, if he feel so disposed.

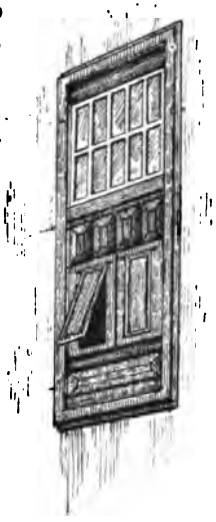
† "Little Frog."

we have gone fifty yards, a curious object meets our gaze. It is a volcanic blowhole, about sixty or seventy feet high, rising abruptly from the midst of the houses over which it towers. It is of hard black lava, and reminds us that this quiet, sleepy-looking town has once been the scene of terrible destruction, of horrible fury, and molten rocks. When will this mighty volcano break forth again, and its molten streams of fiery fluid rush impetuously by the shortest courses to the sea? None can say. On every hand around are signs of the fearful past, and the history may be repeated at any moment. A little further on, about fifty yards down a street to the south, is another of these solidified bubbles, the side facing us being hollow and cavelike. The former has a large cross upon the top, and in front of it, facing the street, a "Calvary" has been built. The appearance of this from the other side of the street is striking. The whole of the front is made of wooden bars set vertically in tiers, so that it looks like a large cage in a menagerie. It contains several crosses and the usual ornaments, besides being used as a storehouse for the paper lanterns used on *fiesta* nights.

There was a strong wind blowing from the south-east, instead of the usual north-east trade-wind. This is the most trying wind of the archipelago. It is the Levanter from the Sahara. Fortunately, however, its visits are few and far between, for it makes everyone cross!

Upon the other side of the town a path winds round the face of the cliff, upon the summit of which is the Marquis of Candia's house and grounds of La Paz. The path is simply a narrow ledge on the side of the precipice, nothing more. The soil is red and powdery, while above is a lava stream, whose dull brown contrasts not unpleasingly with the gay colour beneath. Under an overhanging rock, in a slightly expanded portion of the path, two short pipes of stone project a foot from the surface of the mountain, from each of which clear, limpid water is running. It is the famous water of Martiánez, and is said to be the purest and best in the whole island. We found the temperature of this water to be 63° F. (17·3° C.), when the air was 69° F. (20·5° C.), and we believe, on the best authority, that it never shows any variation.

Eastward from the town, on the top of the cliff, can be seen a most curious natural phenomenon. There is a sudden break in the cliff, where a short, precipitous ravine runs inland from the sea. The side of this nearest the town has been, as it were, cut down from top to bottom by a scoop or gouge. Down this half-tube the strata are shown to be composed of thin layers. The appearance is as if an immense pile of brown paper had been cut down perpendicularly at the edge by a cheese-scoop. Similar scoops, though not so perfectly formed, we saw in the Barranco de Angustia, in Palma. At the east side of this ravine, a little further on, we find a goat-track, following which, in its zigzagging downward course, we reach the entrance to the ravine by the sea. Clambering over huge boulders and large stones, we turn to the right, and are within the circle of the scoop. Looking up, we see how sheer are the sides, while an ass's bones and skull on the floor prove how fatal a fall from the top would be. The circle at the bottom is complete, save for the side by which we entered. From west to east the diameter is nineteen feet, the entrance at the east side being nine feet and a-half across. The strata, which we have compared to layers of brown paper, vary from two inches in thickness to twenty inches. The softer soil between having fallen out for a depth of a foot or less, leaves the harder strata very prominent. The height of this chimney would be about 150 or 200 feet.



POSTIGO, OR FLAP WINDOW.

Our evenings in the hotel were very pleasant. It is delightful to sit by the open windows, looking out on the stars, which here shine so brilliantly. Night after night we were much amused by the various *novios* (which may be translated lovers) in the street, who stand against the walls of the houses beneath the windows of the ladies they admire. I watched one man with much interest. He never spoke, and seldom looked at the postigo which was open above him, showing that a señorita was there; he scarcely moved

PATIO OF A TENERIFE FONDA.
From a Photograph by George Graham-Toler, Esq.)

except to change his weight from one foot to the other! What a tedious courtship, especially as it frequently goes on for years!

It is surprising the seclusion in which the daughters of the gentry live.* One would think that they were so immoral that they had to be closely guarded. Such, however, is not the case, as they are exceedingly virtuous. It is the remains of an old and effete fashion which each family in turn is afraid to be the first to break, lest they might be spoken of lightly. It robs the Spanish ladies of their beauty, for which while young they are so justly famous; and gives the elder women that settled sadness of face which is so distressing to see.

* Since writing this I see that a pamphlet on this subject has been published by an Anglo-Tenerifian, Louis Renshaw de Orea, entitled "Esclavitud Doméstica."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE REALEJOS—ICOD ALTO—BARRANCO DE CASTRO.

> But oh! what muse, and in what powers of song,
> Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
> Vines, olives, herbage, forests, disappear.
>
> COWPER.

EARLY on Friday we rode westward out of the Puerto, bound for Icod Alto. It was about seven in the morning when we crossed the barranco, or stony ground, down which the water burst with such devastating fury in 1880. Here stands a solitary house, built upon some flat rocks, and slightly above the surrounding land, looking like an island, for the torrent of water had divided above it, and swept down each side. It had a lucky escape from destruction.

Upon our left, as we ascend, a number of men are at work building a public wall by the side of the barranco, to prevent a recurrence of the late catastrophe. Very strong the wall looks. Built some four feet wide and some six or ten high, of *piedra molinera* (the same stones that are used for grinding in the mills), well set in a mixture of Roman cement, sea-sand, and hydraulic lime, it seems solid enough to withstand the greatest force of water that the Peak clouds can hurl against it. We pass the Montañeta, giving its name to the hamlet clustering around its base. These wart-like excrescences upon the ground look in the distance quite black. They are, indeed, mostly composed of black cinders. But a nearer view shows some red tints scattered about the heap. In fact, there are scoriæ and trachytes in every stage of calcination, the colours ranging from black or grey to brilliant red and the yellow of ochre. The surface is quite sterile, and rising thus, destitute of vegetation, from a fertile and verdant plain, the Montañeta is from every point a striking feature of

the landscape. A curious white line running horizontally upon it, near its base—for it arises abruptly from the slope, looking like a gigantic black wart upon the land—stands out clearly. It is an aqueduct to carry water to the lower villages for domestic and irrigating purposes. The path we have been following is, as usual, stony and rough, but compared with other roads on the island which we have already traversed, it may be said to deserve the epithet of good. Following a path between two walls, so narrow that it is with difficulty we can squeeze our horses sufficiently against one side to allow a passage for some mules coming down laden with wood on either side of their backs, we soon arrive at Cruz Santa, the little village we had seen ahead of us, and get off our horses to ascend to the cross, which stands on the top of a little rocky promontory jutting out on the slope—an altitude of 1,450 feet above the sea-level.

The two Realejos—Alto and Bajo, Upper and Lower—form really one long, continuous, straggling village, or rather country street, a barranco dividing them. We push on down the steep and roughly paved street, from the top of which is obtained a good view of the church, the oldest in the island, built on the spot where the Guanche kings were baptised, and possessing the only spire in the archipelago.

Dismounting, and leaving our horses in Lorenzo's charge, as it was now raining, we were glad to hurry on down the street and run into the church. Mass was being performed at a side altar, eight kneeling countrywomen forming the congregation. Two were clad in the white flannel mantilla, edged with satin of the same colour; the rest wore upon the head yellow, red, and speckled handkerchiefs.

We sat down on one of the side wooden benches, to wait until the service should be ended. These benches are somewhat peculiar; the back is of roughly carved wood, but the seat is a long box, in which the church candles are stored. Several of these box-benches are placed down the side walls between the altars. Four stone pillars are on each side; the arches being wide, bold, and plain. The first arch on entering upon the right has given way at the keystone; in fact a distinct bulge is visible, which should be seen to at

once. The flooring of the nave is of plain, small stones; of the two aisles, of red bricks. The roof is of wood, in the usual Canary style, with the beams carved as elsewhere, but the wood, on the whole, much darker and older than I had previously seen. The pulpit is a primitive box of wood, with the panels carved and gilded. The chancel is paved with white and black square tiles, looking like inferior kinds of marble. The church was built two years after the conquest, the patron saint being James. The best vestments are old, and of fine crewel work, which would serve as patterns for South Kensington, so well blended are the colours, perfect the workmanship, and so natural the flowers and shading. The robed Virgin, which is carried in procession, is worshipped under the title of 'Our Lady of Remedies.' There is a large cross of wood, about twelve feet high, covered with solid silver plate, which is used on fiesta occasions. The high altar calls for no comment, but upon its right, in the nave, is a copper slab, level with the floor, with a coat of arms, and bearing the date 1648. Over the altar, on the left wall on entering, is a curious, even grotesque, old picture, representing souls burning in purgatory. The font is of one large excavated stone, three feet in diameter. We inquired as to the archives of the church. The earliest were most unfortunately burnt some years ago. The oldest now extant we saw in a wooden cupboard near the font. The book was of paper, bound in leather, and the first entry—a baptism—bears date 1542, the writing being very good and clear, and the ink even now jet black.

The tower is not over the church, but adjoins it. We ascend to the bells, which are six in number. The altitude here is 1,200 feet. The largest bell is chimed in cases of fire; the clock claims another; one is the mass bell; one is too old to be used, but it still hangs there, though its voice is never heard; and one, we notice, was made in London. The spire is a wooden erection, covered upon the outside with glazed tiles. Many of these are off, so that the structure has a careless, tumble-down appearance; this, the dilapidated arch, and the archives, demand the prompt attention of the Government, for surely Tenerife will not allow the oldest church in

the island to continue long in such a dilapidated and even dangerous condition. The tower was built in 1774; the aisle upon the right on entering, 1677; that on the left, in 1663.

The descent to Realejo Bajo is short. A deep barranco separates the two villages, which is crossed near the bottom by a bridge. In 1820, a waterspout, or fearful deluge of rain, flooded this barranco, and swept away in a few minutes more than a hundred dwellings, destroying two hundred and forty people. The marks of this terrible devastation are still apparent, the land being much torn up and scoured.

DRAGON TREE OF REALEJO, TENERIFE.

We dismount by the gates of the cemetery, for here is an enormous dragon tree, which is mentioned in the history of the conquest of the island. It stands in solitary grandeur outside of, and to the right of the gates, upon a bank facing the end of the straggling street, and is the best dragon tree to study in the whole island. That at Icod de los Vinos is older, but the view of it is not so unimpeded as here. This tree is seen in perfection when isolated from all other vegetation, a circumstance which seems just to suit the character of the strange monster.

After leaving the pretty village of Tigayga, where large

bushes of heliotrope, straggling over the walls make the place a very nest of colour and perfume, we began the stiff climb of the day, up the vueltas of Icod Alto. The path winds in more or less of a zigzag manner up the side of a precipice. It is gruesome to think what would happen if a horse stumbled. The climb is steep, and as we halt now and again we see below us the long, straggling village of the two Realejos, beyond them the three cinder-heaps, or *montañetas*, which form a significant feature in the Valley of Orotava, and every here and there a white dot or dots, representing a house or hamlet. At each turn of the road the view improves, growing more extensive and sublime. We reach a farmhouse, and passing behind it, find a goat-track, which is one of the roads to ascend to or descend from the Peak, and which no doubt the young Princes of Wales traversed during their visit. Here we leave our horses, and climb up over the grass —for up here there is turf like that of any English common— until we attain an altitude of 2,450 feet. This spot is the culminating one of the bluff or mountain up which we have ascended from the valley. A view here bursts upon us which quite baffles adequate description. The whole Valley—as it is called—of Orotava is spread out like a distinct relief map at our feet. Our faces are turned directly downwards, and we can see the Villa, the Puerto, the Realejos, in fact every village, house, and tree of the famous valley. The outline of the coast—the black margin, with its sea fringe of white—makes a pleasing frame to the scene on the left, the mountains, rising aloft and culminating in the mighty Peak, a stupendous setting on the right. This is a spot, in fact, from which the proportions of the physiognomy of the island can be corrected. The bluff—La Corona is its name—whence this view is obtained juts out slightly over the valley, its precipitous sides clothed with arborescent heaths and umbrageous laurels. It is a far finer and more impressive view of the valley than that seen upon approaching it from the north, along the carretera from Santa Cruz. As we gaze at the marvellous scene thin streaks of white mist have been floating lazily about in the abyss at our feet, and now quite suddenly they collect, amalgamate, and in a moment we are upon an island

of some thirty yards diameter, bounded all round by an impenetrable white sea. The contrast of the vastness of the view a minute before and the present very circumscribed area was startling. It was eerie to think of the depths lying a yard in front.

Returning at a run to where the horses were stationed, we mount and ride in the direction of Icod Alto, and here we find ourselves below the mist, which proves to be merely a band encircling the mountains above. To this band of mist, no doubt, Orotava partly owes its equable temperature. We could now see, in addition to the coast towards Orotava, the coast line, on the other side, away to Garachico and its sentinel rock in the sea. The Barranco de Castro, beautifully clothed with verdure and trees, was reached at 1.15 p.m. The descent to the bottom is very steep, down a zigzag path, bordered with ferns, and shaded by laurels and heaths. A spring issues from the precipitous side of the rock at the bottom, and splashes into a circular natural basin. Six yards further up is another spring, which flows into a trough for the use of cattle. The bottom of the barranco is here most picturesque, and the effect was increased when two artistically clad boys appeared, clambering over the huge rocks, and driving some donkeys to water. The donkeys drinking, the boys, with their poles, sitting on fern-clad boulders, stolidly looking on, the straight wall of the barranco in the background, made a scene as romantic as could be desired. The sides of this barranco, and the floor lower down, are covered with magnificent specimens of laurels. Some are very old, gnarled, and grotesque. They grow to forty or sixty and more feet high, and have trunks thick in proportion.

Shortly after three o'clock we were on our way back to Puerto, clattering over the paved street of San Juan de la Rambla, the quiet, sedate little village which we had already passed through upon our way to Chasna. We drew rein at the same venta at which we had previously halted, and again appreciated the famous malmsey wine of this place. One of the daughters of the house was spinning. Under her left arm she held the *rueca*—a piece of cane about three feet long, the end of which, for ten inches, is split into four or five pieces

where is placed the rough flax—and in the right hand she held, between thumb and first finger, the tip of the spindle (*huso*), a piece of heavy wood, spindle-shaped, and with a projecting rim round the bottom. This she kept twirling round, and the thread, guided thereto by the fingers of the left hand, was wound round the body of the instrument. Seeing that I was interested in the process, she took us into an adjacent shed, and showed us a weaving machine, of the rudest construction, evidently entirely home-made. Here the thread she had just spun was being made up into cloth, about thirty inches wide, for trousers and other garments. The colour was not quite that of what is called brown holland, but a faint grey, obtained by dipping the thread in a weak solution of ordinary ink. The peasants about here sell this rough linen at about ninepence a yard.

SPINNING, SAN JUAN DE LA RAMBLA.

The lengthening shadows on the road warned us that it would not be prudent to linger at this agreeable little hostelry, so, bidding the hostess a final adieu, we mounted and continued along the road towards Puerto. A little distance further, and we pass the Piedra del Gallo—a huge boulder rock, which some day or other must have fallen from the heights above and rolled over to where it now lies, on the left of the road. The side of this rugged monster next the sea is slightly hollow, and a cottage, with inhabitants, nestles in its rough embrace. A huge rock had, we heard, fallen a few days ago from the heights at Garachico, a little further along the same coast. We were surprised to see a second Giant's Causeway jutting out into the sea. The columnar pillars, as in the North of Ireland, had been broken off at various heights, and the angular facets form horizontal plat-

forms of irregular sizes and dimensions. The sea washes over part of the formation, but part appears to be always high and dry. In extent this curious formation is not so large as the Giant's Causeway, nor are the columns quite so regular.

Scattered here and there along this part of the shore of Tenerife are several country-houses, or *ramblas*, many of which are in lovely situations. But darkness was now fast coming on, we had little time for lingering, and we had perforce to push on to the carriage road, where, wishing Lorenzo good-night, we whipped up our horses, and were shortly at Orotava.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TEMPERATURES—CLIMATE—TAXATION—GUANCHE CUSTOMS.

We who love gardens are in the best of good company. The wisest and the noblest of men, all the poets and gentlewomen in every age have loved the seclusion and privacy of a garden, where the treasures of nature have been gathered together for their pleasure and delight.—WALTER BESANT.

THE climate of the Canary Islands will be better understood by the tables given in the appendices, than by any assertions of its salubrity. It is the one point that has been frequently studied, chiefly by foreigners, and quoted in pamphlets and articles on Tenerife. The Valley of Orotava, about which almost the whole of the available statistical matter is concerned, faces the sea due north, on sloping ground, and is completely protected on the south and east by the Peak and its chain, and partially on the west by Tigayga. Dr. Wild, who travelled through Madeira, and visited Santa Cruz and Orotava about 1840, says that thirty-four degrees of dryness is the usual state of the atmosphere in Orotava, whereas in Madeira it only once reached that state during the nine years of Dr. Heineken's stay in the island. The annual mean temperature of Madeira he gives as 65° F. (18·3° C.), that of Orotava 70·9° F. (21·6° C.), and that of Santa Cruz 71¼° F. (21·8° C.). The Rev. R. E. Alison, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for 1866, states that he went to Tenerife with the worst symptoms of consumption, and that in three months after his arrival he ascended the Peak. He gives a table of temperatures, in which the *mean* annual temperature of Santa Cruz is 70·5° F. (21·1° C.), of Laguna 62·51° F. (16·9° C.), of Villa de Orotava 66·34° F. (19° C.). He also gives the *mean* temperature of the four seasons of the year, taking spring as March, April, and May.

	Fahrenheit.	Centrigrade.
Spring	64.25	17·91
Summer	70·95	21·63
Autumn	61·71	20·95
Winter	60·40	15·8

A similar cure was effected in the case of Mr. Charles Smith, who left England when young, with one lung gone and his life despaired of, to seek health at Orotava. He married and had a family, living to a ripe old age. He returned to England many times, and on two occasions was shipwrecked, once suffering much, and losing valuable instruments and notes. During his residence on the island he three times ascended the Peak. Dr. Marcet's notes on Orotava are so recent that they need not be repeated here. M. Belcastel has gone very fully, in a pamphlet written in 1861, into the advantages of Orotava, compared with other places. He gives the following *mean* temperatures for the year 1861 :—

	Fahrenheit.	Centigrade.
London	50·6	10·4
Paris	51·8	11
Pau	57·6	13·2
Nice	59·6	15·4
Rome	60	15·6
Madeira	66	18·9
Orotava	68	20

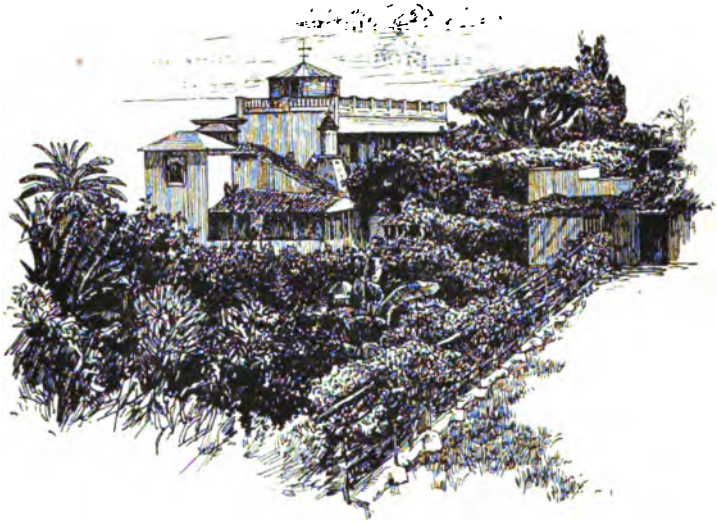
But what is, perhaps, a better test, he chooses for the five months of our northern winter the *lowest mean* temperatures in these respective places :—

	Fahrenheit.	Centigrade.
London	42·8	6
Paris	43·4	6·4
Pau	44·4	6·9
Nice	50·4	10·3
Rome	51·8	11
Algiers	59·8	15·4
Madeira	62·4	16·9
Orotava	64·4	18

At Orotava we met Dr. and Mrs. Hjalmar Öhrvall, of Upsala, Sweden. Much later, after we had returned to England and he to Sweden, he kindly sent me a table* of the observations he made during a six months' residence in Orotava, at the same time stating in his letter, "I am entirely

* See Appendix.

here do. Laguna is a sort of meeting-place for the Santa Cruz and Puerto de Orotava residents, having a cooler climate than either of those towns. The garden in the Sitio del Pardo is laid out in terraces, and well filled with trees of all descriptions. What delighted our English eyes was, however, a piece of green sward, which, though small, was level and green as an English lawn. Bananas, oranges, guavas, and papayas (a fruit like a melon) are in quantities, and are guarded, as usual, by a dragon-tree, of which we took a



SITIO DEL PARDO, OROTAVA.

photograph. Roses and geraniums grow wild, and maiden-hair in profusion, while red dragon-flies flit around. Outside the first garden is a more open space, terraced, with a path leading through its midst up the hill to a summer-house, whence there is a fine view of the Villa, Puerto, and Peak. From the first terrace we get a good and pretty view of the house. It is painted pale yellow, picked out with green on verandah, balcony, and azotea. In front rises the dragon-tree out of a foreground of plumbago and bougainvillea, the green of laurels and orange trees filling up the space around. The walks are laid out on a chaos of lava and stones, a large round cistern accounting for the prevalent luxuriance. There are a

good many rhamnus bushes. Three young dragon-trees grow without care in what is unmistakably native soil. In shape they look like carrots, having the point only in the ground.

We wended our way back to the Puerto, passing through the Plaza de la Iglesia. The women, nearly always dressed in black, with mantillas, wearing no gloves, but carrying fans, glide along the shady side of the street. A few, with modern ideas, dress, however, in European fashion. I must say I like the mantilla; it is very picturesque, admirably suiting the Spanish style of beauty.

> "For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
> Bright hues, when out of doors, and yet, while wave
> Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
> The basquina and the mantilla, they
> Seem at the same time mystical and gay."

Numbers of people emigrate to America and the West Indies from these islands. It is not that they are over-populated, but, in the depressed state of trade, heavy taxation, and absence of industries, it is not possible for the people to make either fortunes or competencies. They are, as a rule, fortunate in the far west, and keep up a connection with their island home by letters. The Canary newspapers regularly publish letters from correspondents in the West Indies. Frequently they return with what is in this archipelago considered a fortune, and settle down in their old home. It is thus that in these islands one finds better and broader-minded men, who have thrown off the inertness characteristic of the peninsula, and who, having travelled, have more advanced ideas. Owing to the presence of these Indianos—as those who make fortunes in America and the West Indies are called—the archipelago is ready to push forward, were the opportunity only forthcoming. But, while they are governed by Spain, through Spanish officials, their efforts are paralysed.

The morning of Sunday, October 28th, was lovely, a blue sky overhead, and bright sunshine greeting us. This is the *verano de San Martin* (the Indian summer), like June in England. The Peak had donned his winter mantle, and, from the summit to where our view was intercepted by Tigayga, was plentifully streaked with white, glistening snow.

The temperature on the azotea in the sun at 9 a.m. was 88° F. (31·2 C.). Some say that the name of the island is derived from the wintry appearance of the Peak, *tener* meaning snow or white, and *yfe*, mountain. Teide, or Teyde, as I mentioned before, is also supposed to come from *echeyde*, the Guanche word corresponding to our *hell*. This is extremely probable. *Ch* in Guanche seems to have been invariably converted into *t* in Spanish, as again in the name of the old king Chinerfe, or Tinerfe.

It would appear from all accounts that the natives of Tenerife, the Guanches proper, were the most civilised of all the ancient inhabitants of the islands. Azurara gives a short account of them in his time, as he has of the rest of the archipelago. He states that the Guanches "had plenty of wheat and vegetables, and abundance of pigs, sheep, and goats, and were dressed in skins." They lived in huts and caves, and their principal occupation was war. "There were eight or nine tribes, each of which had two kings, one dead and one living, for they had the strange custom of keeping the dead king unburied until his successor died and took his place; the body was then thrown into a pit. They were strong and active men, and had their own wives, and lived more like men than some of the other islanders. They believed in the existence of a God." Cadamosto, writing in 1455, after the conquest of some of the islands by Bethencourt, says of Tenerife, that it was governed by nine chiefs, who became kings by force, not by inheritance. "Their weapons were stones and javelins, pointed with sharpened horn instead of iron, and sometimes the wood itself hardened by fire. . . . The inhabitants went naked, except some few, who wore goats' skins. They anointed their bodies with goat's fat, mixed with the juice of certain herbs, to harden their skins and defend them from cold, although the climate is mild. They also painted their bodies with the juice of herbs; green, red, and yellow, producing beautiful devices, and in this manner showed their individual character, much as civilised people do by their style of dress. They were wonderfully strong and active, could take enormous leaps, and throw with great strength and skill. They dwelt in caverns in the mountains.

Their food was barley, goat's flesh, and milk, which was plentiful. They had some fruits, chiefly figs, and the climate was so warm, that they gathered in their harvest in March or April." It is from the MS. translated by Glas that we gain most information. He says that they were of middle stature, and that those living in the north of the island were fairer than those in the south. The king was treated with great reverence, homage being performed by prostration. They acknowledged one God, with several titles, which signified His omnipotence. He adds further that "they had a custom among them, that when a man by chance met a woman alone on the road, or in a solitary place, he was not to look at or speak to her, unless she first spoke to, or demanded ought of, him, but to turn out of the way. . . . The men wore cloaks of goats' skins, dressed and softened in butter; those of the women were longer, and reached down to their feet, with petticoats of the same stuff underneath. . . . They used a black, hard stone, sharpened and made fit for killing sheep, cutting and working timber, etc. These they called *tavones*." They learned warfare in the numerous tribal disputes they had about their flocks. The approach of an enemy was announced by "smoke or by whistling, which was repeated from one to another. This latter method is still in use amongst them, and may be heard at an almost incredible distance." Their ideas of nobility and its origin are interesting. "They believed that God created them of earth and water, and that he made as many women as men, giving them cattle and everything necessary for their subsistence, but that afterwards, they appearing to him to be too few, he created more; but to these last he gave nothing, and when they asked him for flocks of sheep and goats, he told them to go and serve the others, who would in return give them sustenance; from these, say they, are descended the *achicarnay*, or servants." The Guanches were said to be very cleanly, washing their hands and faces on rising and before and after eating. "After eating, they did not drink for the space of half-an-hour, as they imagined that drinking cold water immediately after eating warm victuals spoiled and hurt the teeth." For murder, the criminal's estate was confiscated, and

given to the relations of the victim. The murderer was banished, but not allowed to be injured, as "they never punished any person with death, saying that it belonged to God alone to take away that life which he gave," a sentiment that would not disgrace a modern civilised community. Another custom mentioned by Glas is, that "when one person went to the house of another, he did not attempt to enter in, but sat on a stone at the door, and either whistled or sang till someone came out and desired him to walk in. Whoever observed not this ceremony, but entered into another person's house without being invited, was liable to punishment, as they reckoned it a very great affront." By all which it will be seen that the Guanches were not what we call uncivilised. They had regular laws, which were enforced, and their customs and habits cannot for a moment be called savage. The very fact that they embalmed their dead places them among the civilised communities of the world.

After service, as usual, at the vice-consulate, and luncheon, we went to La Paz to say good-bye to the Marqués and Marquesa de Candia, as we purpose turning our footsteps from Orotava the beautiful on the morrow. The Marqués is trying how sugar-canes will do at La Paz; they seem to thrive, and take kindly to the climate. The percentage of juice obtainable from the canes in the Canary Islands is greater than that obtained in the West Indies, and the quality is also better, so that there is hope that growing this staple may prove a valuable industry in time. It certainly will be a boon to the *isleños*, who at present pay very highly for sugar, but whether it will repay the cost of exportation is a matter yet to be proved.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TACORONTE MUSEUM—LAGUNA LIBRARY—ALL SAINTS' DAY.

There are a few spots marked with white as we look back over the story of our lives—with me chiefly landscapes of wood and water or interviews with some superior man.—FROUDE.

IT was by a diligence we left the Puerto early on Tuesday morning. We intended picking up the afternoon coach at Tacoronte, and proceeding thence to Laguna, which would give us a long day at Tacoronte. Our heavy baggage we had sent to Santa Cruz by cart.

The diligence in question was very old—coach-shaped, not like an omnibus. The door would not close on account of the wheel, which got in the way! There were five inside and a child, so we were relieved to hear that we had only to go as far as the junction, where we were to be transferred to the Villa coach, which we devoutly hoped might prove better. The brake was on all the time, although we were going up-hill, because it *couldn't be taken off!* At the junction of the roads to the Villa and Puerto we got out of our "shandredhan." Here we found the Realejo coach, a sort of van with canvas sides, and a few minutes later the Villa coach appeared on the scene. It was an old omnibus, and though capable of holding a good many, there were such a number of travellers that the Puerto vehicle had to come on likewise. We luckily succeeded in getting a couple of seats on the outside of the Villa omnibus.

A good many people are astir upon the roads. We meet some women with baskets, bound no doubt to the Villa or Puerto with their wares. Next we overtake a couple of soldiers going to Santa Cruz for drill. They wear blue jackets and red, baggy trousers; the jackets are caught in at

the waist by leather belts, only a couple of inches of jacket appearing below. Next an itinerant dealer in cotton goods passes, also travelling betimes.

The cochineal cactus is now cut, and, lying on the ground, it looks still more ugly than when standing. The leaves are by law obliged to be buried in pits, for certain outbreaks of fever, which occured some years ago, were attributed to the leaves being left to rot.

Santa Ursula and Matanza were in turn passed, and soon after we descended from our perch at a lane leading down to Tacoronte. Fortified by an ample breakfast we were taken to see the museum, which is in the village of Tacoronte, a little distance from the house of our kind entertainers. It consists of a cottage of three rooms, opening out of each other, one of which is devoted to Guanche relics; another and larger room to Peruvian and old weapons with which the Spaniards conquered Tenerife; and the third contains fish, shells, etc., none of which belong to the island. Sebastian Casilda was the founder of the museum. He was never out of the island, and did little in the way of research himself, most of the articles having been brought to him by others, as it was known that he was anxious to procure curiosities. There are several mummies in the museum. One is of a Gaunche man, not very perfect, five feet eight inches in length. Another is left encased in leather as it was found, pieces of leather about an inch wide tied and knotted round it, and the leather case tied at the top of the head as a sack's mouth would be fastened. Another mummy, of a woman, said to have been found half-way up the Peak, had the legs from the knees doubled back to the hips, and in that position measured three feet four inches. It is said that the mummies were chiefly preserved with dragon's blood. The incision for extracting the entrails was performed with a stone, or *tabona*, as it was in Egypt; both the Egyptian and Guanche stones were of basalt. Food was always placed beside the dead, another custom common to the Egyptians. Mummies have been found in Palma, Hierro, Tenerife, and Canaria, the latter chiefly in heaped-up tombs of stone. It is a pity that, as at present, Guanche mummies can be

so readily procured, there is not even one in the British Museum. I was shown a mummy there which I was told was Guanche, but it was only Peruvian. The figure was in a doubled-up position, sitting with the knees to the chin, as mummies have never been found in the Canary Islands. I vainly endeavoured, save of course among the archives in the library, to obtain information or see relics of this interesting and lost race in the British Museum.

Guanche mummies must formerly have been brought to England by sailors in some quantity, for in old books upon magic and alchemy, the substance of the dried bodies is mentioned as of great potency in certain medicines and incantations. Francis Barrett—"Student in Chemistry, Metaphysicks, Natural and Occult Philosophy, etc., etc.," as he styles himself—seriously says in his "Natural Magic," that Guanche mummies are monsters, the result of marriages between devils and men, and that mariners frequently brought home these creatures from the mountains in the Canaries. They "called them Tude-squils, Stude-quills, or Stew'd quills, for they were dried dead carcases, almost three-footed, and so small that a boy might easily carry one of them upon the palm of his hand, and they were of an exact human shape; but their whole dead carcass was clear or transparent as any parchment, and their bones flexible like gristles; against the sun, also, their bowels and intestines were plainly to be seen; I considered that to this day the destroyed race of the Pgymies were there:"—a cheerful look-out for the present inhabitants of the islands! The great scarcity of these mummies at the present day is doubtless partially accounted for by this mediæval demand for their powdered dust, by quack doctors, and dealers in magical spells.

Dragon's blood is like dark treacle in consistency, but after a time, on exposure to the air, it becomes dry and is easily crumbled. It is still an article of commerce. But other species of dragon trees, and other shrubs common in Asia and America, are now requisitioned for the "blood," which, although inferior in quality, can be sold so much cheaper that it has destroyed the market for the real article. The skins used by the Guanches were preserved in the

dragon's blood. Skins were sewn with leather and fibre threads, and the work was on the whole fine and even, pieces being fitted into each other in a clever manner. A leather pouch we saw thus sewn round the edge. There were also dresses of goats' skins found in 1855. These were beautifully prepared, the natural colours being yellow, speckled, dark brown, and fawn, much the colours of the goats at the present day. A short stick with a crook, a long one with a knob, and a walking-stick found beside an old woman we also noted. Gofio mills of all sorts and sizes abound, and can readily be picked up over the islands. There were curious jugs of leather, old Spanish relics, about twenty-one and a-half inches high; an earthenware jug of Guanche make, and perfect; an earthenware bowl, black, and marked with horizontal lines, bearing this inscription by Don Sebastian: "Benahoare, nombre antigua de la Palma, antes del año 1490," showing that it comes from Palma. The label upon another, a little smaller, tells that it was found in Fuerteventura, and belonged to the *majos* of that island, 1403 being added as the latest date when it could have been made. Some of the gofio mills have four holes for putting a stick into. As one hole got worn another was used. Some had high mouth-holes. A pestle and mortar of old Spanish make, a Guanche skull, spoon, and pounder were all interesting.

GUANCHE GOFIO MILLS AND VESSELS, TACORONTE MUSEUM.

We had but a short distance to walk to the lower church of the two in Tacoronte, which is one of the oldest edifices in the island. There is a fine candelabrum of Mexican silver, weighing seventy pounds, and a very beautiful font of white marble. The altar is entirely of silver. A table in the sacristy is made of an island wood called *barbuzano*,

which has been worked very beautifully. The most distinct recollection I now retain of the Tacoronte church—that of San Agustin—is that I suffered the remainder of the day from "church plagues," as the smaller enemies of cleanliness may well be called here.

We walked from Tacoronte as far as the carretera, where we hoped to meet the coach. As it did not put in an appearance we walked on a little way. Near Tacoronte, on a side road, is a cluster of straw houses with only low stone walls, exceedingly picturesque. One had taken fire a short time before, while there was a baby inside, but it had fortunately been saved.

We saw a couple more soldiers going to Santa Cruz to report themselves, as they have to do on the first of each month. Every young unmarried man is liable to be drafted for service, unless he has a mother depending upon him for support. Those upon whom the lot falls are obliged to provide substitutes, or to serve for four months in each year at Santa Cruz, or such other places as may have a military force stationed in them. This system has had the worst effect on the peasantry of Tenerife. An ignorant young labourer, after carrying a musket for one-third of the year in so dissolute a town as Santa Cruz, returns to his fields initiated in all the vices and profligacy of a seaport, with little desire for his former occupations, but rather serving to corrupt his young associates, and producing by these means perhaps as great a degree of immorality in the most retired and unfrequented parts of the island as in its most populous places.

Emigration goes on extensively in proportion to the population. As it is not, however, permitted until a man has served in the army, and has had special leave to go, numbers slip away without telling anyone. In 1883, 2,160 went to Cuba, and 1,248 to America. This official statement of numbers is, like many other statistics, very imperfect, and we are told that about double that number would be a much more correct figure.

As there was no appearance of the coach we walked on through the gathering darkness, and had almost reached Laguna when the vehicle overtook us. Visitors to the

ancient capital have now all the resources of an excellent hotel—the Hotel de Aguere—put at their disposal; but we were not so fortunate. We had determined this time to try the other fonda in Laguna, the one at which we stayed previously being unpleasant because of its unsavoury odours. The only information or address we could obtain was that the landlady was known as "Comimela," which word could not be explained to us, yet whenever mentioned eliciting a smile from the person addressed. It was some joke about food, but we failed to fathom it, except that it means literally "I have eaten it." However, we got hold of a little boy as guide, and arrived at the fonda in question.

We started immediately to seek our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, who had asked us to look them up in Laguna, and found them with some difficulty. Mr. Smith is a white-haired patriarch, with the vigour of youth still in his intellect. Although a distinguished wrangler, he is yet a thoroughly "all-round man," which mathematicians so rarely are. It was an intellectual treat, which we thoroughly enjoyed, to listen to his conversation on all subjects. He was an enthusiastic Peak-lover, as everyone is who has climbed Teide; and although he asserted that he would never ascend it again, he did so with that reserve of intonation which means, "I don't know that I won't."

The weather next morning was boisterous; it was in fact a nasty, showery, windy day, and, as we turned the corners of the streets, gusts of wind met us and rendered walking unpleasant. Withered leaves were scattered over the ground in the plaza from the neighbouring trees, and mud and pools of water reigned supreme in the roadways leading out of the town. No, I don't think Laguna is a desirable winter residence. If anyone, however, should be tired of the perperpetual sunshine of Orotava and long for rain and murky skies such as England possesses, he can obtain a semblance of the real article by a trip to Laguna in the winter months! On the other hand, as a summer resort Laguna is cool and pleasant, the temperature rarely exceeding 67° F. (19·5 C.). It is within easy drive of the mountains of Anaga and the lovely woods of Las Mercedes and Agua Garcia, and has the advantage of being surrounded by level walks.

The market is pleasant and clean. Quantities of fish were for sale, and fruit of many kinds. Three oranges sold for two *cuartos* (three and a-half *cuartos* equal about one penny), and other fruits and vegetables were equally cheap. Roast chestnuts were selling in the streets, so we invested in some to see how they were sold, and were given fourteen for one *cuarto*.

After almuerzo Mr. Smith called, and kindly took us to the Institute. This is the principal school for training the youth of the islands, to which is attached the Library. Permission to see the college or school was unobtainable, but we were allowed to enter the Library. We could not find out why we were not permitted to see any part of the college. Even after we suggested that only John should go, thinking a woman's presence might be an objection, he could neither obtain admittance, nor a reason for the refusal. Consequently we drew our own deductions, which no doubt others will do also.

The chief interest to us lay in the Library, in which are to the present day books prohibited by the Inquisition. These, while carefully hunted out and burned in Europe, rested secure in Tenerife, and were no doubt quietly perused in secret by the friars! They were gathered together and brought to this library from all the monasteries and convents when these were suppressed and the friars banished. The librarian was most kind and courteous in giving us all the information in his power; but he had not been long in office, and the cataloguing of the books was so incomplete, all order in the arrangement neglected, and so many books omitted entirely, that it was difficult to ascertain anything accurately. Glas's history of the Canary Islands is in the Library, but is a prohibited work! This one can understand, for the outspoken sailor speaks very freely of the exactions of the clergy and of other matters connected with the Church of Rome that would not be palatable to devout Roman Catholics.

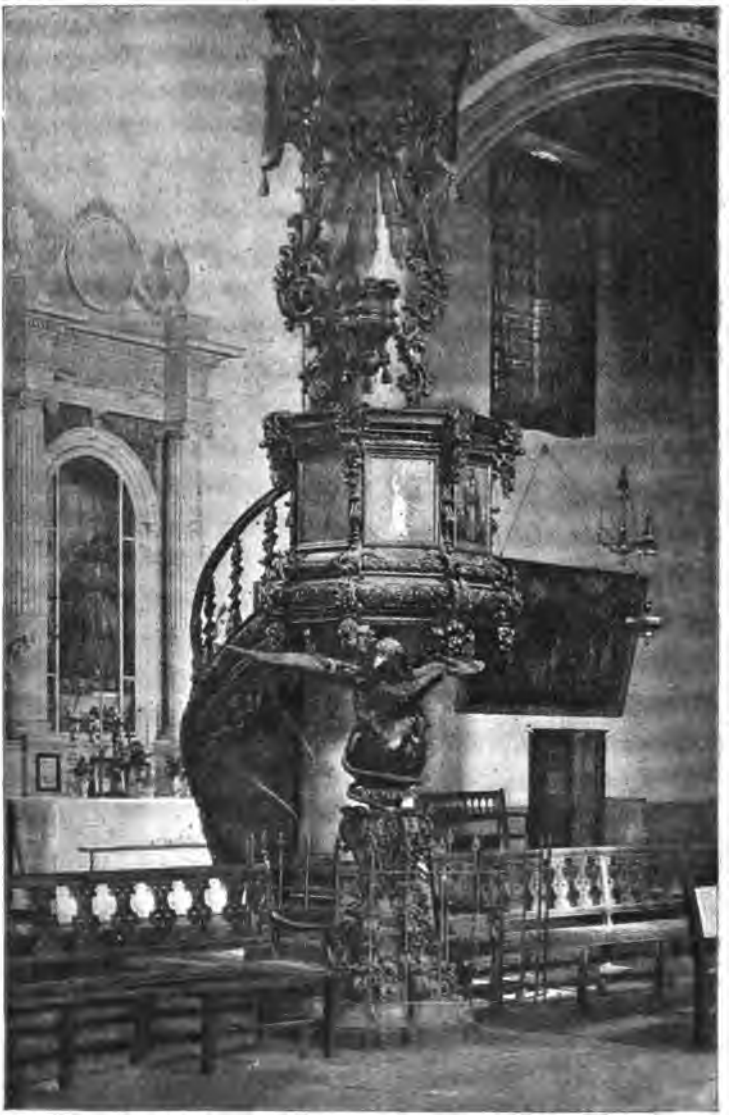
In 1836 there were 3,426 volumes in this library; in 1845, 4,602; and in 1882, 17,571. If, however, these numbers are taken from the books in the catalogue, they must be very

imperfect. The library is situated in the top story of the old convent of the Augustines. It is about one hundred feet long, and some twenty feet broad.

Mr. Smith's house at Laguna is situated in the Plaza San Francisco, about which there is an amusing story. The authorities some time since determined to introduce bull fighting into the islands, and after much parade and ostentation, and proclamation far and near for weeks beforehand, preparations were made accordingly. The fight was to take place in this Plaza San Francisco, which is a spacious piece of ground used for exercising troops. Platforms were erected, and all the *élite* of the island were present under the presidency of the Governor. An arena was prepared, and nothing was lacking to add lustre to the pomp and ceremony of the performance. Crowds gathered; the bull, an island animal, was brought forth, but no inducement, no outrage to its person or feelings, would induce that bull to fight! In fact, it turned tail and fled. The whole thing was ridiculous, and the only *bull* that showed fight at all was a *cow!* The intense rejoicing and covert amusement of those who were adverse to the bull-fight may be better imagined than described, when the brilliant pageant, with its flags, its gaily dressed people, and far-fetched matadors had to dissolve without their amusement.

There is a large number of lunatics in the island, but fortunately they are mostly harmless, and are kept by their friends at home in confinement. Until lately there was no public asylum, but a wing is now being added to the hospital in Santa Cruz for their reception. Within the last decade, Mr. Smith told us, he himself saw a *large cage being made for a madman.* Heavens! is this the nineteenth century?

Some guavas which Mr. Smith made us partake of are about the size and shape of a small apple, pale yellow, or rather cream coloured. The best way of eating them is to cut them in slices and cover with sugar. Some say they are delicious when swimming in sherry. Mangoes, which we also had in perfection, are like high-coloured peaches, with a huge stone in the centre; they are long-shaped, more like a pear, and with a flavour resembling the odour of turpentine.



PULPIT, CHURCH OF THE CONCEPCIÓN, LAGUNA.
(From a Photograph by George Graham-Toler, Esq.)

The first of November in Laguna smacked more of old England than of the sunny south. Damp, cold, and dismal outside, it was worse inside, the houses being prepared for summer weather only. The rain passed away, however, and we visited the oldest church in Laguna, that of the Concepción. It is the great rival of the Cathedral. The famous Adelantado, Alonso de Lugo, and his comrades are said to have actually worked at the building with their own hands. We first ascended the tower, from which there is a fine view of the hills grouped picturesquely to the north-west. There are no less than nine windmills to the south-west, betraying the windy nature of the neighbourhood. The carved woodwork of the altar, done by a man and his wife, is very elaborate and florid in style. Unfortunately it is tumbling to pieces, and sadly needs renovating. The pulpit, in the same style of carved woodwork, is noticeable. A spread eagle on a large ball supports the body of the structure, which is surmounted by a fine carved wood canopy. About a dozen years ago the pulpit, for its preservation, was varnished, which alas! detracts from its otherwise elegant proportions and artistic workmanship. A famous feature of this church is the picture of St. John, which at the time of the "black death," that devastated the island, was found one morning to be perspiring; the perspiration lasted forty days, when the plague ceased!—at least so the faithful allege and firmly believe. We next went to the church of San Agustin, which is not now used, there being too many edifices for the population and their purses since the seat of government was moved from here to Santa Cruz. There are two side altars of wood, one of which has a marble slab with small figures. The chancel is painted in imitation of red-and-white marble. The roof of wood is better than that in the cathedral. There are other churches in Laguna, which is, in fact, a city of priests and churches.

Besides the regular monastic orders, now suppressed, there are several different religious associations, bearing the name of *cofradias*, or brotherhoods, composed only of laymen. Their duties merely consist in taking charge of the shrine or altar to which they are devoted, and accompanying the

funerals of the members of their own fraternity. The brotherhood of the Gran Poder de Dios is composed of persons of the middle and upper classes of society. Their dress consists of a scarlet silk robe, called an *opa*, in shape like a carter's frock, worn over their ordinary habiliments. Their festival is held at rather a warm season, on the second Sunday in July, when they parade the streets bareheaded and with lighted tapers in their hands.

The parish priests in general have very limited incomes, derived from the state; they also get fees for baptisms, marriages, and burials, and for most of the numerous fiestas of different saints, processions, etc., at which they have to attend; as well as for such sermons as they are called upon to preach. The oratory of far the greater number of the preachers is very indifferent, as also are the subjects selected, and their manner of treating them.

To-morrow, being All Souls' Day, the dead are prayed for, much ceremony attending the services. It is the custom to burn lights on All Souls' Eve at the graves of the departed. Unfortunately, it was a very wet night, and we got thoroughly soaked on our way to the cemetery, from the spouts and rain overhead, and the rivulets below. The streets, however, were pleasant compared with the awful road, or rather lane, between the town and the cemetery. At the cemetery we found a great number of men, all in their blankets; lighted lamps were scattered everywhere. In fine weather the women attend, and place wreaths and crowns upon the graves, but to-night only men were present, the better classes sending their *medianeros*, stewards, or menservants, whose business it is to keep watch at the graves, fill the lamps with oil, and keep them burning. Whatever may be the case on a fine night when the relatives of those dead are present and praying beside the tombs, there was no solemnity to-night. The effect of the lights was curious, the whole cemetery being lit with innumerable lamps, four, six, or eight on each tomb; some were suspended from the iron railings enclosing the burying-places, and others were laid upon the ground.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAGUNA—CABLE—NELSON'S FLAGS—MUSEUM AT SANTA CRUZ.

> The vernal sun new life bestows
> Even on the meanest flower that blows;
> But vainly, vainly may he shine
> Where Glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine.
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NEXT day, amidst the pouring rain, we left Laguna for Santa Cruz in an elderly and dilapidated covered carriage. The weather was, in short, what might be expected at Laguna for the remainder of the winter, though we were told we were especially unfortunate during our visit. It is said that the climate of Laguna is better than it was—what must it have been?—at the expense of the rest of the island. This is chiefly due to the destruction of trees in other parts. The swamp or marsh, in winter a shallow lake, from which Laguna takes its name, is now entirely under cultivation, and eucalyptus trees are planted upon its surface to absorb the moisture. If, however, Laguna has only consecutive days of rain now instead of six months, as it had formerly, and if a portion of land has been reclaimed, a much greater surface has been lost through the absence of water. It were infinitely better that the plain of Aguere, surrounding Laguna, were a marsh, if the rest of the island were left in its primitive luxuriance.

On our way to the capital, which we reached after a drive of about fifty minutes, we passed the junction whence diverges the road to the town of Candelaria, to which a curious interest attaches. When the Spaniards came to Tenerife, they found the Guanches held in great reverence a rudely-carved image which they kept in a cave near that place. Diego de Herrera, having in Lanzarote some Guanches who knew the hiding-

place of the image, went in search of it, firmly believing that it was an image of the Virgin, and carried it off to Lanzarote. Here, however, no blessing appears to have attended its advent, for every morning, on the altar of the church at Rubicon, where it was placed, it was found with its face turned to the wall. Panic-struck, Herrera resolved to return it to Tenerife, which accordingly he did. The Guanches had not apparently missed the figure, which would lead one to suppose that they did not worship it. Or, to give the version of the Spaniards on the affair, the Guanches said that an angel representing the image was always present in the cave until the figure was returned! When, on Herrera bringing it back, however, and sending word to them that he had it on his ship, they were made aware of their loss, they besought him to return it to them, which he did. He, however, gained by the transaction, for the Guanches, instead of being angry and resenting the theft, only thought of its restoration, and were so full of gratitude to Herrera, that some months later they allowed his son, Sancho Herrera, to build a fort for commerce at Añaza.

The Guanche image would appear to have been found on the beach towards the end of the fourteenth century, about 1390, by some shepherds. It was placed in a cave, and there kept until its theft by Herrera. When the Spaniards had conquered Tenerife, a chapel was built for its reception, from which, by order of Charles V., it was transferred to the care of the Dominican friars, who built a monastery near the spot where it was found. Although sometimes it was removed on various excuses, it always found its own way back to the monastery, with bedraggled skirts! The departure of the image was in accordance with its arrival. During the frightful storms, accompanied by rain, which devastated the island from the 6th to the 9th of November, 1826, when two hundred and twenty-five houses, an equal number of people, and nearly a thousand head of cattle were destroyed, the battery and convent of Candelaria, containing the image, not being built on secure foundations, were washed into the sea, the eighteen friars who occupied the building flying and leaving the image to its fate.

The day of our arrival in Santa Cruz proved to be one of rejoicing, evoked by the fact that the steamers to lay the cable had just anchored off the town. It is almost impossible to convey to English minds the intensity of feeling here with reference to the cable. It must be remembered, in the first instance, that these islands have always been systematically snubbed by the Peninsular Government. But little notice has been taken of them by Spain except to extract taxes from the unfortunate people. To understand the feelings of the community, it must be further borne in mind that it is a southern nation, with warm southern blood. Enthusiastic to a degree with "vivas," they can be equally violent with denunciations. The shocking rivalry between the two sister islands ran very high in the matter of the cable. It has always been a sore point with Gran Canaria that Las Palmas is not the capital. This, as everybody knows, is not really a matter of much importance. Take the celebrated instance of Washington, which is not by any means the most important town in the United States. As Santa Cruz is the capital of the Province of the Canarias, the captain-general and civil governor reside there. Being thus the head-quarters of the Government, the cable was ordered to be laid direct from Cadiz to Santa Cruz. The Canarios, however, thought, or wished at any rate, that the cable should go to Las Palmas. The struggle between the two islands as to which shall be esteemed the more important appears in every matter. When the *Dacia* and *International*, two steamers belonging to the Submarine Cable Company, came out from Cadiz sounding, they went to Canaria first, and stayed two or three days. While there the anxiety of the inhabitants of Tenerife was to English people almost ludicrous. Everyone in this island was certain there was a hitch in the laying of the cable, and that the Company would be *bribed* to lay it to Las Palmas rather than to Santa Cruz! The utter absurdity and impossibility of Englishmen being capable of taking such a bribe did not occur to them, of course. Every Spaniard, from the highest to the lowest, is capable of doing anything for money, and they only judged us by themselves. When I say "every Spaniard" can be bribed, it must be taken in the same limited sense in which one

says that "no Englishman" is capable of being bribed. There are exceptions to every rule. When the steamers did actually arrive at the capital, the rejoicings were great. Rockets were let off, bands played, and "vivas" were shouted. When the head officials of the Cable Company came ashore, they were greeted by the military band playing "God Save the Queen," and escorted to the hotel by the Santa Cruz officials and a crowd of the inhabitants, after which more rockets were let off, and "vivas" burst forth from every voice. An amusing incident occurred early in the day, however. The first boat to come ashore was one with the soiled linen. The band, seeing the boat arriving from the cable ships, concluded the principals, the Messrs. Gray, were coming, and struck up "God Save the Queen," much to the amusement of the sailors! Later, when the cable was actually laid, and Santa Cruz made its head-quarters, a three days' fiesta was held, at which some 40,000 people, besides the regular residents of the capital, were said to have been present.

We had an opportunity of seeing the cable-ship, of which we were glad, as it is not often one gets the chance. The cable in the *Dacia* is coiled amidships round a large cage cylinder, in what might be considered the hold. The shore end of the cable is two or three inches thick, the deep sea part is only seven-eighths of an inch. From the hold the cable runs out between nuts, the pressure of which can be increased or diminished at will, so as to prevent it running out too fast. It then passes over and under various wheels, and over a compensating balance, with weights to shunt on and off, until it finally runs out astern, port of the rudder. On the starboard side of the rudder is the sounding gear. The wire for this, only the thickness of piano wire, is rolled round wheels, which are kept in tubs of a weak solution of caustic soda. One wheel we saw had 2,000 fathoms on it, but frequently there will be as much as 5,000 fathoms. There is also aft a small wheel for steering by steam and starting and stopping the engines in the engine-room, so that the whole management of the vessel, while the cable is being laid, can be controlled from this spot—which arrangements are, of course, invaluable, as the important part of cable-laying is that the

cable should run out smoothly. If, therefore, a hitch occur, the machinery or cable can be stopped instantaneously, without any message by word of mouth. After dinner we studied the charts by the aid of the arc light, on deck. The soundings are of the greatest interest, and especially those of a coral reef, found at a depth of only forty-nine fathoms. Living coral was found at a depth of five hundred and thirty fathoms.

Santa Cruz boasts of a theatre, which is not only large, but also, I believe, acoustically excellent. We went to see it one morning, and found it looking rather dreary, for no representations going on at the time, the interior was perfectly bare. It is the custom to take boxes for the season, and for these from fifty to sixty dollars each is paid. The box-owner sends his own furniture, curtains for the door—none are used in front,—carpet and chairs. The boxes are so well arranged that eight or ten people can sit comfortably in them, and all see. The bottom of the building is entirely stalls, which cost one shilling a night. Added to these prices must always be the entrance money, which is a peseta (tenpence) for each person, whether he have a season ticket, a box, or not. The theatre accommodates nine hundred people. The stage is large, and runs far back; the stock scenery is, of course, very poor, the companies usually bringing their own.

From the theatre we passed in a few minutes to the eastern end of the town. Crossing the barranco, and leaving the hospital on our right, we soon came to the barracks. Here the captain of the guard gave us permission to see everything, and another guard officer kindly escorted us round the barrack square. Every detail is exactly the same as in the Peninsular army, save that the soldiers are natives only of these islands, out of which they are not obliged to serve. The officers belong to the army generally. There is only a battalion of infantry and another of artillery, four hundred and five strong each. The Remington rifle is used. There is a school for the men, which they must attend as they can find time when off duty. What is best worth seeing is the view from the further side of the barrack square, its low

white walls contrasting with the background of fine irregularly jagged peaks that form the northern part of the island.

Education is not compulsory in the islands. In Tenerife there are 121 schools, with 7,789 pupils.

The alcaldes are appointed by the king, which means the Government. The corporation, or *ayuntamiento*, who are elected by the people, are supposed to have their interests looked after by the alcalde. The office is held for five years, and there is no remuneration for the services performed. There is one alcalde, and a lieutenant or assistant alcalde, to every four thousand of the inhabitants in a city or town. As we have seen in our travels, the alcaldes are not, in the country places at any rate, men of education. They are generally well-to-do, but whether they were so before or since being made alcaldes is doubtful.

There are seventeen newspapers* in Tenerife, fifteen of which are published in Santa Cruz. The leading paper in the archipelago is a republican one, *El Memorandum*. It favoured us with many notices, and kept people informed of our whereabouts. To this publicity we owe much of the attention paid to us in country places, curiosity having been aroused about us and our wanderings. It was of assistance to us, inasmuch as, it being understood we were intent on seeing every thing and place, there was no endeavour made to dissuade us from travelling anywhere. The only opinion expressed as we reached each island was delight at seeing us, and fear lest we should never have gone to it, and that this particular island would have been left out in the cold.

Our experiences of hotel life at Santa Cruz were not pleasant, the hotel being the only English one, and therefore rejoicing in a monopoly of custom. One evening we had for dinner soup and fish, pigs' feet and brains, and rissoles, and then, to our astonishment and consternation, came the pudding! The joint, we were told, was "forgotten." But this forgetfulness is much too characteristic, we hear. There was only one dish of pudding, too, to go round twenty hungry men. An omelet was imperatively ordered, of which

* See Appendix.

we each had a small portion. This treatment is really monstrous, and yet unfortunate visitors were each expected to pay three shillings and sixpence for dinner. There are now two hotels catering specially for visitors, Camacho's and the International.

I was most kindly given tracings of the banks found by the cable-ships, and especially of the Dacia bank, which runs to within forty-nine fathoms of the surface. The Coral Patch found, of which specimens were brought to the surface, disposes once and for ever of the theory that coral lives only at a certain shallow depth, for living coral was found at a depth of 530 fathoms.

The Coral Patch was discovered in an interesting, and to those on board, in an exciting manner. The lead recorded a depth of 2,400 fathoms in a regular and unsuspicious manner, and the vessel went another fifty miles to westward, intending then to turn. This last sounding was being made at 4 a.m., when all who were not immediately concerned were sleeping peacefully. To the utter astonishment of those engaged on deck, however, the bottom was next struck at 485 fathoms. As it was thought a mistake must have been made, the lead was again lowered, but with the same result. The news spread, and the excitement brought the sleepers on deck. Sounding was of course continued, with the result that the shoalest water was found to be 435 fathoms to a depth of 600. This rise or tableland extends for a distance east and west of six miles, and north and south of three and a-half miles. The sides fall away abruptly to about 850 fathoms in depth, and are continued in a comparatively gentle slope until they reach 2,000 fathoms. Probably from 800 fathoms upwards the bank is entirely coral, living white coral being brought up from 530 fathoms. The adepts who made the soundings, and examined the contents of the dredges, have no doubt that this embryo coral island is steadily growing upwards, and gradually diminishing the depth of water over it.

We made a careful inspection of Nelson's two flags, which were with reverence taken out of their glass cases. Ordinarily they are kept in two long boxes, somewhat like elongated

NELSON'S FLAGS.
(From a Photograph by George Graham-Toler, Esq.)

eight-day clocks *minus* the face, but as these are very high up on the opposite walls of a side chapel, where there are no windows and very little light, it is utterly impossible to get even a faint glimpse of their outlines. The reason for these precautions is that English people coming here used to cut off pieces of the flags to carry away, and with everybody handling them they were rapidly getting destroyed. Now they are under lock and key, which is only right. It would surely be better, however, to have them placed where the daylight could fall upon them for the benefit of those travellers who are not fortunate enough to be able to inspect them closer. On the 25th of July, the anniversary of the day upon which they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, the flags are taken down and placed on a side altar for the whole day. Generally there is an allusion to their having been "taken" in the sermon, and how fortunate it was that the English did not conquer the island. Privately, however, many isleños think it is a great pity Nelson did not succeed. The 25th of July is also St. James's Day, the patron saint of Spain, so of course the coincidence makes the festival still greater, and the defeat of the English more portentous. Upon the same day the Spanish colours are carried through the streets in procession, and placed on the altar during mass, after which they are taken back as they were brought.

A letter written by Nelson's secretary to the Governor of Santa Cruz, and signed by Nelson himself the day after the engagement, is remarkable as being the first in which he signed his name with his left hand. It must have been signed an hour or two after the arm was amputated; it is dated July 25th, 1796, a mistake in the hurry of battle, for the year was really 1797. The letter was preserved in Santa Cruz, but has since been removed, by order of the Spanish Government, to the Naval Museum at Madrid. Mr. Edwards told us his late brother Robert saw it when it was here. That government, also, on one occasion sent for one of the flags, but the inhabitants of Santa Cruz refused to allow it to be removed, and the Spanish gun-boats, sent to bring it, had to return empty-handed. The flags were actually on board, when the Governor, fearing a riot, had to order them back to

the town. It is not to be wondered at that the Spaniards conveniently forget their defeats, and note only the occasion when the English were repulsed at Santa Cruz; but it is rather curious that in what has been written in English on the Canary Islands no record of Blake's famous success in that bay is found.* Admiral Blake, in 1657, pursued a Spanish fleet of sixteen ships, until he came upon them in the Bay of Santa Cruz on April 20th, which was said to be then "defended by a strong castle and seven forts." He sailed with a favourable wind into the bay, and after resisting him for four hours, the Spaniards yielded, and abandoned their ships, which were set on fire. A wind, as favourable to their exit as their entry, carried the victors safely to sea again, leaving the Spaniards astonished at the audacity and temerity of the English.

In the afternoon we took a stroll round and through the town, and called at the British Vice-Consulate. Seeing some samples of cochineal ready for export, Mr. Hamilton kindly gave me a sample bag of each. Cochineal was introduced in 1825 from Mexico, whence it was brought on cacti. No one took the trouble to preserve the insects, except a priest at Laguna, who later gave insects and plants to a garden in Santa Cruz. An officer, Don Santiago de la Cruz, transferred them from there to the south of Tenerife, and to Fuerteventura, meeting with great opposition to their reproduction and cultivation. It was only about 1845 that, as an export, cochineal assumed importance.

Guy Fawkes's day in Santa Cruz was remarkable only on account of the weather, for the sky was cloudless and the sunshine brilliant, the thermometer in the shade at 3 p.m. standing at 70° F. (21·2 C.). This being the last day of our stay, we went in the morning to Ghirlanda's, the agent for the Spanish steamers, to get our tickets for Canaria. The mail from Cadiz comes twice a month, so we were fortunate in just catching it; the fare is less than half that on the English steamers, and the boats are very good. Certainly, every endeavour has been made by the English companies

* It is said to have been the first occasion on which ships attacked forts, such a feat having previously been looked on as impossible.

to make the communications among the islands as difficult as possible. We spent the leisure time at our disposal in the museum, which is in a long passage and a small room in the school next the church of San Francisco. In the passage are arranged the Guanche relics. The most interesting feature is perhaps several hundred skulls, as from that number one can get a fair estimate of the general type. The sockets of the eyes are wider from top to bottom than is usual, the cheek-bones are not too high or broad; the teeth in all, old and young, are in remarkably good condition, none apparently being decayed; and the head is well shaped, especially at the back, the type being that of a moral people. Poles for jumping, gofio mills, skins for clothing, and a few very much broken mummies formed the rest of the collection, except a large mass of composition chiefly of dragon's blood and ground stone, with which the dead were embalmed. The larger room is devoted to some chemical and physical apparatus for teaching the students, and a few stuffed birds. One of these, called here the *tabobo*,* about the size of a blackbird, speckled and reddish brown, with a crest like a cockatoo, is a very pretty bird, which we saw later in the north of Lanzarote.

In the evening we bade farewell to our many kind friends, and went on board the Spanish steamer. We had now seen four of the seven islands comprising the Garden of the Hesperides—Tenerife, Palma, Gomera, and Hierro; each beautiful with an individuality of its own, and each rich in wild and magnificent scenery. In them the aspects of nature are most varied. In the forest glades beneath the majestic pines, or amid the umbrageous laurels and heaths, or buried in the depths of the sublime gorges, seclusion and repose may be enjoyed. The climate is health-giving and restorative, nearly every variety of temperature being obtainable. In truth—

> . . . "it is a goodly sight to see
> What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
> What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
> What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."

* *Upupa epops*. *Abubilla* vulgar.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GRAN CANARIA—LAS PALMAS—HISTORY OF THE ISLAND.

Long, long agone there was a day
When there were giants in the land.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

IT was with feelings of considerable interest that we looked upon the island of Gran Canaria, where so many battles had been fought. Here we were at anchor in the very roadstead where Juan Rejon and Pedro de Vera anchored when they made those successful landings in the island by which it was finally conquered.

We came ashore at the Puerto de la Luz, as the landing is considered safer there. When vessels stay a couple of days, they prefer this anchorage, as there is more shelter. By this means we saw the commencement of the proposed Harbour of Refuge,* and had a pleasant drive over the isthmus to the town of Las Palmas. The Isleta, adjoining Canaria on the north-east, is a miniature island of Gran Canaria. The same forces, on a smaller scale, have been at work there, as in the larger island. It is formed by craters. One conical hill in the shape of a peak, with a small portion of sloping land around its base, faces us as we lie in the roadstead. No doubt at one time it was an island, for it is now joined to Canaria only by an isthmus entirely composed of sand. On the western side of this isthmus of Guanarteme, there is at the present moment a bar, some distance from the isthmus, but running parallel with it, showing that the sand is still accumulating. Only small boats can enter there. It

* This is now (1889) so far advanced that steamers can come alongside the wharf. Recently two large vessels came into collision and sank at a distance of a hundred yards from the point of the breakwater.

is somewhat like, though on a small scale, the isthmus at Auckland, which divides the Hauraki gulf from the Manakau, the latter corresponding to Confital Bay. The New Zealand isthmus is, however, seven miles wide, whilst that of Guanarteme is but a mile. From the Isleta to Las Palmas the coast line makes a grand sweep. In the centre of the curve, where it is greatest, the new harbour is being made. From La Luz the town of Las Palmas looks large and rather imposing as it lies along the coast, for the most part on almost level ground, gradually ascending behind the town until stopped by a precipitous rock. Nothing apparently grows on the isthmus, which is entirely composed of light, drab-coloured dune sand, except tamarisk bushes, scraggy as usual.

The road is excellent the whole way to the town, a distance of about three miles. Soon each side of the road is lined by houses, these presently forming a continuous street, through which we passed into the town.

Along this street it was curious to note the braziers, not because they are new, but because their surroundings are altered. Instead of old houses and broken pavements, we have here even rows of new houses, a regular, flagged pathway, and a macadamised road. It seems an anomaly to have a little black brazier standing on the edge of the public pavement, and a woman crouching over it fanning the charcoal with a palm fan. Since the time of our visit improvements have been considerable, and now all the principal streets are paved; while the probable early introduction of the electric light marks the ruthless advance of modern ideas into this old-world civilisation.

Our destination was the Fonda de Europa, where we intended staying. In the present year (1889) Las Palmas boasts of four hotels—the hotel already named, which can comfortably house forty people; Cuatro Naciones, of smaller dimensions; and two English hotels, Quiney's and the Grand, where a still larger number of guests can be received, the first accommodating fifty, the other seventy. The charges in these hotels vary from six shillings to eight shillings per day. There was no English hotel in Las Palmas when we arrived, but now

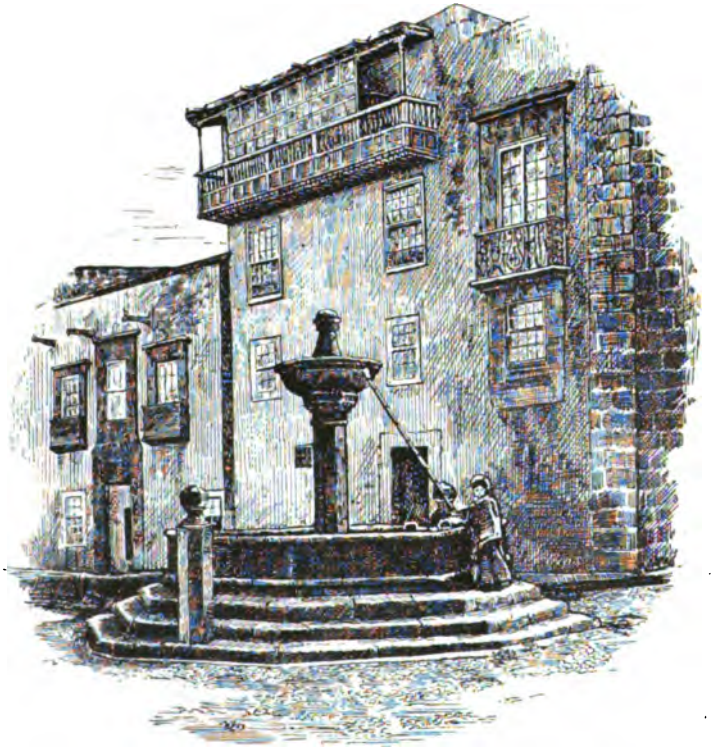
(October, 1889) an English company is about to open at Santa Catalina a hotel, which will afford house-room for one hundred and twenty guests. The resources of the islands for building purposes are fairly exemplified by the difficulties encountered in completing the Santa Catalina Hotel. The work of an English architect, it has something of an indigenous air, the style being Moorish, and thus wholly in keeping with its surroundings and the sentiments of the isleños. A considerable quantity of the stone came from Atalaya, and the walls built of chalky calcareous tufa, being porous, had to be coated with rough cement. The principals of the roof baffled the primitive methods of the Canarian carpenters, and iron ones were in the end imported from England. The azotea is built of concrete and iron. The whole building, like the rest of Las Palmas, is Moresque, but with kitchen and sanitary arrangements *à l'Anglaise.* The ubiquitous Saxon has succeeded in laying the definite impress of his own particular civilisation on Las Palmas. It now has an English club, the subscription to residents being one guinea per annum, to visitors half-a-guinea, and in connection with it there is a fair library of English books. Cricket, a tilting-ring, race-course, and lawn-tennis are also among the achieved and proposed innovations.

The Fonda de Europa is a large house, in which an English merchant formerly dwelt. It is high, as are most of the houses in Las Palmas. We seem to have left Europe in Tenerife, and reached Africa in Gran Canaria, so different do the houses appear. All are flat-roofed. I could not see a single peaked one in the entire town, and the Moresque appearance is completed by the domes of the cathedral, which are decidedly Moorish. Las Palmas is a finer-looking town than Santa Cruz. The streets are broader, the houses newer and generally larger, but it lacks the picturesqueness that crooked, narrow streets, with overhanging eaves, give to its rival, and, owing to the distance of the background of mountains, has not that bold and majestic scenery in its vicinity that lends a charm to Santa Cruz. Both towns are unfortunate in being placed in barren situations, but both might be much improved could a liberal water supply be secured. Las Palmas, besides being the chief commercial town of the island,

SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, LAS PALMAS.
(From a Drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

is also the residence of the bishop and clergy; it is, in fact, Laguna and Santa Cruz rolled into one.

On our way to the cathedral we found at the end of the street Balcones a picturesque old fountain, at which the inhabitants obtain water. Some girls had long bamboos, which they placed at the dribble of water at the tap, several feet above their heads, and by these conveyed the attenuated



FOUNTAIN, BALCONES STREET, LAS PALMAS.

stream into their barrels. Very picturesque they looked in their coloured head kerchiefs, out of which peered sunburnt faces as they leaned in unconscious grace against the grey stones.

The exterior of the cathedral of San Cristobal is very massive, though the edifice is not finished yet. A tower, dome-shaped, rises on each side of the main entrance. Between

them is the foundation of a tower which is no doubt intended to rise above the others and complete the building, when sufficient money is forthcoming. The church is at one end of the plaza, the town-hall and museum at the other; the fine open space shows off the cathedral well. Part of the church is old, dating back to about 1500. Its foundations were laid in the days of Isabella the Catholic by Don Diego Montande, who was the first architect. He was paid for his services the magnificent sum of ninepence a day! It was really erected, however, by Don Diego Nicolas Eduardo, of Irish descent, who, it is stated, built the roof of so light a stone, that the workmen refused to work, whereupon he sat beneath it to encourage them. The interior, Gothic in style, is lofty, with fluted and well-proportioned pillars. The ceiling is a light stone-work tracery; whitewash in between, covering we know not what, is no improvement. The ceiling reminds one a little of that of Bath Abbey. The chancel is hung all round with crimson and gold cloth some forty feet high, and looks simple and in good taste. A massive silver candelabrum, the work of Genoese artists, presented by Cardinal Ximenes in 1690, hangs before the altar, on which are silver candlesticks. As a funeral service is going on, a black-and-gold sarcophagus has been placed at the foot of the altar. There is a lantern dome, so the church is not very dark. There are aisles at each side, containing many chapels. The grandeur of the interior is, however, spoiled by a heavy piece of masonry in the middle of the nave, in which the organ and choir are placed.

We went to see Dr. Chil's museum in the town-hall. There is a hall inside this building for municipal purposes, decorated in florid style in pale mauve and white, the floor tiled. The museum is at the top of the building, and is situated in a long, narrow room or gallery. Here is the first printing-press used in the island at the end of the eighteenth century. Bits of iron and balls, found in the old walls of a castle when pulled down, are also here. But to us the Guanche remains were the most interesting. These people, however, were Antiguos Canarios, not Guanches, a name that should be assigned only to the ancient inhabitants of Tenerife.

A jar of butter found in Fuerteventura, and smelling strongly still of goat's milk, is a curious relic. It is not every day one sees butter at least five hundred years old. There are a number of small earthenware, seal-like devices in triangles and squares of various shapes, whose use is unknown. Amongst the mummies was that of a woman, with curly brown hair and rather projecting teeth. The stitching on the skins is as fine as "top-sewing." Whole cases full of skulls occupied one side of the room, while specimens of the pelvis lay together in a heap under the windows, and of the femur in another heap, and of the humerus in another place. One femur shown us was that of a large man, about the size of a big Englishman. Another femur had been fractured, and, being badly set, had shortened. There was also a skull with short reddish hair on the skin.

We were now actively considering our arrangements for starting into the interior. As it was getting late in the year, we thought it advisable to visit the highest parts of the island first, before the snow came to render mountain-travelling impossible. We finally decided to make two separate excursions, the first to be by way of Arucas, Guia, Agaete, and Aldea to Artenara and Tejeda, in the centre of the island, and back to Las Palmas by Teror ; on the second to go by San Mateo to the Roque del Saucillo and the Pico de las Nieves, in mid-island, returning by Tirajana, Aguïmes, and Telde. By this means we should see the most interesting parts of the island. The southern portion is barren and lava-strewn, like the south of Tenerife; still, if time permitted, we hoped to visit it as well. It was now November 6th, and we wished to get back to England for Christmas, so we reckoned upon giving three weeks to Gran Canaria and a week to Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, going by steamer from the latter island to the coast of Africa and Cadiz, taking a peep at Morocco and Gibraltar and a run home through Spain. How our intentions were frustrated remains to be seen.

Las Palmas is divided into two parts by the Barranco Guiniguada. The northern half is called Triana, and the southern Vegueta. The former is the commercial part; in it are situated the large shops, the mole, and the barracks.

The other district, where was formerly the Fonda de Europa, is devoted to the clergy, the magistracy, the prison (which used to be the headquarters of the Inquisition), the college and melancholy. We seldom met people in the streets; what bustle there is goes on at the other end. Las Palmas is not so lively nor so full of interest as Santa Cruz, owing to the anchorage for vessels being so far from the town.

There is a curious tradition of the founding of Las Palmas by Juan Rejon, in 1477. He had intended to disembark at Gando, to rebuild the fort, but passing near the Isleta bay of La Luz, he thought the anchorage seemed better, and cast anchor there instead on June 22nd. The troops disembarked and the Dean Juan Bermudez, who accompanied the expedition, said mass on shore under a tent, on an improvised altar. Immediately after this they commenced their march towards Gando, where they intended to encamp. They had not gone far, however, when a woman in Canarian dress asked them in Spanish "where they were going." Hearing it was to Gando, she advised them not to go so far, and said that the way thither was bad and dangerous, owing to precipices overhanging the road, but that at a short distance from where they then were was a "commodious plain, with a rivulet of good water, plenty of firewood, with palms and fig trees, from whence they might have easy access to all the principal places on the island." After consultation, they agreed to be guided to this place, and the woman conducted them to the spot where Las Palmas now stands. They pitched their tents by the banks of the Guiniguada, and looking for their guide, found she had vanished. Juan Rejon, a devout worshipper of St. Anna, at once concluded it was she who had thus appeared to him. Be this as it may, the place was suitable, and thus was founded Las Palmas.

The history of Gran Canaria is long and complicated, as there were numerous attempts to subjugate the island, the long interval of seventy-seven years elapsing before it was finally conquered. It was owing to the "strength, courage, and number" of its inhabitants that Bethencourt named it *Gran*, or great, not grand, as it is erroneously often called now. It is much better to call the island by its real name, as there is

already a "Great Canary Island" off the coast of New Guinea and it would be misleading to have two of the same name.

Bethencourt sailed to Canaria with two ships, and landed his men at Arguineguin, in the extreme south of the island; he marched a little way into the interior, was furiously attacked by the Canarios, defeated, and driven to the sea-shore, where he re-embarked. He sailed for Palma, but returned again to Canaria, where, however, he found so many people assembled to resist him, that he gave up the attempt and retired to Fuerteventura. He made a second attempt, after having conquered Gomera and Hierro as well as Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, in 1406, when he anchored at Gando. He landed at night, as he thought secretly, but in reality the natives had seen him, as they kept a sharp look-out from their mountains. He was repulsed again, and with so much loss, that it was with difficulty he and his forces made good their retreat. Many attacks were made by various expeditions sent from Spain against the unconquered islands, but all failed until 1444. Diego de Herrera, who had then succeeded to the islands, made several ineffectual attempts on Canaria, and finding it could not be conquered by force, determined it should by stratagem. He went therefore to the Isleta port in 1461, taking with him the Bishop of Rubicon and others. The natives met, prepared, as usual, to repulse the invaders, but the Bishop represented to them that they came in peace to trade. The Spaniards were then allowed to come ashore unarmed, when they were met by the *Guanartemes* (kings) of Telde and Galdar. A libation was poured upon the ground, and Herrera, in the presence of natives and Spaniards, took possession of the island, August 16th, 1461. It is unnecessary to add that the Canarios of course did not understand what was going on, or they would not have stood by so calmly and seen their country thus coolly given away. Two ineffectual attempts were afterwards made by the Bishop to land with armed followers, the whole island rising to oppose the invasion. Meanwhile Spain and Portugal had disagreed as to the ownership of the islands, and the latter sent one Diego de Silva with armed men and ships to Lanzarote. Peace, however, was restored between the nations, and also between

Silva and Herrera, by the former becoming the son-in-law of the latter. Seeing so many men gathered together, Herrera, no doubt urged on by the pious Bishop, started once more for Canaria, and landed at Gando. The Spaniards and Portuguese were now so numerous, that they marched boldly into the island, but were attacked and driven to the sea-shore, where they took refuge in a sort of natural fortress, from which the natives could not dislodge them. The invaders had sustained so much loss, that Herrera endeavoured to find other means of subduing the heroic islanders. He therefore sent Silva during the night to attack another part of the island. Silva landed at Agumastel, near Galdar, and arranged his forces on land before being discovered. They marched towards a steep hill, covered with trees and shrubs, which the Canarios perceiving, they let them gain the top of the ascent, when the natives secured the pass and set fire to the bushes to prevent their escape. Thereupon Silva marched on to the plain near Galdar, where he found a large space enclosed by a stone wall, to which they retired for security. The natives, however, surrounded the place so closely, that they could not get out, and were two days and nights without food. They were forced to surrender, and the magnanimity of the natives is displayed in their sparing the lives of their relentless enemies, and setting them at liberty. To show how magnanimous a Christian could be, however, Herrera, accompanied by Silva, attacked the Canarios again, in which for the first time the islanders were worsted. Many were killed and wounded on both sides, and among the prisoners was a valiant chief, Mananidra, whom Silva remembered seeing at Galdar. He immediately entreated of Herrera that the chief should be set at liberty, and the boon was *unwillingly* granted. The Portuguese objecting to any more fighting, Herrera made peace with the *Guanartemes*, and returned to Lanzarote.

The next expedition to Canaria was one of stratagem, so consequently the worthy Bishop was of the party. It was upon this occasion that a treaty of peace and for trade was made, and the fort of Gando built "as a place of worship" for the traders. The Canarios helped to build the fort, and Pedro Chemida, with a good garrison and provisions, was left

in charge by Herrera. Chemida by various means roused the just ire of the Canarios, until the latter, aggravated beyond endurance, turned on their persecutors, and by a ruse made themselves masters of the fort, taking the Spaniards prisoners. They rased the walls and burned the wood to prevent another fort being erected, treating their prisoners, however, with the utmost humanity. Chemida appears, when prisoner with the Canarios, to have talked to them until he made them believe they were the aggressors, whereupon a new treaty of peace was ratified. Representations had been made to Spain by dissatisfied subjects of Herrera concerning his inability to take Canaria, and he was obliged to sell his right to the three unconquered islands in 1476. It was then that Juan Rejon, by order of their Spanish Majesties, went to Canaria, accompanied by the Dean of Rubicon, and founded Las Palmas. The natives, seeing that the invaders were preparing to build, remembered the trouble the fort of Gando had caused, and gathered together two thousand men under a celebrated chieftain, Doramas. The battle of Guiniguada was fought on the banks of that barranco, when, after a desperate and long-sustained fight, the Canarios were obliged to retreat, though in good order, having lost three hundred men. They never again ventured a battle on the plains, but retired within their native mountains, where the Spaniards continually harassed them.

The Portuguese, being at war with Spain, arranged to assist the Canarios, but, as they could only land in detachments, they were surprised and dispersed rapidly by Rejon. In the encampment at Las Palmas there was much suffering from the want of provisions, and, the dissatisfaction being reported, Rejon was superseded by a governor—the first sent by Spain to these islands—called Pedro de Algava. Rejon went to Spain, and having satisfied the court of inquiry there as to his doings in Canaria, returned, accompanied by the new Bishop of Rubicon, Juan de Frias. Algava would not permit him to land, however, and he had to return to Spain to get a royal warrant. He again appeared before Canaria, landed by stratagem, and finding Algava in the church, rushed in with his followers, took him prisoner, and

threw him in chains into a dungeon. Rejon procured false witnesses to swear against Algava, ordered his beheadal, and became governor in his stead. He was, however, soon superseded by Pedro de Vera, sent out from Spain, and Rejon was sent by him home as a prisoner. De Vera fought with the Canarios at Arucas soon after his arrival, and, after single combat with the celebrated Doramas, who had already killed one of his officers, the chieftain was vanquished and surrendered. The natives on seeing this fell upon the Spaniards, and there was a great fight, ending in the retreat of the Canarios to their mountain fastnesses. Doramas died of his wounds, and was buried on the top of the mountain which still bears his name. A wall of stones round his grave, and a crucifix, mark the spot of his baptism and burial.

The chieftain of Galdar taken by de Vera was the means of the final reduction of the island, for, being sent to Spain as a prisoner, he became overpowered by the wealth of the nation and the magnificence of the court, and begged to be baptised, whereupon he was loaded with presents, given the Valley of Guayayedra, in Gran Canaria, abounding in fig trees and pasture, and sent back to the island. Troops were also sent at the same time for the further conquest of the island. The Guanarteme Semidan, of Galdar, gathered together his people and their chiefs at that place, and represented to them how useless it would be to fight against the power and wealth of Spain. Some submitted on hearing what he said, but the greater number refused to follow his advice. They begged him to return and be their king, and on his refusing, elected Tasarte, son of the late King of Telde. The people reproached Semidan much, telling him they could not trust the good faith of the invaders, they had so often proved perfidious. "What confidence," said they, "can we repose in a people who are not ashamed to break their promises and engagements?" Semidan returned to Las Palmas and told de Vera of his fruitless interference. All the troops were now combined, and a determined effort was made to subdue the people in their fastnesses.

At length the Spaniards hemmed in a number of the Canarios at Ajodar, where they had gathered together deter-

mined to resist to the last. The attack was to be made from the sea by Miguel de Morisca, and was not to be attempted until he received orders to that effect. The troops, however, were desirous of avenging their defeat at Bentaiga, and thinking de Vera overcautious, they proceeded to climb the rocks, and finding the first pass undefended, penetrated the defile. The Canarios, however, had seen them, and allowed all to enter. Then suddenly, with a shout, they threw down huge stones upon the enemy from the adjacent heights. The Spaniards, unable to resist and unable to fly—for only one at a time could get down the pass on hands and knees—were nearly annihilated. De Vera coming from the other side, prevented their total destruction, and Semidan persuaded his compatriots to desist. Three hundred Canarios were said to have been at Ajodar. The Spaniards left fifty dead, and numbers of wounded were taken to Galdar, mass being performed where the church now stands. This is said to have been the worst defeat the invaders encountered in their conquest of the island. Resting and refreshing his troops, de Vera gathered them all together again and re-armed them. These and some conquered Canarios made up about a thousand men, with whom he intended to completely subdue Gran Canaria before returning to Las Palmas. Hearing that the entire force of the islanders, some six hundred men and a thousand women and children, was assembled at Ansite, a place thought impregnable, situated between Galdar and Tirajana, he marched thither and pitched his camp at the bottom of the mountain. All the native nobles and the young King of Telde, who was just on the eve of marriage with the King of Galdar's daughter, were at Ansite. The old Guanarteme Semidan, knowing that his countrymen were determined to die rather than surrender, went, with de Vera's consent, to try and persuade them to come to terms. A most affecting meeting was that between Semidan and his former subjects and peers. No one could speak from emotion, and all wept over the past glories of their native land, and the future prospects of bowing their free and proud heads to the conqueror. Semidan used all the arts of eloquence to induce them for the sakes of their wives and children to lay down

arms, as resistance would only mean their destruction. He promised on behalf of the Spaniards that they would be kindly treated. They at last consented, throwing down their arms with wailing and crying. The Guanarteme of Telde, however, and an old Faycag,* could not bear the reverse of fortune, so, going to the brow of a precipice, they embraced each other, called out "Atirtisma!" and threw themselves down.

In 1499, laws and charters were framed, and certain regulations, *made formerly by the natives*, confirmed. Charles V., in 1515, gave Las Palmas the title of "Noble and Royal City of Palmas," it having only been a town before. It is this which causes so much dispute between Las Palmas and Santa Cruz. The former had been made a city first; Gran Canaria being of course conquered before Tenerife, and Las Palmas established before Santa Cruz. The latter, indeed, until almost ninety years ago, was a mere off-shoot of Laguna, and even under its jurisdiction. If Lanzarote were able, it might dispute the right of either to be the capital, for it was conquered, and the bishop's see was established there, before any other island was subdued.

* The Faycag was a person of great rank, next in dignity to the Guanarteme. He decided differences among the natives, and regulated their religious ceremonies. He appears to have been a sort of priest, and also a judge in civil affairs.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LAW COURTS—ARUCAS—COCHINEAL—GUIA.

> Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
> That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
>
> BYRON.

THE day after our arrival at Las Palmas we visited the Courts of Justice, or Law Courts. Here there is a *sala criminal* and *sala civil*. The court rooms are comfortably carpeted, and there are small tables, a table for the stolen articles, and chairs, neatly upholstered, for the lawyers. There is a room for witnesses, where an official is always placed to see that they do not speak to each other. The secretary's room contains, in little cardboard boxes, registers of all the cases tried. The articles whereby convictions have been obtained are also kept; these lie on the top of a number of papers, loosely tied in parcels, and consist of such things as stones with blood upon them, knives, and guns. The barristers' room is a pleasant one, from the windows of which it is possible to fish, and this no doubt the briefless do. There are five judges, and when they sit in court, they are dressed in black silk gowns and lace cuffs, with gold chains round their necks, and a medal hanging in front. As we went from one part of the courts to another, we passed a respectable, elderly, grey-haired man, who walked with head slightly bent, and a consciousness of being somebody. Our guide, after he had passed, said, with bated breath, "That is the public executioner." He is held in such horror by the isleños, that, when the common people meet him, they murmur, "Dios me libre de tus manos" ("God deliver me from thy hands"). His salary is a thousand pesos a-year (one hundred and fifty pounds), and three pounds at every execution. The antipathy to blood-shedding individuals is, in the Canaries, extended even to butchers, who have been always regarded as the lowest

class of the community. Even the very criminals object to mix with them in prison, so that, if convicted of misdemeanours worthy of punishment, they are whipped at the Courts of Justice, and not imprisoned. This horror of butchers is of very ancient origin, and is a remnant of the customs of the Antiguos Canarios. Like all the characteristics of an ancient civilisation, however, the feeling is beginning to fade with the introduction of European habits and ideas.

We passed up a staircase and out upon the roof, whence there is a fine view. The Isleta always makes a charming picture, lying beyond the blue sea of La Luz. The town lies on level ground close upon the sea. At its back are hills faced by bluffs. Valleys run between the hills, and lead to the interior of the island. The bluffs or promontories are rocky, and are named San Nicolas and San Bernardo, while between San Lazaro (up which part of the town climbs), and San Roque runs the barranco of Guiniguada. Southwards we can see as far as the Punta Melenara. The roofs of Las Palmas are quite flat, and as every place is painted white, the glare is awful.

In one of the rooms of the Law Courts, on the floor, surrounded by the *registro de la propiedad*, in little numbered cardboard boxes, is a plain deal, inoffensive-looking box, about a foot in height, and two feet long, by eighteen inches wide. In it lie the garrottes by which condemned criminals suffer—horrid from their association, but nevertheless skilful mechanical works. They are two in number, an extra one having been made for the double execution to which I have elsewhere referred. The instruments are of bright steel, covered with grease to prevent them rusting. One of the barristers took a garrotte out of its resting-place, and by means of his leg explained to us its working. It is two feet in length, and six inches wide, and consists of a steel collar, hinged in the middle and locked. A massive, quick-working screw, turned by a powerful lever handle, would rapidly compress the criminal's neck against the post, which also is included within the collar's embrace. A couple of turns and seconds are sufficient to send a soul into eternity.

Our next visit was to the prison, which, being in the old Inquisition, is of double interest. The prisoners, only about a dozen, were marched out that we might inspect them, a proceeding we did not at all relish. The floors of the rooms had a number of round holes in them, formerly used by the inquisitors as peep-holes, by which means they could keep a constant watch on their victims at all times. A set of stocks containing thirteen holes is in a room on the ground floor. All the floors of these rooms are of stone. The entire place is said to be honeycombed with cells, and there is an underground passage between the Inquisition and the monastery next door, now the hospital. One cell was shown to us. Leading out of one small room was another, windowless. In the floor of this a trap-door was lifted, and we peered down into a deep, dark pit, so utterly devoid of light, that all was blackness. It was jokingly suggested that we should go down. No one had ever been in it since the days of the Inquisitors.

Gladly leaving the prison and its gloomy precincts, we turned in next door to the hospital. This, formerly a monastery, is now used as a foundling establishment as well as a hospital and school. We were told repeatedly that, outside the Foundling Hospital here, was a torno. We made many attempts to find this cradle, but never succeeded, though I believe it is really outside some part of the building. It seems to me that if every convenience be thus made to cover the sinners and to aid them in concealing their transgressions, immorality is only increased, not lessened, thereby. When the children have been two years in the Foundling Hospital, they are offered for adoption to the public. Twenty-seven infants were thus offered one morning, and before evening only two were left. A woman with twelve children, who had lost two or three, took one!

We had now been two days in Las Palmas, and were off once more on our wanderings, leaving in the morning by coach to Arucas, and thence intending to ride to Guia. Shortly after starting we noticed with some curiosity a number of cave dwellings above the ravine in the cliff, called *matas* or the Cuevas del Provecho (caves of profit),

where the scum of the population reside. We were told it was hardly safe to visit these troglodytes, but we did so later without meeting with the least inconvenience. I fancy the people in the Canaries hardly know what crime means as we understand it in England.

The road to Arucas ascends rather rapidly between the hills. Two kilometres from the town, at 7.35 a.m., we were 280 feet above the sea, and at four kilometres 550 feet, fifteen minutes later. The road was lively with people going to market; they both rode and carried loads on their heads. The men wore loose sack coats, called *capotes* or *camisolas*, somewhat like English carters' smock-frocks, but of wool. The brown faces of the women, with red handkerchiefs tied over, covering them almost to the eyebrows, and light print dresses, looked Eastern. They wear the handkerchiefs much more over the face here than in the western islands, a trifle more Moresque in appearance the nearer we get to Africa. We saw, for the first time, a curious saddle, or albarda, which used to be very common in the islands, a sort of high chair, with short upright poles or sticks at the corners, these gaily bedizened with coloured wools. Some of the pack-saddles are of sheepskin, the long wool left on; others are covered with a sort of sacking, similar to that of which the men's coats, or *camisolas*, are made.

At a short distance from bare and barren-looking Las Palmas are lovely little glens and woods, where charming country houses nestle, and one comes upon them in most unexpected quarters. We pass a plantation of aloes; wherever a hedge is required, it is made of this stiff, prickly plant. The plant is also useful in another way; for an industry has lately arisen for making aloe fibre into various articles, such as girths, headstalls, trappings for mules, and such-like articles, where strength is required, and not an absolutely smooth surface.

We entered Arucas after an uneventful drive of two hours' duration. It is a small, clean, straggling place, 700 feet above the sea, built round the base of a crater, and with the promise of growing bigger. The only fonda the town possessed proved to be a comical little place. A tiny patio, like a

bare yard, was surrounded by rooms with stone floors. The comedor was entirely of stone, and had no entrance door, only a door-way, inside which were a common deal table and forms. The bed-rooms, all on the ground floor, the house being single-storied, consisted of two stone recesses, in which were three beds, print curtains hanging across the openings. The place struck cold, and I should not fancy sleeping in those stone recesses. We proceeded after breakfast to the church of San Juan. There is a fine font here, hewn out of one piece of grey stone, four feet in diameter and three feet high. But the chief centre of attraction and excitement in Arucas was a large sugar factory, which was in course of construction. New machinery was on its way from Europe, and some had already come. Forty horses had been required to draw one piece to Arucas from La Luz. Some of the buildings and houses were fine for the size of the town, which in 1883 had 8,000 inhabitants.

The great product up to the present, and the chief trade at Arucas, has been cochineal. As we passed along the streets we saw it everywhere. Large, flat trays full of it were being put into and taken out of ovens, and in one place the insects were being made black. This is done by placing the cochineal along with some black sand in a linen bag several feet long, which two men swing backwards and forwards until the juice exudes, rendering the grey insects black, after which the cochineal is dried in the sun, and again shaken with black sand to give it brilliancy. There are three kinds of cochineal. The first is *madres*, or mothers, also called grey cochineal, which, being chiefly all colouring matter, is considered the purest. The full-grown young insect is called silver cochineal, and is dried in stones, whilst the *negra*, or black, is produced by the process we saw. More cochineal is exported from Canaria than Tenerife, as it has not yet been supplanted in the former island by other productions. Tenerife is, besides, the wine-producing island, that commodity being exported from thence in quantity, as cochineal is from Canaria.

At the time of our visit cochineal was selling in the islands for from sevenpence to tenpence a pound (although

the price was given in the Blue Book as one-and-fourpence!) prices which do not pay the cost of production. This is a great come-down from those halcyon days before the discovery of the aniline dyes, when only one acre of ground planted with the cactus, yielding under favourable circumstances from three hundred pounds to five hundred pounds of cochineal, was worth from seventy-five pounds to one hundred pounds in cash to the grower.

The Canary Islands even from the remotest times seem to have had a great leaning towards the cultivation of dyes. One dye has been produced here for a period only to give place to another. In olden times the ancient Guanches, as I have already mentioned, extracted from the dragon tree a splendid scarlet dye in the form of a gum or resinous exudation, which was designated by the Arabian alchemists "dragon's blood." This was a rare and most difficult dye to collect, for many years must have elapsed before any appreciable quantity of it could have been obtained. The trees, too, are extremely slow in growth, and were never very plentiful on the islands. The "dragon's blood" appears to have been used by the Guanches to preserve their dead, the resinous quality which it possesses being doubtless the main preservative agent, though, at the same time, it is probable that the Guanches regarded the tree with reverential feelings. But they were unfortunate with this commodity, for the Spaniards at Gran Canaria exchanged fishing-hooks, old iron, and little knives for it, and the saintly scribes Bontier and Le Verrier go on to say, with great simplicity, "The dragon's blood was well worth two hundred ducats, while what was given in exchange was hardly worth two francs." Poor Guanches!

We left Arucas at 1.15 p.m. on the only horses procurable in the neighbourhood—one was broken-winded, and the other had only one eye and stumbled! It was not necessary to ride, as there is a road to Guia, and a coach, by which we sent our luggage, but the new road runs along the hillside some distance above the sea, and is not so pretty by any means as the old, which goes to and along the sea shore. Twenty kilometres from Las Palmas we were 300 feet above the sea, and two kilometres further we had

descended to its level in the bay of Bañadero. There is a fine coast view after leaving the village of Bañadero. Headlands jut out beyond each other, and at one spot is a little island where the sea has receded, beyond which is a sugarloaf cone, like the Peak. We passed two points, and then an open valley. Before coming to the latter, the road passes under a wall about thirty feet in height, and a curious circular bluff, like an escarped fortress. The carretera is laid out nearly to Agaete, but is not all macadamised. When finished, it will be a very beautiful sea drive, resembling somewhat, though further from the beach, that along the coast of Antrim, without, however, its green glens. A curious rock runs into the sea like a causeway, and surf rolls thundering in. Quantities of cochineal are everywhere around; it will be no loss to the beauty of the scenery when this ugly crop ceases to be cultivated. We were astonished to see in a shed no less than seven milk-cows, so in this part at any rate one should not lack butter. We rode by a steep path up a hill that led us

PEAK OF GALDAR.

to the carretera, no doubt the very hill that de Silva and his Portuguese soldiers ascended. Near the top, at 450 feet above the sea, are a number of ancient Canario caves, roughly cut out of the rock, the doorways being square holes. Further up is a large cave, inhabited formerly by a Guanarteme, perhaps the very one to which de Silva and his men were taken and fed by the humane islanders.

The Peak of Galdar—a magnificent red cone—burst into view, rising out of a plain on which is the town of Galdar, lying at the mountain's base. The country on this side is not pretty, the bright red cone alone giving life to the brown surroundings. The cuttings through which the road passes show a

wonderful variety of strata—trachyte, grey pumice, conglomerate, red clay, sand, burnt stone, slate and mould. The road itself is only cut, and walking upon it is like going over a ploughed field. The Galdar peak reminds one of the Peak of Tenerife as seen from the Cañadas. There is the same red-and-white colouring that one sees on the Cañadas and Montaña Blanca, surmounted by dark brown, streaks of which run into yellow and red. Suddenly, as we rounded a corner, Guia came into sight. It and Galdar lie on rising ground, above the surrounding fertile plains. Each has a church with double domes—they are within fifteen minutes' walk of each other—and each contains about 5,000 inhabitants, exactly the same population statistics say within fifty-eight of each other, the inhabitants say within five. I hope the worthy people will forgive my calling them the Cities of the Plain, for any thing more similar outwardly to what one imagines Sodom and Gomorrah to have been I cannot conceive. They are at any rate on volcanic soil, and should the neighbouring crater become again active, might possibly meet with the fate that overtook the Biblical cities. I hope not. The plain is entirely surrounded by hills, but its charm lies in the gracefully and beautifully shaped peak, of rich red colour.

There is a fair fonda at Guia, at which we arrived at 4.30 p.m. Time in Guia, however, is always thirty-five minutes in advance of Las Palmas, why no one could say. We were desirous of obtaining information of what was to be seen in the neighbourhood, and especially the cave of Galdar, around which so much history gathers. Don Rafael Almeida Mateos, to whom we had a letter of introduction, told us he feared it was impossible for us to see the cave, as it had been filled up with earth and rubbish. Seeing how disappointed we appeared, he considered for a moment, and said he would send to his brother and try and have it cleared for us. If we could only delay a day or two, it could easily be done. This, however, was impossible, as we had far to go and much to see. It was only the next morning we learned how energetic Don Rafael and his friends must have been in the night in order to compass our desires.

As we returned to the fonda we had to enter a shop to ask our way, which was kindly pointed out, the shopkeeper, who was eating his supper, a plate of puchero, at once offering us some. It is usual to invite bystanders or visitors during a meal to partake of it, but you are not expected to accept the offer any more than you are intended to appropriate to yourself a man's house, furniture, books, or horses when they are placed *à su disposicion de Vd.* (at your disposal), as is usually the case. It is merely courtesy!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GALDAR—GUANCHE PAINTED CAVE—AGAETE—EL VALLE—MINERAL SPRING—GUANCHE CEMETERY.

> Traverse yon spacious burial-ground;
> Many are sleeping soundly there
> Who passed with mourners standing around,
> Kindred, and friends, and children fair.
>
> ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

IT rained during the night, and at eight o'clock next morning (November 9th), the thermometer in the shade stood at 62·6°F. (17° C.), a fresh, pleasant temperature. The fonda is 550 feet above the sea, so Guia would naturally be cooler than Las Palmas. We always seek the azotea, from which a good view can generally be obtained, and in this case we were not disappointed, for the scenery is really magnificent. The Peak of Galdar, rising to a height of 1,500 feet above the sea, is the feature of the landscape, and it is difficult even to look at anything else. At its base lie green fields, while the blue sea forms the background. Quite to our left and behind us is another mountain, a shoulder of which runs towards the sea. Between us and this shoulder, lying more to westward, about a mile distant, is Galdar. The plain is well cultivated with the cochineal cactus, maize, and sugar-cane, and is dotted over with sentinel-like palms. At our feet lies the well-to-do town of Guia, just awakening into active life. The two towers of the church, each with a Moorish-like stone dome on the summit, are prominent objects, and have their counterpart in the church of Galdar, in the distance. There is a large dragon tree in a small walled garden at the back of the fonda, its long leaves swayed by the wind, which is blowing from the north-west, and is rather strong.

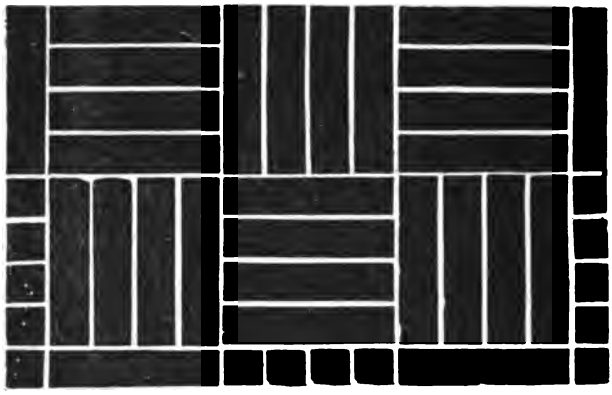
After visiting in the forenoon the church of Santa Maria, we mounted and started for Galdar. We were accompanied

by several gentlemen on horseback, and as we were all chatting, we did not reach Galdar under half-an-hour, though it is supposed to be but fifteen minutes' ride. We rode round the base of the Peak, and could see where the lava and cinders had flowed down. Numerous are the cave dwellings, cut in soft stone like sandstone, in which people are now living. Galdar lies lower than Guia, the pretty Plaza de Santiago, in which we drew rein, being only 350 feet above the sea. The church of Santiago has two side aisles, divided from the nave by seven irregularly fluted pillars of massive grey stone; the floor is of dirty stone. The church was built in 1778, but its site was previously used by Pedro de Vera for the celebration of mass after his defeat at Ajodar. We went on the stone roof, whence there is a fine view of the valley. Guia now appears as if lying on a hill, though it is but on a slight elevation. Below us is the plaza; the black walls of the houses, the green trees, the red and white flowers, and the fountain in their midst forming pleasing contrasts and a pretty picture. The town is clean and well paved, but does not seem so busy or wealthy as Guia. Galdar's *pièce de résistance*, did she but know it, is what we are about to visit.

Before the advent of Bethencourt there lived in Galdar a young and beautiful woman, of noble birth, who was as wise and good as she was beautiful. At that time Canaria was governed by many nobles in different districts of the island, who met together and formed a council for general matters. They had much trouble in keeping peace, and Andamana, by her sage advice to the people, aided them greatly. The nobles or chieftains were, however, jealous of her influence, and not liking a woman's interference, they persecuted her and her followers in Galdar, and persuaded the people not to listen to her. This hurt her much, as she had given the best part of her life to their interests. She did not rest satisfied with complaints, but took to action. Going to Guimidafe, one of the chieftains, who was considered the "most valiant and prudent of all the nobles in Canaria," and who lived in a cave, she told him her grievances, and proposed an alliance with him. It is not the only occasion in the world's history that women of royal blood have been obliged to be the suitors. Guimidafe

seems to have consented readily to espouse both the princess and her cause. Accounts differing slightly render it uncertain whether she fought and conquered the island before marrying Guimidafe, or whether they married first and fought—their enemies, not each other—afterwards. The latter is the more probable. At any rate, Andamana and Guimidafe reigned over a united Canaria. They had one son, Artemi, famous for his courage and virtue, who became king, and it was during his reign that Bethencourt landed at Arguineguin, where he was repulsed with loss. The Canarios, however, also lost many, and among the slain was the valiant King Artemi.

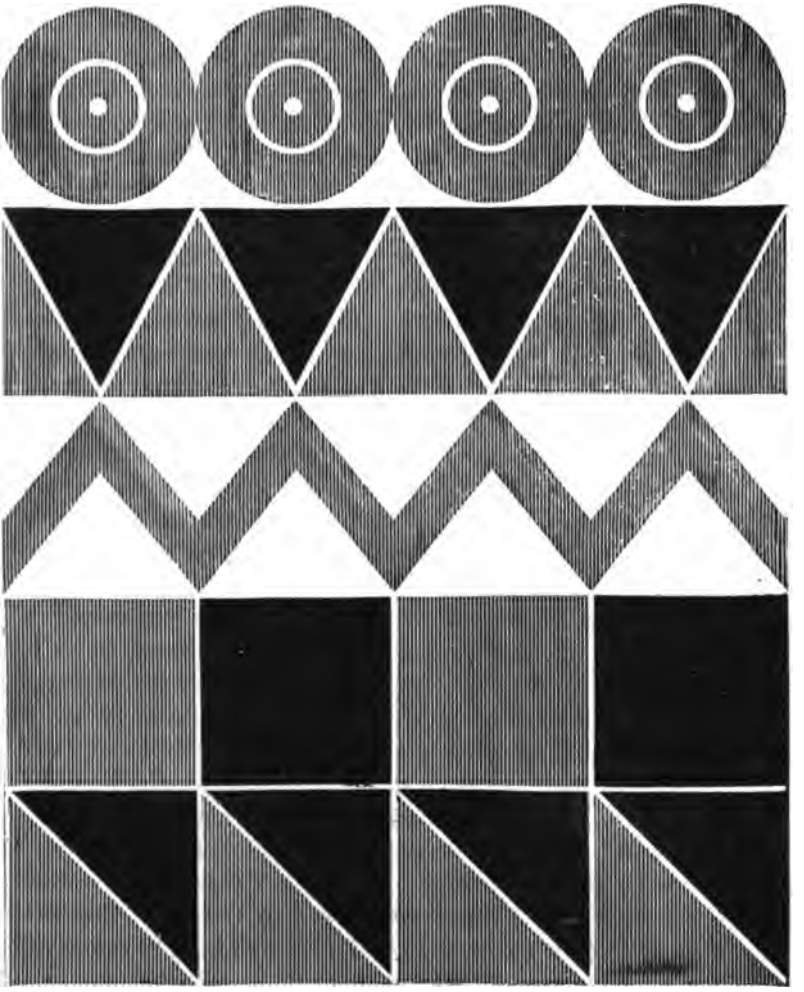
It will thus be noticed that much interest centres round Galdar, and especially the cave of the beautiful Andamana, whose history might well form the basis for a delightful romance. It was this cave that we were so anxious to see, and to which, escorted by all the principal people of the town, we now proceeded. The rubbish had been put into it to preserve it, as cattle made use of it, and the paintings on the sides and roof were getting damaged. Unfortunately, however, it is not improved by the depositing and removing of mould. It was exceedingly kind of those who took the trouble to have it



PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL CAVE, GALDAR.

prepared for our inspection. Of course there was no time to completely empty it, but a passage below the level of the

ground had been opened, not the principal entrance, and the interior cleared so that one could creep round to see the painting. The principal cave was nearly circular, and was, where we could measure it, eighteen feet in diameter. It is



PAINTINGS IN THE ROYAL CAVE, GALDAN.

possible that the walls sloped upwards, and that, at the bottom, if it had been cleared of rubbish, it would have been larger. Another cave, to the right of this one, is also painted. The

painting is done in sections, generally running round the cave in widths of ten inches. The ceiling is in squares, like a chess-board, white lines being drawn across the squares; then come red circles of two rings, the outer being ten inches in diameter; next are triangles, that fit into each other, the base of one being beside the apex of the other; these are painted alternately black and red. The row beneath is a double-lined zigzag, the points or elbows being at top and bottom. Between the lines the cave is painted red, but the spaces at the bottom are white. Below these are plain squares divided by white lines; the squares are alternately red and black. Two more designs we noticed, one in squares bisected at right angles, the upper half being black and the lower red; and on a stone we saw red lines like inverted V's, one above the other. There are no doubt other designs down to the floor, but we could not of course see them. The temperature, and the foul air, at last became so unbearable, that we were forced to beat a retreat to avoid suffocation. As we slowly walked back to the plaza I got hold of the alcalde and asked him to whom the land in which the cave was situated belonged. "Only a poor man," he said. I told him it was a great pity to allow such a place to be either misused or shut up, that the carretera would soon be finished, and visitors would be coming to the island, who would like to see the cave. I suggested that the town should buy the cave soon, while it could be got cheaply; that then they should clear it completely and put gates outside, which should be locked; that if a small fee were charged, say a real (twopence-halfpenny), the place could be kept in repair, and someone always at hand to act as showman when required. When I had finished, the alcalde raised his head, looked at me, and said solemnly, "It shall be done, Señora." A few months later a notice appeared in a Las Palmas newspaper to the effect that the *ayuntamiento* (town council) of Galdar had bought the cave, cleared, and enclosed it! I felt that one useful result at any rate had followed my visit to the Canary Islands.

Saying good-bye to our Galdar friends at 1.5 p.m., we mounted and rode out of the town, accompanied by Don Rafael and Don Pedro Dominguez, also on horseback. The

custom of escorting one part of the way when leaving, to "speed the parting guest," is very graceful, and takes the sting from farewells. The same courtesy is extended even when the acquaintanceship is of but few hours' standing.

The landscape is perfectly bare, nothing but stones and a little soil. In places the stones are cleared away, and the ground ploughed. The mountains as we approach them are very fine, and rear themselves grandly. The magnificent pointed headland of Aldea came in sight, and a little later we saw the grey gables of Agaete's almost solitary street. The village (population 3,385) runs at right angles to the sea, and consists, with only one exception, of single-storied and flat-roofed houses. The exception was that at which we dismounted. Passing along the street, we stopped at a large house at the further end, that of Don Antonio Armas. We were received by two of his sisters, who conducted us to the sala, where we waited for some time, in the presence of a life-size image of the Virgin of Dolores, dressed in black. We went out to see the sights of Agaete, accompanied by Don Antonio and his daughter, a pretty, pleasant maiden of about fourteen. We bent our steps to the barranco which runs through the town, in which there is a small waterfall over a shelf of basalt; water produces vegetation, and the greenery on both sides as well as the water itself are pleasant to the eye. The waterfall is, however, the least curious part of the barranco. On the right bank the basalt is twisted and columnar, and caved in underneath. Through this basalt the water is continually dripping, even when the barranco is dry, and so fast, that jars can be filled beneath the drips. A number of women had their jars under the shelving cliff, to get them filled with the water.

In a garden, belonging to Don Antonio, lower down the valley, oranges, mangoes, and guavas were dropping off the trees, and we trod upon them as we walked, while bananas, aguacates, and all kinds of fruits were growing in abundance. The garden was, in fact, a wilderness of luxuriant vegetation. An excellent substitute for tea is used here, a plant (*Sida rhombifolia*) growing wild in the neighbourhood, but introduced into the gardens around.

Returning to the house, we found Pablo, our arriero, waiting to tell us that Don Sebastian Perez, of Aldea, to whom we had letters of recommendation, was in this town, on his way to Las Palmas. We therefore sent our letters to him, and he called to see us. He tells us that the road between this and Aldea is so dangerous, that we cannot possibly go unless we have good horses, but that if we will wait here in Agaete for two days he will send for horses of his own, and take us himself to his house. Don Sebastian is a Spaniard from the Peninsula, and lives at Aldea as agent for some property. We learned later that life was not too pleasant for him. He had been shot at once, so agrarian crimes are not confined to Ireland. We noticed that when he called he was armed, as well as equipped for a long ride. As in Ireland, however, it is only the unfortunate agents who are interfered with; travellers go and come unmolested. Besides, it was only in connection with Aldea we ever heard of such trouble, the people there, it was said, being very poor, troublesome, and unruly.

So much spare time being at our disposal we planned an expedition to the mineral water situated at the head of El Valle (the Valley), as the upper part of the Valley of Agaete is called. The valley and spring belong to Don Antonio, and at the latter he has erected a few baths for the benefit of those who come for the water, which is said to be good for skin diseases.

After coffee, bread-and-butter, and cakes, we started at 9 a.m. on a horse and mule. I have seldom seen a more lovely little valley. We followed the barranco which flows through it, ascending all the time. The ascent was appreciable, but not until the end did it become stiff. Dark green orange trees, covered with showers of gold; pines, and palms, interspersed with greenery of all kinds; little cottages, or rather huts, poor and picturesque; and, wandering in and out, the river, only a streamlet now as we ascend higher and higher, form one of the most lovely spots imaginable. Where the cliffs and mountains are bare, the stiff, straight stems of the euphorbia rise from amid the barrenness.

I have seen many curious articles used for roofs, but the

strangest I saw here in the leaves of the aloe, which were arranged like tiles and pegged down. Most of the way the river runs through rocky beds, forming caves and slits, and falling in cascades. The mountains are all around, but not in that awfully frowning way that makes one long to escape from them. El Valle is, in fact, a cheerful, bright, contented, and happy-looking spot, haunted by yellow butterflies, which evidently appreciate its sunny depths.

We saw a man reading, and, as usual, wearing spectacles. The eyesight of the lower classes is very bad in Canaria, and they suffer much from affections of the eye. We used often to think when we saw the flies allowed to remain in the corners of the children's eyes, six or eight of them at a time, that they must carry infection going from one to the other.

We at last reached our destination, which is but half-way up the mountain. Not a creature was to be seen, but we found a little wooden shed, with three doors, like a bathing box. On its further side next the cliff was a sort of long-shaped tank, in which the water bubbles up as if boiling furiously, but it is not, being merely surcharged with carbonic acid gas. The temperature is 77° F. (25° C.). The height above the level of the sea is 1,650 feet. The iron (ferrous carbonate) in the water has made the sides and bottom of the tank quite rusty red.* After passing through the baths this aërated water flows out at the back into the river. The tiny plateau on which the baths stand is surrounded on three sides by rocks. It is curious to note that only a thin wedge of rock divides the fresh water from the mineral. The rock is very hard, like basalt in fact, and is covered immediately above and around with iron oxide. We of course tasted the water, which was as if powerfully aërated, quite taking away from the nauseous flavour so trying generally in chalybeate springs. It was perceptibly tepid. I was anxious to know the depth of the little tank or cutting, which was a foot and a-half, so pulled my sleeve up and immersed my hand and arm. I was suffering much from the sun raising spots on my hands and wrists, which were very irritable.

* See Appendix for analysis of this water.

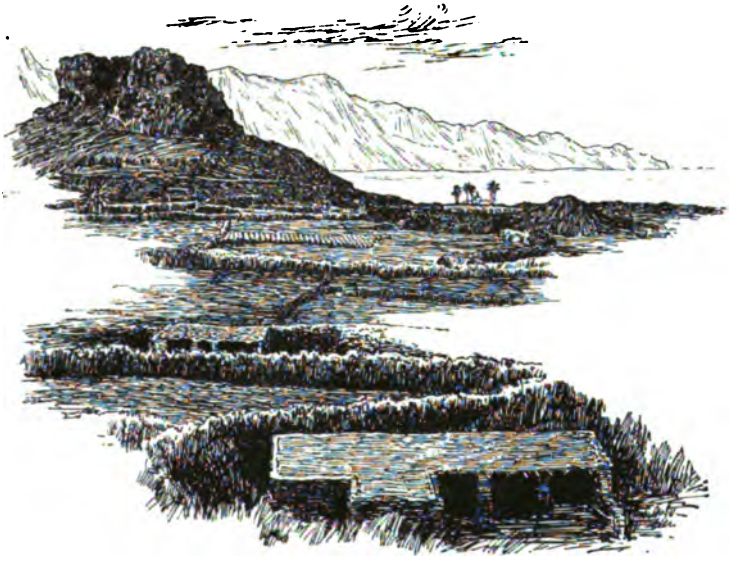
On putting my hand into the water, I felt how soothing it was. So I put in both hands, and held them in the pleasant temperature for a few moments. I scarcely felt the spots again, and never to the same extent, the irritation ceasing at once.

Considering that Agaete is within easy access of Las Palmas, being only forty-nine kilometres, or about thirty-two miles, from that town, there is every probability that it may become a celebrated watering-place.

We brought back some bottles of the mineral water with us, which has been carefully analysed by Mr. Pelham R. Ogle, M.A., F.C.S. His full report will be found in the Appendix. The water is certainly unique in its composition. Though the salts in solution are not large in quantity for a mineral spring, they consist almost wholly of carbonates, one seventh being ferrous carbonate and the remainder alkaline carbonates. The peculiar feature of the water lies in the iron being present in the ferr*ous*, and not the ferr*ic*, state, and the astonishing absence of other salts. I should think this spring has a great future before it as a tonic, and as a valuable drink for anæmic people.

Near the sea below Agaete is an immense field of black lava, about half-a-mile long and not quite so broad, situated in mid-valley, but on the sea-shore. This, in the distance, looks like an ordinary lava eruption, and so it is, but it is also a Guanche cemetery, or, to be absolutely correct, a cemetery of the Ancient Canarios. As we neared it we also came from behind the shelter of the cliff at the end of the valley, and saw on our left the remains of Alonzo de Lugo's castle, a modern building—only four hundred years old—compared with the burying-ground of the Canarios. Beside it is a little mole, giving a good landing place for small boats. The fort is very small, but was sufficient no doubt to give shelter to de Lugo's thirty-five warriors. The conflicts between the invaders and the natives were more remarkable for their fierceness than for the numbers engaged. Geologically, the formation of the surface of this island is older than that of Tenerife—that is, there have been no eruptions within historical times—and if the

Canarios buried here at the time of the conquest, we may be sure that within memory of their traditions this lava stream had not flowed. As we near the cemetery we see that the natural irregularities of the lava are still further increased by art. Every few yards there is a pile of cinder-stones, some round, some oblong, some square, and varying in size from twelve to sixteen feet. They are only a few—from two to four—feet in height above the surrounding lava, and are very irregular in shape, the top being nearly as broad as the bottom. Some of the graves were open, when one could see a space of



PUNTA DE LA ALDEA.

sufficient length in which to place a body. In some there are bones and skulls, in others nothing but dust. Round the body are placed small stones, and upon these rest large masses of lava, forming a hollow space, and at the same time covering the corpse. These are again covered by stones, or rather pieces of lava, of varied size and shape. Some have red stones upon them, a kind of sandstone found in the neighbourhood, and it may be that these are the graves of the chieftains.

That the Guanches and their language should have been so completely destroyed or absorbed, is a matter of deep

regret, though scarcely of wonder, when we remember who were their conquerors. I always feel, when speaking of this matter, that the present inhabitants of the islands represent the Guanches, for they are a very different people on the whole from the Spaniards of the Peninsula. Either their insulated position, their partial descent from the Guanches, or their mixing with and preserving many of the customs and habits of that race, any one of these or all together, have produced a completely different race in character and appearance, with which the Peninsular Spaniards will ill bear comparison.

The view towards Aldea is magnificent. A massive headland in the foreground drops perpendicularly into the sea, while next to and beyond it is the Punta de la Aldea, rising high near the land, and dropping by degrees until it reaches the sea, the outline torn, jagged, and serrated, one mass of teeth, like the Dent du Midi in Switzerland, or Troltinderne in Norway.

Crossing the river, near the source of which we had been this morning in El Valle, and on whose banks grow some tall and stately palms, we ascend a low hill, and half-way stop and turn to look at the scene stretched around.

The setting sun is shining on the mountains and point of Aldea, bringing them out in clear and beautiful relief. Over the sea the sun itself is going down amid an array of attendant clouds in gorgeous attire, bewildering by their beauty, and distracting, as they rapidly robe and disrobe in every colour and shade imaginable. Teide rises high in the air like a peaked cloud, far above the distractions of earth. Leftwards the moon is high in the sky over El Valle. Silence reigns, and at our feet lie the buried Guanches. Teide gradually disappears behind the clouds of night, and the moon watches over the tombs of the sleeping warriors. And so as we turn

"One more day
Drops in the shadowy gulf of bygone things."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AGAETE—ALDEA—ARTENARA—TEJEDA.

> Hardly we breathe, although the air be free;
> How massively doth awful Nature pile
> The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
> Sacred to silence and the solemn sea.
>
> THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

WE set out next morning on our journey. It had been raining, but the clouds cleared away. We soon reached a narrow road or path cut out of a precipice, immediately above the sea. Perpendicular cliffs towered above, and 465 feet below the sea broke against the rocks. We are walking along a ledge scarcely four feet wide, but the path is so level and firm, that although there is no protection between us and the sea, we do not realise the danger, for to us it seems broad compared with others over which we have ridden. My horse insists, as usual, upon walking near the edge, but I am on the inside this time, therefore safe. It is a fine, nay, a magnificent ride. The rain has disappeared, the sun is shining, the air exhilarating. The good mare—Don Sebastian's—feels this as well as I, and dances until I give her rein and let her canter along the ledge. Presently we descended into a steep and narrow barranco, the bottom dedicated to a solitary palm tree, a hawk, a humming-bird moth, and a stream trickling downwards. The back-ground is formed by a magnificent escalade of escarped mountain, El Pinar, some 3,000 or 4,000 feet high. We now came to a wall rock, similar to the one near the Pico de los Muchachos, in Palma, but not so perfect. Its summit was 650 feet above the sea, towards which it ran. The road descended once more into another barranco, at the foot of the majestic El Pinar, out of which we ascended by a steep cutting, until 750 feet above the sea. The path now became a little narrower, but we were near its end,

and after again descending, we turned a corner, when a valley, more like an enclosure surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, came in sight. Into this we descended. Two large barrancos and several smaller ones enter the Valley of El Risco. The land quite at the bottom is cultivated by the owners no doubt of the two houses situated there. Beautiful bright yellow flowers, growing in wild profusion, found, we were told, in but few places, tempted us to pluck them. As we entered the valley, we turned away from the sea, and advanced in a south-easterly direction inland up the main barranco. The sides are not very precipitous, comparatively speaking, but are completely bare, save for balo and euphorbia intermixed with stones. As we proceeded up the barranco we came to a little green plateau, so fresh and green, that water must be near the surface. We rode up another barranco, leading out of the main, and containing six giant boulders. Thence we ascended the face of a rock very steep, and with very insecure footing, for there was no regular path. Here we met a man and woman with a donkey, coming perhaps from a few huts we saw on the hillside. The top of the mountains are wooded, chiefly with pines. As we got higher we rode upon a ridge, only some twenty feet in width, along which the path led. We reached the top and end of this at 2.15 p.m., and found we were 1,450 feet above the sea, and had left the Valley of El Risco behind. Small shrubs of camomile abound everywhere, and there is vegetation cropping up on all sides among the stones.

The road was now nothing better than a goat-track. An hour later we reached the summit, a pile of stones surmounted by a small cross, 2,300 feet above the sea, and overlooking the Valley of Aldea, a flat plain conducted seawards by ranges of mountains on each side. Our path lay down a steep cliff at the upper end of a narrow valley. I was pretty well used to bad paths by this time, but when we began (3.35 p.m.) to descend this, I felt my only chance of not being precipitated to the bottom lay in the mare. The path wandered down the hillside, twisting and turning as seemed best to it in avoiding the boulders and rocks and stones that lay scattered around. The track itself was about one foot

wide, and frequently dropped in uneven steps, varying in depth from six inches to twenty. The mare never hesitated, walking down quickly and boldly, but I must confess I only drew a free breath at the bottom. No animals unaccustomed to the path could have carried us safely. The cliffs on the north side were entirely covered with euphorbia, while those on the south had none. Opposite, the mountains which terminate in the Punta de la Aldea present striking and magnificent outlines. As we reached the bottom of the ravine, we found some houses nestling under the shelter of its crags. Crossing the barranco of Fure, which was waterless, we rode along a narrow path, past a farm built on the very edge of the barranco, its walls seeming dangerously placed upon crumbly soil above the edge of the river-bed. Plenty of cows around, and a big threshing-floor, testify to the well-to-do-ness of the farmer. We continued down the barranco, passing many houses or hovels, with mud roofs, and quantities of breso and euphorbia. It was now getting late, and our guide, a servant of Don Sebastian's, without saying a word, left us, and ascending the south side of the barranco for a short distance, hastened onwards by what we supposed was a short cut. We rather wondered at being thus left, but concluded he would turn up further along. We had now reached the end of the barranco and the mountains which bound it on either side, and beheld in the fast-growing darkness the large barranco of Aldea. The setting sun had flushed the sky over the mountains a rosy pink, while to the eastward the heavens were entirely lit up by the reflection. Meanwhile on tramped the animals, whither we did not know, for no one but ourselves was to be seen in the vast expanse. The barranco, or at any rate the stony ground, extended for some half-mile in width, and without the vestige of a path across its barren surface. There was nothing else to do but give the animals their own way. They led us straight across the stony plain, winding in and out among some boulders, to cultivated ground, then took a turn to the left leading towards lights that were apparently issuing from a village; before reaching it, however, they again turned to the left down a lane, the approach to a solitary house standing in mid-valley. Here we were courteously

received by Don Sebastian's wife, and treated most hospitably.

Not till next morning, however, did the scenery reveal itself in all its splendour. Right and left are mountains. The former are in jagged peaks, crowned in the centre by a high and curiously shaped rock, the Montaña del Cedro. This mountain, and the range which stretches southwards to Mogan, form the oldest portion of the island, and are of basaltic formation. Above all is the blue sky, perfectly blue, without a cloud, north, south, east, or west. The climate here feels much warmer than at Agaete, which would be a comparatively cool summer retreat, and we find it is, for at 8 a.m. the thermometer registered 69·8° F. (21° C.), and at 11 a.m. it was 95° F. (35° C.) in the sun, which would account for the number of butterflies flitting around. *La Aldea* means "the little village."

After a matutinal cup of coffee we paid a visit of inspection to the farm, which for the neighbourhood is large. The stables in these islands are very different from ours, the climate not necessitating so much care in avoiding cold. Here they form a square, and are merely sheds, their exteriors enclosed, but open to the yard. One contains the horses, another the mules, a third the donkeys, while a black mare and the white one I rode yesterday have another to themselves. Turkeys, the only ones in the island, the señora tells us, have a separate establishment, but the geese, ducks, five dogs, and seven cats roam at will. The extraordinary number of dogs, large and fierce to all but the household, and the presence of several menservants, were explained by the señora saying "the people were rough here, and her husband much away." This, coupled with what we had already heard of the difficulty of getting any rents in, suggested scenes that have been lately enacted nearer home. The owner of the property—a lady—is an absentee, who lives in Laguna, Tenerife. Out of a population of some 1,300 people, only fifty-six possess land. There is not a baker's shop in the place, not even a venta.

The land around is under cultivation all the year, it never rests, yet it does not suffer from exhaustion, though three crops are obtained every twelve months. A field near this has

just been prepared for barley, which will be reaped three months hence, when beans will be planted, to be gathered twelve weeks later. Such a country ought to be rich, and there must be "something rotten in the state of" Spain that it is not so. We have not far to seek the cause when we examine the question of taxation.

The isleños are great crochet-workers, so, thinking I might buy a little from the poor people here, we went to several houses to see what work they had. When making the crochet, they do it all in one piece for pillow-cases, on which it is inserted a few inches from each end. Towels are also heavily encumbered with insertion and fringe, until there is but little towel left for use. The women of all classes sew a great deal, spend their time, in fact, doing all kinds of needlework, but chiefly embroidery and crochet.

The houses of the poor people that we entered in Aldea consisted generally of only one room, at one end of which a couple of beds would be curtained off by muslin curtains. The earthen floor was covered by a large palm matting. A few small tables round the walls, perhaps a chest of drawers, and a chest with a padlock would comprise the furniture; and very often in the most unexpected places we saw a sewing-machine. The women here are a great contrast to those in El Valle, being particularly ugly and very brown from the sun.

We went on the azotea towards evening, and, seeing a seat on the edge, we sat down to look at the view. A strong smell of dinner, however, assailed us, which at first we did not notice much, but when it became stronger, I jumped up and exclaimed, "I believe we are sitting on the chimney!" It was quite true. Charcoal and dry wood are used for the fires, and there is thus very little smoke from them. The chimney is on a level with the wall round the azotea, and is covered on the top, what smoke there is escaping out of the sides.

We left with regret our pleasant quarters, the morning of Tuesday, November 13th, seeing us again on horseback and on our way to Tejeda. The ground was very rough, loose stones of various sizes giving insecure footing. Intermixed with the stones was a good deal of the little thorny plant

called "Christ's thorn," supposed, as I have before mentioned, to be the same as the thorn used for the Crucifixion crown. It has long spikes or thorns of about one or two inches in length, and an inch apart, on the sides of a pliant stem, which can be very easily twisted into any shape. The colour is a dull grey-green. We found a shrub (*Teline congesta*) also growing in great abundance.

The morning was lovely, and the mountains stood out majestically against the sky. As we reached a solitary pine some 1,150 feet upwards, we turned to look behind us, and gained a magnificent view of the Peak, higher and grander than ever. We reached the top of the ridge at 8 a.m., 2,400 feet above the sea, whence we obtained a fine view over ridged hills and gorges, and into the barranco beneath.

Just as we were thinking of a halt and breakfast, we reached a kind of plateau still higher up, at 9.35 a.m. (3,400 feet). As we and the men prepared to breakfast, we saw no arrangements being made for the poor animals that were so patiently carrying us along, and on whose surefootedness our safety and even our lives depended. We questioned the men about their food, but they only smiled benignly at us. We even tried to raise their pride by trading upon the rivalry between the two islands, telling them that in Tenerife the horses always had a feed when we did, but our endeavours were vain; the horses got nothing to eat. We now understood why the beasts of burden here go so indifferently and are so poor. After we left our halting-place, the path wound along dangerously on the edge of a steep slope, wooded with young pines. We climbed rocks on horseback that one would have to attempt with the aid of hands if on foot. The view all the time was splendid, extensive, and grand. Artenara was pointed out to us on our left, and we wound round the mountain side to get to it.

The road over the ridges was awful. Whole slabs of smooth rock we rode up without a foothold for the horses. Then would come a step a foot or two high, when, our horses having planted their fore-feet, we would clutch their manes and move forward in the saddle, so that, the weight taken off their backs, they might draw up their hind-legs. It was use-

less to attempt walking to ease them, for this kind of road continued for a long distance, and was too fatiguing to be traversed on foot.

Clouds hover above, and when we are on the north side of the ridge, on the edge of the crater in which Tejeda is situated, and unprotected from the wind, it is decidedly chilly. We ascended by a *vuelta*, or corkscrew path up the face of a ridge or saddle that rose higher than the surrounding hills, until we reached an altitude of 4,000 feet, where we noticed some cave dwellings, so concluded we were nearing Artenara, the highest troglodyte village in the island. The caves are square holes in the rocks, evidently artificial. Two animals precede us carrying codeso bushes, in which they are so enveloped that we cannot ascertain if they be horses, mules, or donkeys. Any day one might see the woods of Birnam walking to and fro in this neighbourhood, for firewood having failed in the vicinity of the caves and Tejeda, it has to be brought from the mountains on the backs of the animals. The opposite hillside is being ploughed by five yoke of some —it is difficult to distinguish what—animals at this distance. There is plenty of what looks like grazing common ; and there are green dips in the hills, very refreshing to the eye. A little cemetery, enclosed by four walls of loose stones, betrays our proximity to a village of considerable size. The burying ground is entirely covered with grass, and contains only two or three crosses of sticks. A weather-beaten church, its glass windows broken, the corners and buttresses of red stones cemented and the rest built of loose stones, the tower broken, and only the bells and belfry left, stands with three houses on a little plateau, from which there is a splendid view of the valley (3,850 feet). We are at Artenara, but the habitations of the population are nowhere to be seen. It is 1.30 p.m. We hear a loud and confused murmur of voices proceeding from a cave on our right, so, dismounting, we walk towards it, and looking in, find we are at the village school. The walls are some five or six feet in thickness, and inside is a fair-sized room. It is very odd to see the children sitting at desks in a cave. One feels as though they must be playing at school, but they seem serious enough, though we do not. Next to

the school is a cave occupied by the cura, and another which is a venta. Turning aside further down the valley, we find the lower part of the cliff is entirely honeycombed with caves.

The people of the caves were pleased to see us, and invited us to enter and view their dwellings. We took some photographs of the exteriors. Caves of all sorts, sizes, and shapes abound; only just sufficient room has been left between each to render the walls thick and the roofs secure. Out of one cave comes a goat; in another stands a cow. Nearly all the dwelling-caves have doors of some kind, the rocks being cut square to fit them. The rock out of which these caves are hewn is soft yellow-brown volcanic tufa, like the surrounding soil. Above, below, and around, little pathways and steps lead to the caves. Some caves are over others, and some have low stone walls built in front of them. The sloping ground in their vicinity is cultivated, chiefly with potatoes. Seeing the cura visiting his flock, we spoke to him, and elicited much information. We asked him if the people would mind our seeing the interiors of any of their caves, whereupon he told a woman standing near our request, and she gave us a cordial invitation to enter. This dwelling was formed of a square sitting-room, behind which were three smaller rooms or recesses, with beds in them, and clean white curtains in front. It was curious, but ought not to have been unexpected, to find the innermost caves, the bedrooms, entirely destitute of light unless artificial. The floor is tolerably even, also the ceiling, but both contained the marks of stones that are in the tufa. Shelves are cut in the inner walls, and cupboards formed. There are few, if any, chairs, only some boxes or chests. Palm mats cover the floor, on which the people sit or recline at their meals. They tell us the caves are always dry, and that they are cool in summer and warm in winter. No doubt the ancient Canarios occupied these identical dwellings. They preferred living in caves, and it was, as a rule, only the poorest who dwelt in houses made of stones and mud. The cura tells us there are two hundred and thirty-seven caves, and allowing five people to each would give 1,185 inhabitants, a number not far wrong, as I found later, the official population in 1883 being 1,101. From the caves is a fine view

over the Valley of Tejeda, the Roque de Bentaiga, of ancient notoriety, standing out in mid-valley. Near it, apparently at this distance, is another gigantic monolith, the Roque del Nublo, from here needle-shaped. It is some 5,500 feet above the sea, and stands above the mountain on which it rests, overlooking the entire neighbourhood.

The cura next took us to a chapel carved out of red sandstone by a hermit, Enriquo. The hermit did the work entirely with his own hands. The sandstone is not, however, so dry as the conglomerate, and the damp comes through a little above the stone altar. This as well as the chancel, a confessional, holy water font, pulpit, seats round the sides, and at the left of the entrance a sort of cell above the level of the chapel, containing a stone bed and reached by a few steps, are all hewn out of the solid rock, the cave being cut away from them, not they cut out and placed in the cave.

It was 2.35 p.m. when we again started. The path, after leaving the caves behind us, was still cut out of the mountain side, which continued along on our left. It was a narrow pathway about three feet wide, and of firmly trodden soil, pleasant to walk upon. The afternoon was lovely, the temperature like a fresh June evening in England, so we went on foot for some distance. Some water trickling down the hillside, guided over an aloe-leaf as pipe, was fresh and cool. Potatoes are planted here in great quantities, and our men have orders to take some back; they find, however, on inquiry that they are very dear. Whenever they see anyone about the fields, they shout to him to ask if he have potatoes, and how much they are. Three pesos (nine shillings) is asked for one quintal, while in Aldea two quintales are sold for one peso (three shillings), rather a difference, and only a mountain ridge between. But communication is rare. As we approach Tejeda we find the land more cultivated. Looking at the maps, one has an idea that Tejeda is in the bottom of the valley. Such, however, is not the case. It is very high up, near the summit of a ridge, which lies in mid-island, and across which one can pass to the gentler slopes of the north-eastern side. Presently we came to a little barranco, crossing which we found ourselves among houses; and leaving these,

we descended into another barranco, in which was also water, after which the road led again along the hillside and among boulders, until we came to a valley, or rather hill, of rocks. The mixture of terms is confusing, yet fitting. Tejeda is a sloping hillside, intersected and cut up by innumerable barrancos, which all converge towards a lower and narrower part, where in a precipitous gorge they join, and form one large watercourse, which runs westward until it emerges at Aldea. Surrounding this valley of barrancos are high mountains, especially on the south, so that, although lying high, Tejeda is indeed a valley,

> "A giant valley strewn
> With giant rocks; asleep, and vast, and still,
> And far away."

The shoulders or saddles which lie between the numerous barrancos look like hills, and are formed of rocks interspersed by grass and codeso bushes, with here and there houses. Crowning all this, in its midst rises the Roque de Bentaiga, looking like a huge castle, with the sun setting behind it, throwing it into relief and lighting up the surrounding panorama. Beyond and around are mountains, which dovetail into one another, and stretch further and further as far as the eye can reach. Jagged edges, serrated outlines, are their characteristics. The centre of Gran Canaria is a compressed mass of mountains. There is nothing soft or peaceful in their forms. The very rocks and mountains would seem to be a part of, and bear witness to, the heart-rending struggles between their gentle owners and ruthless invaders. Much of the scene around is historic. From Bentaiga to the pitiless rocks below many threw themselves rather than fall into the hands of the conquerors, while in the neighbouring fastnesses took place those heroic struggles made by patriots for their country.

Our road still winds along the upper and eastern end of the valley. Above us is a sloping hillside, and beneath the abrupt descents of barrancos and spurs. Several cisterns are formed in the upper part, where the land lies above the water supply of the barrancos. Night was closing in rapidly as we entered the village of Tejeda.

CHAPTER XXX.

TEROR—OSORIO—PRESENT INHABITANTS—EDUCATION.

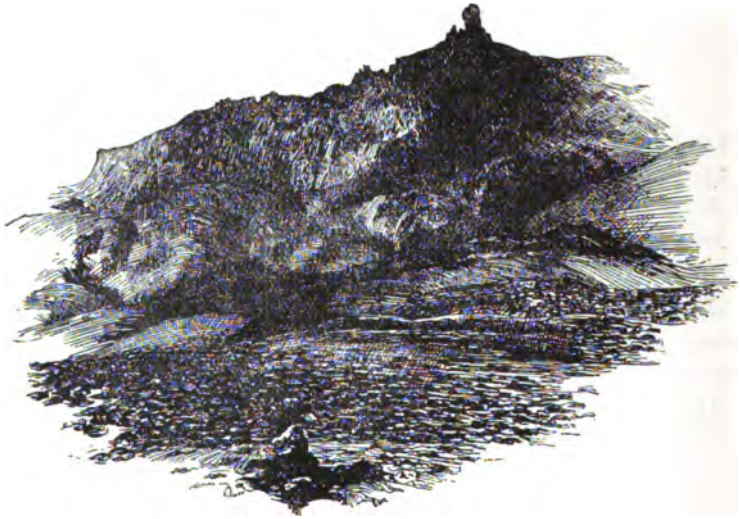
'Tis pleasant, I ween, with a leafy screen
O'er the weary head, to lie
On the mossy carpet of emerald green,
'Neath the vault of the azure sky.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

TEJEDA is really a crater or cauldron, somewhat like the Caldera of Palma, but more extended and open, and its sides are not so precipitous. The saddle-backs which run down into the centre, and, in fact, fill it, are all cultivated, while little barrancos, like gigantic cracks in the ground, divide each shoulder from the other. Surrounding these is a circle of steep declivities, which on the left, or south-west, rise in two abrupt points. One of these is perfectly sharp, a pinnacle, pointed like a needle. If the eye travel along the ridge from which it rises, it is arrested by yet another rock, like a grand Norman castle towering on the heights. The former is the Roque del Nublo, the latter that of Bentaiga. On the summit of the Nublo there is said to be a spring of water. This weird-looking pinnacle is situated at 6,000 feet above the sea, and is formed of trachytic agglomerate. Most of the houses in Tejeda are tiled, toning therefore with the landscape more harmoniously than the glaring flat roofs common in the lowlands. Stones are placed on them to hold them down, as there is much wind every night, as well as storms.

The morning is lovely as we wind up the hill from Tejeda on our way to Teror. The view increases in beauty and extent over the mountains westward as we rise, range after range dovetailing into one another, until the eye gets lost amid their rugged tops and jagged summits, lit by the

morning sun. The Peak seems to rise as we do, as if it would not be overtopped by any other pile. Here and there a few pine trees can be seen against the blue sky as the eye follows the outline of a hill, but they are the sole signs of vegetation on those wild mountain summits. We now cross by a dip in the hills surrounding the caldera of Tejeda on its eastern side, and before losing sight of it turn once more to see the view. Perhaps from here the weird pillar and needle rocks that guard the valley look finest. The view to eastward is totally different, as is the character of the soil. Sheep browse on close, short, sweet grassy slopes, and there is a



ROQUE DEL NUBLO.

pastoral air over the green valleys, undulating hills, and wandering streamlets that is characteristic only of this particular district. The height above the sea precludes all appearance of tropical vegetation, and one could readily imagine one's self in an English grazing county. When we meet the inhabitants, however, they seem an anachronism. The men in Canaria, and particularly in Aldea, are thick-set. The women are comely on the whole, wearing red petticoats, affecting bright colours in their head kerchiefs, and throwing round their shoulders scarves of yellow, green, and blue. We crossed a streamlet (4,650 feet) surrounded by vivid

greensward, while huge boulders rested in the valley. The sides of the glen are filled with codeso and grass, plenty of both being scattered around. It is only when one sees the bare trees and the leaves lying on the ground, that one realises that it is autumn. The blue sky, hot sunshine, and bright verdure suggest summer, while here there is just sufficient freshness in the air to hint of June. And it is November, that month of damp and fogs, the very name of which suggests more to an Englishman than any amount of epithets.

Passing on our left Valleseco, a valley surrounded by hills, well cultivated and thickly dotted with tiled houses, and soon after La Madre del Agua, still in the same district, where two springs unite to form the Barranco de la Virgen, we gradually descend upon Teror, surrounded by lofty hills on all sides, but particularly on the south. Teror is one of the larger towns of the island, containing over four thousand inhabitants. It has two objects of interest, one of which is likely to make it a still larger place in the future. The church of the Virgin of the Pine, which we visited immediately upon our arrival, has a massive but ugly exterior. The clayey tufa foundation on which the town is built causes cracks in the walls not only of the church but also of the houses. The interior of the church, however, belies the external promise. The stone pillars are painted grey, and the arches between the nave and side aisles are well proportioned. The altars are all gilt. The entrance doors are of handsomely carved stone; the floor is stone; and there is marble round the high altar. There is a dome, and lantern windows, spoiled by the same round, ugly coloured glass as in the cathedral at Las Palmas. Massive candelabra, splendidly wrought; artificial flowers, stiffly arranged; and an extensive assortment of robes, show that in the past if not now, the church was richly endowed. The doors which are old and carved, excited our greatest admiration. "Promises" are hung up beneath a picture of the Virgen del Pino, framed in silver. It is to this that Teror owes its notoriety. Formerly a pine forest stood here, and one night the Virgin is said to have appeared under a large pine, still shown, near the church, whereupon a healing spring

immediately sprang up. A church was erected and dedicated to the Virgin of the Pine, and the pious come here, leaving tokens of "promises" that they make at her shrine. Thus Teror is now famous among the islanders for her church. But it is from a more practical point of view—its possession of a mineral spring—that one would predict a future for Teror. The mineral waters of Teror are all situated on the right bank of the barranco, close to the bed of the river. Several springs issue from the rocky bank. Some are stronger than others, but all are pleasant to the taste.

We took a photograph of the church next morning, and were stared at by a number of boys going to school, each carrying a pencil or pen-case, made of cane, with a cane stopper at the top. Behind the church is the plaza, bounded by the Palacio, where the Bishop resides when not in Las Palmas. Teror being only about ten or eleven kilometres (seven miles) from Las Palmas, many of those who are obliged to be frequently in the capital have houses here, which they can readily reach, this being a much cooler situation in summer. It was only 59° F. (15° C.) in the shade at eight a.m., quite three or four degrees cooler than Las Palmas.

The Palacio is a long, one-storied building, facing the plaza. There is glass in the upper part only of the windows, the lower being closed by green shutters. The building is whitewashed, save at the corners and round the windows, where there is red stone. The roof is tiled. A curious arch, leading to nowhere, is at the top of a flight of steps; no doubt it was once open, but has been filled in recently. We sat down in the plaza on one of the usual stone seats, of which there are four. Grass grows between the stones, and the ground is strewn with the autumnal leaves of the fine trees which adorn the esplanade. They are chiefly sycamores, while rose trees and geraniums grow luxuriantly around.

We started after breakfast on two horses, accompanied by several of the inhabitants as an escort, for Osorio, a wooded peak near Teror, famous in the past history of the islands, and now used as a picnic resort. After leaving the town, we ascended for some fifteen minutes, when we came to a chestnut wood, through which we followed a road until we

reached a grove, where there were stone seats, a table in the centre formed of the trunk of an old tree, and a fountain of delicious water. Most unfortunately, as we ascended higher it began to rain, and with the rain a thick mist came on. We struggled upwards for some time, but the rain became heavier, and the ground too slippery for the horses. John dismounted and reached the summit on foot, with one gentleman whose horse managed to get there, and found the height 2,750 feet.

We left Teror at 12.40 for Las Palmas, riding as far as Tamaraceite, where we expected to catch the coach from Arucas to the town. We met a woman carrying on her head a table, the legs turned upwards, with a drawer in it, on which were placed a basket and a bundle. It is marvellous how much and what awkward loads they can thus carry. The walls along the road were twenty feet high, and covered with moss, hare's-foot, and polypodium ferns. For the first time we saw cows grazing. Some caves are cut in the sides of the sloping hillside for animals, and further on are more caves for human beings, which are cut with eaves to throw off the rain. We met three more women, with baskets on their heads, and another carrying a shawl, rather than nothing. They gave us the usual "adios," or, as they pronounce it, "adió." Our path now led along rising ground, and on the top, away from all habitations save one, we came upon the church of San José el Alanio. It is now desecrated, being used for fowls by the owners of the neighbouring house. The date upon it is 1676. The beams and the wooden pulpit still stand, the edifice itself being of grey stone. The house beside it is of ecclesiastical structure, and is surmounted by a cross; doubtless it was an old convent or monastery. Near San José a turn in the road reveals to us six large reservoirs, lying like white sheets below. It took us an hour and a-half walking leisurely to ride from Teror to the carretera, a short distance above Tamaraceite. While we were waiting for the mail coach to convey us to Las Palmas, two coaches went down and three passed up, so there must be a good deal of traffic.

We had some interesting conversation with our fellow-passengers in the coach. One had a grandfather ninety-six,

and a grandmother eighty-four; and the other, a grandfather ninety-eight, and a grandmother who died at eighty-one. These are long figures, but coming as they did from two casual natives, they may fairly be taken as not exceptional. It does not require much scientific knowledge to see that were the climate not peculiarly dry and deodorising, longevity would not be the rule, mortality must be great. As it is, these islands—at least, the towns—are not at all prepared to fight any epidemic which might visit them. There is a total lack of sanitary science, no drains, water scarce, and only laid on to a few houses. It is terrible to think of the havoc which would follow an invasion of typhus or cholera. But still the islands are wonderfully healthy. Illnesses of the ordinary kinds, which are frequently fatal in the north, here lose their sting; when they do come, it is in milder forms. The climate is moderate, and it seems capable of spreading that desirable quality over the ills that flesh is heir to. It may therefore be judged that the medical is not a lucrative profession. The poor people are all herbalists, having their simples for every evil under the sun. A doctor in a country part near Las Palmas told us that the peasants there considered a toston (one shilling) sufficient payment for setting a broken arm. We informed our fellow-travellers, however, that Englishmen too have long-lived grandparents, and that modern science does for England much what nature does for the Fortunate Islands.

But though we might enlarge to almost any extent upon the want of enterprise and energy shown here in everything, a wrong impression would be conveyed by leaving the matter thus. Applied to the great bulk of the peasants and the majority of the richer classes, what we have been saying about the apathy holds good, and is incontrovertible; but scattered through the population of each island are individuals who are acting as most vivifying leaven. We have met many such; men who have been on the continent of Europe, or in Cuba, or who, being Freemasons, have read a good deal and know the state of progress of other nations. Indeed, all the educated classes know that Spain is behind the nations in civilisation, but while deploring it, seem unable to combat past influences and the habits of their fellows.

The agricultural peasants are most conservative in their habits. They use a large-sized hoe for digging the ground, a very inferior instrument to the spade, besides having the great disadvantage of the turned-up earth being at once trodden upon by the worker as he progresses. Several intelligent Spaniards and Englishmen have tried to introduce the spade, showing the people its manifest advantages—that it goes deeper, turns the earth more thoroughly, and that the workman goes backward, not treading upon the broken soil—but all to no avail. As their fathers did, so will they do. The only hope is that the education of the children will be raised in standard, so that intelligence may be awakened and enlightenment eventually spread over the islands. The peasants are universally gentle, kind to one another, and soft in manner and speech, all which excellent qualities make it the greater pity that they are so blind to their own advancement and the real progress of their country. The plough used throughout the islands consists of a piece of wood, which is pulled through the earth, at a depth of three or four inches, by a yoke of oxen. It is merely tickling the soil, for the earth is not regularly turned over.

When a cow has a calf which dies, the latter is invariably skinned, stuffed with straw, and placed beside the mother in the byre, because, the peasants say, the cow will not continue to give milk unless she sees the calf. They refuse to milk goats or cows more than once a day—in the morning—giving as a reason the fact that it has never been the custom so to do in these islands. Now it is a well-known physiological fact that if these animals be milked twice a day—morning and evening—and thoroughly on each occasion, they will give more milk. Until the rudiments of physiology are known here it seems hopeless to attempt to alter these absurd and old-womanish conceptions.

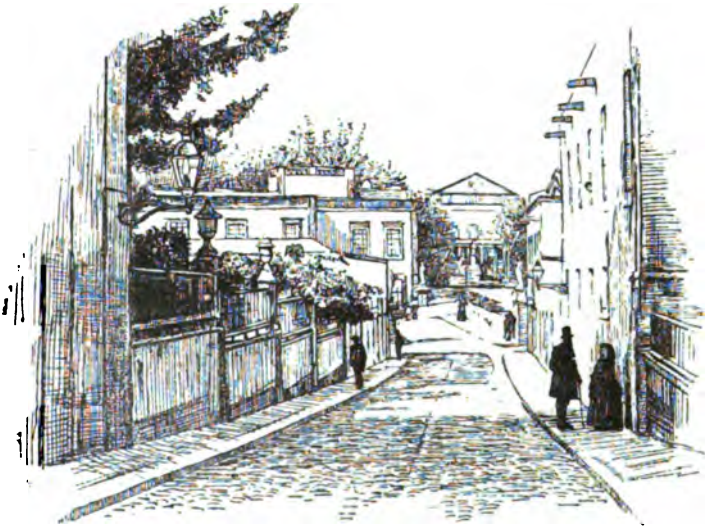
There is quite a disproportionate abundance of copper coins, owing in part to an enormous quantity having been bought in the Peninsula, as there was a small profit on the sale here. The coinage is of very little value, a large-sized coin the size of a halfpenny being worth about a farthing and called a cuarto. It is a very usual occurrence for a man to

pay a bill of several hundred dollars in cuartos. Copper is not a legal tender, but he will tell his creditor that, unless he takes it, he can give no other. The trouble to the shopkeepers is consequently something incredible. A large store has to keep two or more clerks simply to be counting up all day the cuartos, the fiscas, the tostones, the pesetas, the half-pesetas, the reales, without taking into account the dollars, and the weighing and marking of the onzas (a gold coin of about £3 value). It seems ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, that the first payment by the Government to the contractors here of the Harbour of Refuge, consisting of £1,000, was made entirely in copper coins, stored in boxes. The contractors were told that there was no other medium then available, and unless they took the amount in this bulky fashion they must go without their money. There were no banks, so that the merchants and others had to store large sums of money in bulky boxes containing paltry coins. The difficulties in the way of transmitting money and generally doing business were therefore very great, and to a London business-man would be insuperable. Things are now better in 1889, the Banco de España having established one branch at Santa Cruz and another at Las Palmas, while Spanish bank notes are in constant circulation.

We returned to our old quarters in Las Palmas, at the Fonda de Europa, where the rooms are very lofty, our bedroom being some twenty feet high, which makes it cool. The boards are bare, a strip of carpet only being beside the bed. Some coloured prints adorn the walls. A series comprising the life of Esther, scenes from the life of Jacob and Joseph, and Alcibiades, is bearable, though agonising artistically; but one of purgatory, hung at the foot of the bed and the first thing one's eyes rest upon in the morning, is too horrible.

The casino, or club, at Las Palmas, is situated near the Plaza de Cairasco. Casinos are not in the least like English clubs. Anyone can belong to them by merely paying a subscription and intimating to the president his wish to become a member. The subscription is twelve dollars a-year, paid monthly. It was 10.30 a.m. on a

Saturday morning when we entered the casino, which we found tenanted by two members only. A small room, containing a table filled with newspapers and two cases of books, is designated the library. All the rooms are *en suite*, and thus form a pleasant promenade on ball-nights, when, for strangers, a dress coat is not indispensable, as the inhabitants know that dress clothes are not always carried when travelling. In Tenerife the aristocratic, however, a dress coat is a *sine quâ non*. The same roof covers the casino and the old theatre, the latter fronting the three-cornered Plaza de Cairasco, forming its base. The old theatre is very small, with a stage seemingly more suitable for puppets than for human beings. A garden fills the centre of the Plaza, and in its midst is a statue of the poet Cairasco.



STREET, LAS PALMAS, OLD THEATRE AND CASINO IN THE DISTANCE.

Cairasco chiefly eulogised in poetry the climate and air of his native land, but he also wrote on some of the events of the conquest. His accounts are so poetical, that they are not trustworthy. He was born in 1540, of noble parents, in Canaria, and while yet young was made a canon of the cathedral, which post he held for forty years, when he was made prior, or rector, of the same church. He died on October 12th, 1610, and is buried in the chapel at Santa

Catalina. Perhaps the best tribute to his memory is that Cervantes eulogised him in his *Galatea.*

Another famous man, among the many that the archipelago has fathered, is Perez Galdos, the well-known novelist, who is a native of Canaria.

We next visited the barracks, which are in an old monastery. There is only one company here of a hundred men, Santa Cruz being the chief depôt. The standing army is very small, though every islander is a soldier. We passed unchallenged into the barracks. Spacious corridors and large patios, with not a soldier to be seen, looked dismal and unguarded indeed. Seeing no one, we wandered for some time along swept and garnished passages until we came across a civilian, to whom we addressed ourselves. He kindly conducted us to headquarters, to the presence of the colonel, who most courteously took us over the house, not even sparing his own quarters. There was plenty of accommodation for soldiers, endless rooms and wide passages, which before had only been "swept by many a long, dark stole."

Leaving the deserted corridors, we passed to a more lively and stirring scene. The Colegio de San Agustin is a large school for the sons of the wealthier classes. It is in the same building in which the Jesuits had their college, abandoned since the year 1767, when they were expelled by Don Carlos III. The present seminary was founded in 1777 by the Bishop, Don Juan Bautista Cervera, and the building has been enlarged at various times, and now accommodates three classes of students and boys. It was odd to see many of the masters smoking while teaching. The dormitories were airy, and the beds of iron, some feet apart. Between each bed was a washstand. Downstairs, in a room for the purpose, were a number of tiny wardrobes, each about six feet high, and one and a-half feet wide, for the boys' clothes. Besides this room there was another, formed of separate cells or closets, for washing; here there were baths and basins. The dormitories and every place looked very clean, but, as usual in these islands, the sanitary arrangements were particularly offensive.

Leaving the Colegio, we went down the sloping streets to the sea by the barranco. Here, in an open situation, stands

the new theatre. It is a fine building, and is opposite the market, the river lying between. It holds 1,600 people, and is well arranged, as from every seat the stage is easily visible; the pillars are small, and do not interfere with the view. There does not seem to be enough space for scene-shifting on the stage, nor do the exits appear sufficiently easy of access in case of fire. Las Palmas is very proud of having such a fine theatre, and one which outstrips that of Santa Cruz in point of size. It is questionable, however, if it will ever be filled. It is fit for one of the capitals of Europe, whereas the whole population, from the mountains to the sea, of Gran Canaria does not exceed 90,000 souls. The building has been long in progress, but I learn now (in the spring of 1889) that it is rapidly approaching completion.

There is a quaint and pretty little church called San Teofilo, in an out-of-the-way corner of Las Palmas. It has a painted dome that must be two centuries old at least, and a carved altar, to the right of the main altar, in well executed, florid style. A large picture behind the altar is also said to be of ancient date.

Perhaps what strikes one as most remarkable from a commercial point of view is that the trade here, and in Tenerife to a less extent, is chiefly in the hands of English people. There is still an export trade done from Las Palmas in cochineal, which is far greater than that from Tenerife. The latter is the wine-growing island, however, and will gradually, it is hoped, now that the cochineal fever is over, resume its export of wines. Santa Cruz at present is chiefly dependent for its trade upon its being a coaling station, daily increasing, and which, since the cable was laid, considerably increased, to the detriment of Madeira. Messrs. Blandy Brothers, of the latter place, have, however, wisely for their own sakes, started a coaling depôt at Las Palmas. The question of coal affects very closely the welfare of the Canaries, and especially of Tenerife. A few firms supply coal for steamers in the islands. In Santa Cruz and Las Palmas the coal is put on board at 23s. or 23s. 6d. a ton. At Santa Cruz the coal ring charge to consumers in Tenerife—who have also to send to the wharf and get it, thereby

entailing no expense on the firms supplying it—no less than about £1 17s. 4d. a ton. The result of this monstrous price is that the use of coal in Tenerife is practically prohibited to all except the rich, and, consequently, the destruction of the pine forests—particularly that of Mercedes—goes on at a rapid pace by the charcoal burners. The export of charcoal has very wisely been prohibited in Gomera and Hierro by the Government, so that now, no supplies from those islands reaching the others, the burden of supplying the demand comes even heavier than ever on the more populous islands. The coal merchants at Las Palmas will put coal in small quantities on board schooners there at 25s. a ton for shipment to Santa Cruz. A less selfish, unpatriotic, and inane policy on the part of the coal firms, and the simultaneous introduction of suitable coal-burning stoves, would save the forests, and benefit the inhabitants and European residents.

Bananas and tomatos are largely exported from Las Palmas. An English grower is at present devoting great energy to the trade, having acquired a considerable extent of land in Telde, for their cultivation. Potatoes, the ultimate destination of which is the English market, are being grown on an extensive scale, various estates in Tamaraceite having been taken for the purpose by another Englishman. The rearing of the sugar-cane is, however, the most important business of all, for on its success a good deal of the prosperity of these islands depends. Messrs. Lathbury, of Manchester, have displayed great enterprise in this direction, and are proposing to lay down plant that will secure a large output every year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SANTA BRIGIDA—SAN MATEO—POZO DE LAS NIEVES—TIRAJANA.

Let others repine at the lack of turnpike-roads and sumptuous hotels, and all the elaborate comforts of a country cultivated into tameness and commonplace; but give me the rude mountain scramble, the roving, haphazard, wayfaring, the frank, hospitable, though half wild manners, that impart such a true game flavour to romantic Spain!—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE had been a heavy swell for some days, and as the sea is just at the end of the street in which the hotel stands, we could hear it very distinctly at night as the waves broke upon the shore. It is one of the disadvantages of Las Palmas that nowhere in the town can one get upon the sea-shore—the real beach. It is even impossible to see the break of the waves as they dash on the land without going a long distance out of the town.

Monday, November 19th, we started once more for the interior, by way of San Mateo. We drove up by a dip in the hills at the back of the town, on the right bank of the barranco. Palms grow luxuriantly here, and by the roadside we saw a set of four curiously springing from one root, and a little further three growing in the same way from a solitary root. The road led up by the Guiniguada, a valley between two low hills, rugged and bare. We pass a small peaked hill, called the Pico del Viento, 800 feet above the sea. These little peaked cones are pretty, and give a peculiar appearance to the landscape everywhere. We entered Tafira—the elder—shortly after noon. This portion of the village is a long, straggling, sleepy-looking street of one or two-storied houses, which continues straight up the hill, but the new road diverges to the right, bringing into sight a fine view of the Isleta. In the foreground are some of the numerous villas of the inhabitants

of Las Palmas, for this is the summer resort. Mounds and hills, green and cultivated, assist the landscape, which is almost pastoral, the nearest approach to the pastoral at least that one sees in these islands. Upper and modern Tafira (1,200 feet) has a larger street, full of houses, and looks down upon a well-cultivated valley, with pretty homesteads, surrounded by gardens. The valley is almost flat below, with steep hillsides, and always beyond lies the Isleta, making a picturesque background. It is like an English county but for the peaked hills and cacti. The new carretera has spoiled the privacy of many of the houses which formerly lay at some distance from the old road; we could have stepped from our carriage on to many of the azoteas of houses lying below our level. A large cistern that we pass suggests a swimming bath. The road towards Santa Brigida descends, crossing over a hill from one valley to another, and as we enter this village we pass the thirteenth kilometre stone, at a height of 1,550 feet, at five minutes past one o'clock.

There is a tobacco manufactory in Santa Brigida, belonging to the same owners as those in Orotava and Adeje. Outside the doors grow tobacco and canes, ready to hand. The latter are used to make cages, in which the leaves are placed to ferment, or as lines upon which they are hung to dry. Long passages or avenues of these hang beneath a large shed, in five tiers, and some three feet apart. The tobacco leaves do not grow here suitably for making the *capa*, or outside covering of cigars. Leaves have, therefore, to be imported from Adeje, where they are finer. We were shown some tobacco seed, which is very like snuff, but not so fine.

What a contrast our broken-winded beasts are to the little grass-fed Norwegian horses, that eat and drink as they please all day, whereas these poor animals are only fed at night! They are whipped brutally. What can be expected from such a bad system? It is impossible to get good work out of badly fed animals. The driver changed the horses from one side to the other to try and make them go, but it was perfectly useless; the poor things *could* not. It was an agonising drive. If we had not had lugguage, I should have preferred walking, which indeed we often did as it was.

A gigantic chestnut tree attracted our attention as it stood near the side of the road quite by itself in a field. We got down to look at it, and found it was a magnificent specimen. Having no tree near it, it has grown evenly, and is indeed a spreading chestnut tree. It is not so large as the one in Orotava, but is still in the height of its glory. It has a girth of twenty-five feet at four feet from the ground, and branches at five feet. There are three main branches, subdivided near their junction with the trunk into many other large boughs. Only one branch has been cut off. Its interest lies, however, more perhaps in its beauty and symmetry of form than in its size. It is the property of Don Francisco Manrique. It is on higher ground than the one at the Villa de Orotava, being 2,250 feet above the sea, and is some eighteen or nineteen kilometres (about twelve miles) from Las Palmas.

Twenty-one kilometres distant from Las Palmas is San Mateo, a fresh little town nestling in a valley amid the mountains, containing over 3,800 inhabitants in its district, though the town has only five hundred and sixty-four people. Its chief product is chestnuts, as much as twelve or fourteen thousand dollars being received from Habana for them in a year. The Valley of San Mateo is a lovely spot. Water trickles from the mountains down the various valleys surrounding it, forming cascades and rivulets, producing glens of exquisite beauty. A pretty little natural fountain is the Fuente de la Cersa. Further on is a charming miniature cascade, and beside it a spring, which, issuing from a rock overhung with ferns and moss, might belong to fairyland. Another and a bitter spring, Charco de la Higuera, 2,600 feet above the sea, creeps out from under a stone near a side waterfall. A charming cascade, about thirty feet high, framed in green, overhung with polypodium and other ferns and brambles, lies behind two paths, with rocks between, looking like cave entrances, covered with greenery. Two streams flow here, and to the left, under the rock, is a deep pool, which is never empty. There is water and a small waterfall in it even in summer, and a watercourse is cut out of the rock to convey the water elsewhere. The whole place teems

with water, and is verdant in consequence. To these charming springs, waterfalls, and woods the people of Las Palmas make picnics in summer, though there is not then of course so much water as there is now.

We did not sleep in the house of our hostess, but were conducted by the light of a lantern to one which was untenanted. Here in the sala, a large room with several windows, we found two canvas-bottomed stretchers. There were no mattresses, which in general is a cause of rejoicing, as their absence makes the bed much cooler. The air, however, was cold, being 46·4° F. (8° C.) at nine o'clock. We put our rugs under us, for, no matter how much is piled on top, one never feels warm unless the air be prevented getting at the body from beneath. Experience in roughing it soon teaches this. When the light of the candle was out, we could see why we felt so cold: the roof was not either air or water-tight, and we could see the stars of heaven peeping through.

A most lovely morning greeted us as we opened our shutters. It was fresh at eight o'clock [41° F. (5° C.)], with the cold, crisp feeling of a fine English autumnal morning. The view of the mountains around, culminating in the gigantic Saucillo, standing against the clear blue sky, was fine and inspiriting. Those behind the grey bell-tower of the church are well wooded, and beyond them the mountains lying at their rear look purple in the bright light. Near the centre of the town is a little black volcanic cinder hill, but even this has been made productive, and, wherever the slope allows of it, is cultivated. The roofs of the houses are tiled and lichen-covered. Red maize lightens the dull brown appearance of the village, as it hangs from nearly every wall, in front of the doors, and on the balconies and pillars of verandahs, as if solely for decorative purposes. Three bells in a single wall form the belfry of the church, a type very common in these islands. The two barrancos are small, but pretty, and do not give one the feeling that they are all barranco, with nothing but stones to be seen. The women, about thirty of whom we saw attending matins, are fair-faced and fresh-coloured.

We started at 9.30 a.m. to cross the cumbres. Most beautiful looks the little mountain hamlet of Lachuza, with its

brown-tiled roofs, its outhouses roofed with aloes held down by stones, while along the banisters and rails of its balconies and verandahs and upon the pillars hangs the golden-red maize; even the bare fig trees are maize-laden. The colouring is heightened by red petticoats drying on the walls of the houses. There is not so much whitewash as usual, the stones being left plain. Leaving Lachuza behind, we crossed a hill and came down into Lechucilla and the Barranco de Iguerra. We are now 3,100 feet up. There is a cinder hill here, as at San Mateo, but this is almost entirely covered by a few feet of mould. We crossed the barranco, at the bottom of which was a little water, the path winding in and out among odd houses. Poles stuck in the ground are covered with maize drying in the sun. Nestling among the stones, at a height of 3,200 feet, we found some lovely, sweet-scented violets, larger than our ordinary wild ones, and more open.

The view as we rise higher is magnificent. We look down into the valleys, low hills lessening into mere undulations as we pass above them. The thickly populated Valley of Guiniguada, in which lie Tafira, Santa Brigida, and San Mateo, is at our feet, while beyond rises the barren Isleta, surrounded by a fringe of white foam, which extends round the coast as far as we can see. Immediately around are huge blocks of stone, monoliths, which, if standing separately in a grassy valley, would be "El Roque" of the valley *par excellence*. A few of these have here fallen in the form of a Druid's altar. The tinkle of the sheep and goat-bells warns us of the proximity of these active little animals, and presently we meet them on the hillside, jumping from crag to crag, and herded by a shepherd in a long coat. The path is very rough, and scarcely appears artificial. Nature at any rate has had the largest hand in its construction. Rocks, immense and immovable, lie so close together, that often there is but a foot or a foot and a-half of space between them for a path.

We were approaching the Saucillo, and very steep was the ascent, so steep, that I got off my horse and sent him on in front, for the path was irregular, and the foot-hold uneven. We reached the foot of the Saucillo at 11.30, and found by our aneroid that the altitude was 5,000 feet,

which measurement is almost identical with Von Buch's. The rock itself is said to be 350 feet high. As we rounded a rock near the foot of this huge crag and turned in upon a little plateau to rest, a large eagle rose from a few yards distant, a handsome bird, with white on its wings and a brown tail. The Saucillo is a mass of yellowy rock, perforated by small holes and caves. On its further side is a tiny stream of water, coming perhaps from a spring on the summit, like that on the Nublo. The ground below and around the Saucillo is bare, consisting of sloping rocks and loose, hard stones and boulders. It would seem as though the softer rock had been washed away and only the hard left, for it crops up under one's feet at irregular intervals. On the neighbouring hillocks grow retama bushes, closely allied to the codeso, and more like it than the retama of Tenerife. This shrub is, however, locally called retama, which leads to the mistake of supposing that the real retama is found here. The view on the eastern side is very extensive and fine. We can see from Arucas to the Punta de Gando. The entire district looks as if consisting of low, sharp-pointed hills, surmounted by peaks, valleys, and little plains lying between, dotted with houses. The island-like Isleta, with the white bar of surf on the northern side of its isthmus, stands out, as usual, a unique feature in the archipelago.

We moved on at 11.55 a.m. across the cumbres, crossing a level plateau (5,400 feet), called by our arriero Lojono. It consists of a little herbage, and bracken cropping up among loose stones, and a white, velvety-looking plant like sage, or rather more like edelweiss, also with a small yellow flower (*Teline congesta*), and a great deal of the Canarian retama. At the further side we came upon a purling stream, flowing from the Siete Fuentes (Seven Springs). Cultivation is actually carried on up here, and lentils are sown in almost stone furrows. When out of the north-east wind, it is pleasantly warm. A few women are about, and we presently come to a house on the top of a hill, erected to shelter those who come for the snow in the snow-wells. The first well we came to was a deep circular hole at 5,850 feet of altitude. Not having an ice cave as in Tenerife, the people of Canaria

are obliged to use snow, and in order to preserve it for use in summer, throw blocks of it into deep holes made for the purpose, which they cover over with straw, and sometimes render still more secure from the sun by erecting sheds over them. This was the case in El Roque del Agujerado, at the foot of which, and carved out of it, was another *pozo de las nieves* (snow-well). It is from these wells the highest peak in Canaria receives its name. Our aneroid registered 5,900 feet at this well. The well, about sixteen feet in diameter and about thirty feet in depth, is roofed in, and at the bottom can be seen a few blocks of snow, covered by straw, to which a ladder at one side affords access.

Just as we leave the wells and ascend a low hill, a truly magnificent prospect bursts into sight. Clear against the sky stands out the Nublo; behind it are hazy clouds, and above and beyond, like an island in cloudland, is the upper part of Tenerife, with its now snow-covered Peak. Below the Nublo and north of it is the Roque de Bentaiga, and beneath these two is the Valley of Tejeda, which we visited a short time ago. We are, roughly speaking, on a plateau in mid-island, whose outer heights are guarded by sentinel rocks, chief among which are the Nublo, Bentaiga, and Saucillo. All around are jagged ranges, their seamed and scarred sides standing out clearly in shadow and sunlight. The heights of Pinar on our left and south-west are thickly wooded, while to the right, the mountains beyond and above Artenara are bare and rugged.

The mountain side which we now descended was covered by sharp stones. Gradually the slope narrowed into a ravine, from which, however, we turned aside; and crossing the stream we had encountered higher up, we descended the face of a rock in which a winding road, the Paso de la Plata, has been built. The stones are loose, and the road is very bad indeed for horses. Half-way down it becomes tolerably level for a little, winding round a precipice, the mountains above being wooded. Below is a solitary house, called La Plata. We again descend by a badly made road, which leads us to a rocky ridge, not more than six feet wide, overlooking to the right and west the Valley of Ayacata, and to the left and east that of Tirajana. Near an empty cave

dwelling is erected a cross to mark the summit of the rocky bridge between the valleys, which is 3,800 feet above the sea. The path winds along the mountain side, and is a very rough road. Before we had proceeded far along it, we were joined by a most remarkable looking woman and her mule. She was very tall, about six feet high, wore stout shoes, a man's hat on her head, had a whip in her hand, and a cigarette in her mouth. A black skirt, worn over a white petticoat, a short jacket once black, and a shawl, twisted into a muffler in thick folds round her throat, completed a costume as extraordinary as its wearer. She had a bright expression, and her dark brown eyes twinkled with amusement and observation. Her dress, and free, swinging walk, conveyed the idea that she was a native of some village on the mountains, and her bronzed skin denoted an out-door life.

There is a curious community living near Tirajana, about which I have had some difficulty in obtaining exact information. It is a small colony of free blacks, negroes. They are the remains of a large number who were brought from the neighbouring coast of Africa by the Spaniards, after their conquest of the island, to cultivate it, they having depopulated the country. Some people in Canaria have never heard of their existence. They are very few in number, and they live in houses far from the beaten track. They only appear in Las Palmas at the time of the nut and almond crops, once or twice in the year, when they again disappear into their solitudes. Most unfortunately, we did not hear of the existence of these people until after our visit to Tirajana, so that we were unable to make inquiries on the spot. The Tirajana district is large, and the mountain recesses numerous. It would be easy, therefore, for a small community to hide from the world and be seldom seen and rarely heard of, especially as the isleños would look upon them with great contempt if "touched with the tar-brush."

Late in the afternoon we arrived, after descending a very rough road, at San Bartolomé. From the azotea of our entertainer's house we obtained a view of the Valley of Tirajana, one of the most fertile districts in the island. Two crops of maize and one of potatoes are here obtained out of

the same piece of land. The potatoes are planted in March, the maize in June and November. The first crop of maize takes three months to come to perfection, the second three-and-a-half months. Both crops are eaten by the people, but they say the first is the better.

Dinner proved a failure in matter of quantity. It is difficult for those who do not move from their own firesides to realise how hungry riding and walking across the cumbres make one. After dinner we adjourned to a room with a stone floor, in which there was a bed. Here we found seven or eight men, among them the priest and the doctor, seated around a large palm mat, which covered the middle of the floor. They were evidently awaiting our arrival; so, though hungry and tired, we had to talk and relate our experiences. The doctor told us that diseases of the stomach are very frequent, and he attributes them to the use of gofio. As the gofio eaten in this island is maize or Indian corn, one can well believe that living upon it is unwholesome, none of the people in the islands, where it is made of wheat, rye, and barley, suffering incovenience from this food. As we were tired, we received with thankfulness our host's proposal to retire, and were in bed before 7.30 p.m.! The tertulia broke up when we left, so apparently the hour was not an unusual one for retiring. Our room was a sala, adjoining another, and to which we were conducted through a yard and up steps. Some brackets on the walls were adorned with splendid specimens of bearded wheat. Just as we were going to sleep, a dog, that from its movements and voice seemed a large animal, came to our door and growled very viciously, pawing the door. After a while a voice called to the animal to desist, otherwise the faithful beast would have guarded his master's possessions all night, I believe, to the loss of our repose.

CHAPTER XXXII.

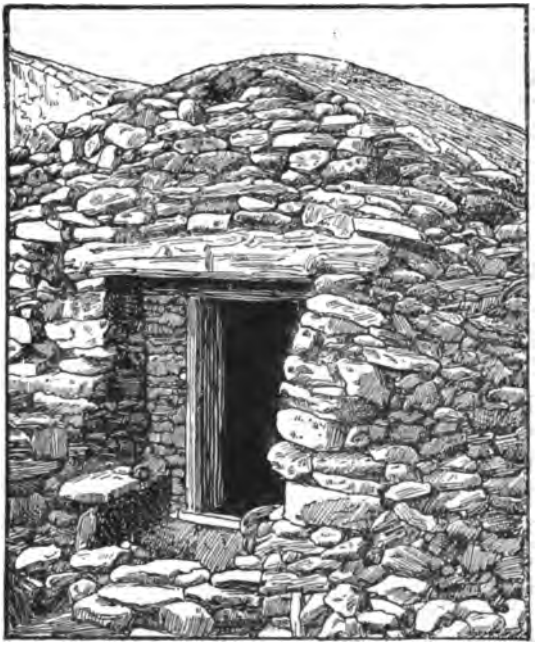
SAN BARTOLOME — GUANCHE HOUSE — SANTA LUCIA — CANARIO CUSTOMS — AGUÏMES — INGENIO — CIMA DE GINAMAR.

Alas! the strong, the wise, the brave,
That boast themselves the sons of men!
Once they go down into the grave—
Alas! the strong, the wise, the brave—
They perish, and have none to save,
They are sown, and are not raised again;
Alas! the strong, the wise, the brave,
That boast themselves the sons of men!

ANDREW LANG.

WE looked forward next morning—which, by the way, was decidedly cold, the thermometer standing at 42·8° F. (6° C.)—to seeing a Guanche house as it is commonly called, although of course an Antiguo Canario dwelling. Houses of the present inhabitants are opposite it, but at its back is a hillock. The walls of the house are composed of stones and mud, and the roof on the outside is of mud too. The entrance door is set back a little, a seat roofed with pine trunks being on either side of it. The house is circular. We measured, and found it fifteen feet six inches from the door to the opposite wall, and exactly the same distance from the opposite corners of the recesses in the interior. The wall on the left is three feet thick at the bottom, and seven feet six inches high to the beams. The entrance is five feet three inches wide by six feet two inches high. The interior is circular, save for two recesses, the corners of which are formed of upright stones. The height to the top of the roof inside is eleven feet. The floor is of earth; from the spring of the wall the roof slopes upwards. The gables, as it were, are formed of two large pine trunks, and the roofs of the recesses are of pine trunks laid

across. The door is of the same, the spaces being filled with stones. The lower part of the walls is formed of very large stones, the middle of smaller, and the top again of large. The roof is entirely of small pieces of trees, evidently split, but the rest of the wood is used whole. There are two layers of wood forming the roof, above which is earth, that which is there now having been recently put; but we are assured it is identical with that found there after the occupation of the ancient Canarios.



ANCIENT GUANCHE HOUSE, SAN BARTOLOMÉ.

The stones on the outside of the walls are tolerably flat, put in horizontally, and, not being filled in with mud, remain rough.

Three soldiers, forming the garrison of San Bartolomé, and a woman looked on while we made our measurements. The woman wore a pair of shoes with the black hair on the outside, the soles protruding much beyond the uppers. As we ascended the rocky crags above the ancient cottage we could see the roof. A short but steep scramble brought us to the summit of the crag overlooking the town and valley. It

is 150 feet higher than the church, which stands 2,650 feet above the sea, so was quite at a sufficient height from which the natives could throw down stones upon the Spaniards as they toiled up the hill below.

The expedition under Cabron, who, having just arrived from Spain, was inexperienced in the valour of the Canarios, landed, according to Glas, at the barranco of Tirajana, and marched into the interior. A Christianised native who accompanied the invaders warned Cabron not to proceed into the interior, but, with the contempt born of ignorance, Cabron answered that he was not afraid of naked people. They accordingly proceeded inland, plundering the villages as they went, and collecting a quantity of sheep, barley, and dried figs, which they sent to their ships—so Tirajana was always a productive district. The natives, however, awaited their return by a steep rock by which the Spaniards must pass, where they fell upon and routed them, taking eighty prisoners, killing twenty-six, and wounding about a hundred. This event, so disastrous to the invaders, was called the St. Bartholomew of the conquest, because it was undertaken on that day. Hence the name of the village which has since arisen beneath the brows of the cliff that saw the defeat. Later, Pedro de Vera sent troops to attack Tirajana, but they were driven back with loss. De Vera, however, coming up, renewed the assault, whereupon the natives, not being prepared for a fresh attack so soon after their victory, were overcome and driven further into the mountains. Altogether Tirajana has seen troublous times, and was one of the most remarkable of the battle-fields of the conquest.

The barranco which we look down upon in its course from the mountains passes through precipitous places, while at others it widens out, where the ground lies flatter. It winds in and out, surrounded at its upper end by cultivation, but towards the sea becoming gradually more and more barren, until it and the hills on either side appear but a mass of brown plains and heights. The scenery around the cauldron-like upper valley is magnificent. The compressed body of mountains in the centre of the island affords many views, each of which surpasses the other in magnificence, so that words

utterly fail in giving a correct idea of the wild, weird mountain-tops, the sterile grandeur of the gorges, the grim and awful craters, the romantic, boulder-strewn passes.

Leaving the noble Canarios of the past, we descend and note the occupations of the Canarios of the present. Not that they differ very materially. The cooking is always done in the open air, and generally with charcoal, but as we descended into the town we passed a man sitting outside his house, making gofio over a fire of almond-shells. He was stirring the maize with an instrument like a drumstick in a large, flat, red earthenware pan, about two feet in diameter. We stood a few moments watching the process, while the man, with a conscious and pleased smile at our interest in his cooking, strove to continue his stirring as if nothing unusual were happening.

The church, which we entered, has centre and side aisles, separated by arches and pillars, the latter painted to imitate green marble. The roof is of split canes, except over the chancel and side altar, where it is of wood. The floor, windows, copings, and mullions are of one kind of stone. The windows are of coloured glass. A hollow pillar like a six-sided box contains a green-and-red figure of St. Bartholomew, carrying a knife in his hand.

San Bartolomé is said to have 3,500 inhabitants, but it is difficult to ascertain the real population of any of the towns and villages, for numerous smaller and outlying hamlets are contained in the number given as the population of a single place, it being really a municipal district. There are, for instance, in this district thirty-six or so of these hamlets and villages.

Breakfast of eggs, bread, water, and nuts over, we mounted and were soon leaving San Bartolomé. As we rode down a steep descent into the lower part of the town we came upon six or eight men, dressed in their best clothes, sitting upon the roadside, and on a wall, which was part of the gable of a house, was a long box without a lid. I peered into the box in passing. Seeing a very brown hand, I thought it was a figure being carried to the church, especially as it was dressed in a veil and dress and boots, the toes of which slightly

protruded from the box. Following rapidly with my eye the figure as my horse passed on, I reached the face, when judge of my horror on seeing it was that of a corpse! One hand was laid across the breast and the other along the side of the woman, who was old, haggard, and very brown with years and exposure to the sun. Mummies are found in the islands with the hands placed in this identical position.

The path winds along the right bank some distance above the river. A hill on the left bank is perfectly honeycombed by old Canario caves, of which there are some three or four hundred; and the doors of many are cut out evenly, in the same way as those of Artenara. As we ride under the shade of the trees, the water purling below and the canary birds singing, the sun shining down with only a pleasant heat, we feel it is no wonder the Canarios fought and died for their pleasant land. A woman by a house near the river is making palm matting, platting the strips together, while the golden maize lies in front of the door drying in the sunshine. How perfect it all seems, and how content falls on one at beholding it!

From the old records of Glas and others, beginning with Boccaccio in 1341, we learn that hereditary nobility was not sufficient to entitle a man to be called noble among the ancient Canarios, but each man had to stand or fall by his own merits. If a man applied to be ennobled, inquiries were made by the Faycag, a person next in rank to the king, in the place where the man lived, as to whether he had ever dressed food for himself or milked or killed sheep or goats, if he had ever stolen, or if he were ever "discourteous, ill-tongued, or guilty of any indecent behaviour, especially to women. If to these questions they all answered in the negative, then the Faycag cut the youth's hair in a round form, and so short as not to hang beneath his ears, then, giving into his hand a staff or pole, called *Magade*, declared him noble." If, however, the candidate was found guilty of any of the above misdemeanours, his head was shaved—it must have been a painful process with stones for razors—and he was sent away in disgrace, remaining ever after a plebeian.

What could be more magnanimous than their conduct in

war, when they held it base and mean to molest or injure the women and children of the enemy? Neither did they throw down nor damage houses of worship.

They had specially appointed places where duels were fought, first with stones and afterwards with flints and clubs The friends and relations of the combatants were always present, and the combat was continued until the *Gayres* called out, "Gama! Gama!" when they stopped, and "ever after remained good friends." The noble spirit of this people may further be gathered from this fact: that "if during the time of the combat one of the parties happened to break his cudgel, then the other immediately desisted from striking, and so the dispute ended, and the parties were reconciled, neither of them being declared victor."

Galindo confidently affirms that the men had only one wife, and the women but one husband. Before marriage a girl was set apart for thirty days, during which time she was fattened, a custom also formerly prevalent in Lanzarote. They punished their children when necessary. A very curious custom was the pointing out of two youths as examples of virtue and vice, with whom the evil and the well-doing were compared. It is said that in Canaria a number of religious women, called *magadas*, lived together in houses, which were held sacred and regarded as "sanctuary" by criminals. The *magadas* wore long white garments that swept the ground, and they were daily sprinkled with goat's milk, set apart for that purpose. These *magadas* have been erroneously called nuns by some, but they appear to have been more like vestal virgins, or even the priestesses on the banks of the Nile in their purer days.

Two rocks—that of Tirmac, near Galdar, and that of Vinicaya, in Telde—were looked upon as sacred. Certain rocks seem to have been regarded as sacred throughout the archipelago. To these there were processions in times of public calamity, in which the *magadas* joined, carrying branches of palm trees and vessels filled with milk and butter for libations, and round these rocks they danced and sang.

The Canarios administered justice strictly. For murder the criminal was executed by a large stone being dropped upon

his head when he was stretched upon the ground, and for other crimes the *lex talionis* was enforced.

They seem to have known the art of irrigation, and broke up the ground with hoes of goats' horns. Altogether they appear to have been a marvellous nation, cut off from communication with the world, and yet considerably advanced in civilisation. It is not their manner of living or dress that fills one with astonishment, but their internal laws, the integrity and morality of their lives, their belief in a supreme Being, to whom they prayed, but of whom they had no outward symbol.

A pathway of a rough sort leads up and through a mass of piled stones to Santa Lucia. The cemetery, the church, plaza, and a couple of houses stand on a little plateau by themselves. Descending, we crossed a barranco, in which there is now only a tiny rivulet, and, ascending upon the other side through olive, fig, and palm trees, reached the village. We were much disappointed in not being able to obtain here any information concerning a spot where an inscription stone was found in the neighbourhood. It was not until looking up archives at the British Museum, upon our return to England, that I discovered the facts concerning this stone, and of how much value it may be in elucidating the origin of the former inhabitants of this island. M. Verneau, the discoverer of these stones—for there are parts of two others—has begun in the finding what it is to be hoped other learned men will finish by translating these unknown characters. As mentioned previously, it is thought some of the characters are Phœnician, while the first stone, which is bilingual, being graven in the same characters as the Tougga stone, with a translation in Punic letters, fixes the date as not later than the second century B.C.

Santa Lucia is the most charmingly shaded town we have seen in the archipelago; it is literally embosomed in trees, nevertheless it is not so pretty as San Bartolomé. Olives grow very plentifully here, and we passed through quite a plantation of them. A large bird, entirely white, except the tips of its wings, which were black, and the head and beak, which were yellow, attracted our attention. We could not

see, however, if its beak were hooked or not. The road after leaving Santa Lucia is almost level, uninteresting, brown, and stony. A pleasant breeze tempered the heat. The euphorbia with twisted, gnarled, and dragon-like stems, grows plentifully. The land is divided by stone walls, on which gourds, the same as those at Guia, in Tenerife, spread and flourish.

At one o'clock we left the road, which continued to Sardina Geire, and ascended by a precipitous ravine to the summit of the range on the right bank of the barranco. Nothing grows on either side of the gorge but euphorbia and Palma Christi. The ravine is very rocky and stony, with a small barranco at the bottom. We cross to the eastern side at a natural level, which must form a waterfall when there is water, and ascend the other side.

Beautiful white clouds and blue sky form a soft and pleasing contrast to the brown rocks. Our road is cut through solid rock until we reach an altitude of 2,000 feet, after which we descend a little way into what one might call a higher level ravine. Ascending by the left side of the ravine, we come upon some angular, basaltic-like formation. Presently we reach a sort of plateau. The ridge at the further side of the barranco continues further, until it falls abruptly to a lower level. At the foot of this lies a little red house, surrounded by brilliant green vegetation, and with a number of caves just in front of it. The ridge finally ends in a huge pillar more massive than high.

We now found, to our dismay, that we had been following the wrong road from Santa Lucia to Agulmes, and that consequently we should not, as we had intended, pass through Temisas. It is said that the view from Temisas is very fine, and worth climbing to see. No doubt it is a worse road; hence our being brought another way. The maps of the island that we had with us were not sufficiently good for us to know in time where we were going.

Descending a little into a barranco, we ascended again, and crossed another plateau, from which we looked down upon Sardina. The ridge we are crossing is 1,800 feet in height, and below lies what looks to be almost a level plain to the sea. The road winds along under a cliff, while precipitous

slopes lie below us, until we at last descend into a barranco. There is an extensive view from the path on the cliff over the country, the only green spot to be seen being Sardina, consisting of a handful of scattered houses. A few brown hills and browny-grey plains lie between us and Agulmes, which soon comes in sight—a city of the plain—the dome of its new church rising from out of the surrounding monotony. One incident alone varied our dreary tramp over the stony bed of the barranco. Before we left the foot of the precipitous hills round whose base we walked, we saw a man far above, standing upon a crag. We excited his curiosity apparently, for upon seeing us he whistled to his dog, and, lanza in hand, rapidly leaped or vaulted down what to an ordinary mortal would have been impossible crags. A few seconds really sufficed to bring him to the bottom. Placing his pole below him, he would jump down to it, his hands sliding down the stick. Similarly no doubt the old inhabitants sprang from crag to crag. This method of progression is more like the bounding of a chamois than that of a man, and one who was not accustomed to such a mode of descending mountains would be utterly unable to keep pace with, much less overtake, a Canario. These poles, varying in length, are used in all the islands.

We finally reached the bottom and proceeded along the bed of a dry barranco for several miles, until, leaving it on the northern side, we passed over a perfect desert. At length, ascending a hill of stones and euphorbia, we arrived at a "Calvary" on the top, whence there is a view of Agulmes and the sea-shore, which here is quite flat.

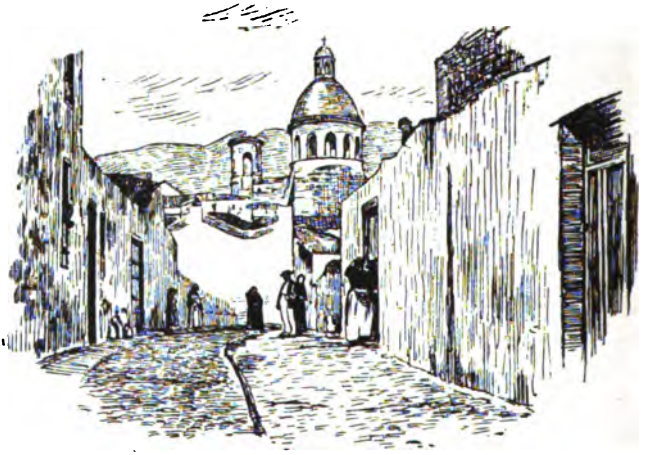
Agulmes, is like an Eastern city, with its mosque and palms. It lies on a gentle slope, higher hills rising behind it. We reached the church of the town at 5 p.m., 850 feet above the sea, and, after delivering our letters of introduction, were conducted to a poor one-storied house inside a yard. The woman of the house asked us in, so we entered a room which comprised the house. It was a good-sized place, the roof of wood, and a palm mat partially covering the earthen floor. A row of chairs was placed against the wall, and at one end two large beds were curtained off from the room by lilac

cotton print hung on cord. A small plain table and another bed occupied the other end. Two cradles almost completed the furniture, except for a little crockery, which, with the food, was kept under the table and beds. The place was not inviting. We had a welcome, however, and that is the principal thing. Our food—some fried eggs, bread, and coffee—was put on the solitary table of the establishment, at which we were seated with our faces to the wall. This is a universal custom, and almost everywhere we found the table placed against a wall, at which we were to look, whilst very often at our backs was some magnificent scenery. It must not be supposed that there was a luxuriant supply of coffee, with good milk and sugar. It was only a small cupful, brought to us after we had eaten, guiltless of milk, and with sugar that was not overclean, being mixed with straw and dust of various kinds. The eggs were fried in oil. The bread, the one redeeming feature of the food everywhere, was very good. The cooking was performed outside in the yard.

When we had finished our meal, the household came in for theirs. A piece of sacking, as table-cloth, was spread in the middle of the floor, and a tin can placed on it. Then two tin basins, one of them containing gofio, were put down, and a saucepan, taken off the charcoal fire outside the door, was brought in. Out of it were taken a little salt fish, potatoes, and a piece of maize, and the water in which these were boiled was poured over the gofio and mixed with it. All now sat down on the floor, and a few spoons were passed round. At one side reclined the old man, an old woman, his wife, sitting cross-legged beside him, rocking with one hand a cradle and eating with the other. The mother of the children sat at the other end, and the five children, one a big girl, sat round, all cross-legged. Just as they were seated a large black cat walked in, fat and handsome, the best-cared-for cat I have seen in the islands. There was no loitering over the meal, which was sharply and silently despatched. When they had finished, they still retained their places, when the old man repeated some prayer, in which the others joined, after which the girl, about twelve years old, presented herself to me with folded arms. As she stood before me meekly and shyly,

waiting for me to do something, I gazed at her blankly, quite unaware of my part of the performance. Seeing this, the mother called her to go to her first, saying I did not understand. She stood in front of her mother in the same way, and, the mother laying her hand on the folded arms, the girl carried it to her lips and kissed it, after which she came to me, and then to each of the adults in turn. As one child after the other came, and so said good-night, the performance struck me as pleasing and patriarchal in the simplicity and reverential attitude of the children to their seniors.

Our bedroom had two immense beds in it against the



AGUÏMES.

wall, and behind curtains. I had asked the woman if there were any chinches in it, and was relieved when she shook her head. A chest of drawers stood against the wall, and there was a crucifix in the corner. Two doors opened from the room—one into the street, the other into the yard. There were no windows. The beds were very high, and, there not being room to take a running leap into them, we had to mount by chairs. Four or five could readily have slept in one without touching, they were so wide, and not at all uncomfortable. The bedsteads were made of wood, and built into the walls like shelves.

It was somewhat inconvenient on our getting up at six o'clock next morning to have to dress in semi-darkness, but if we had opened the door ever so little for light we knew we should have the good people in upon us. The street was perfectly empty when we set out, but in a few minutes there were quite a couple of hundred watching us, our advent having evidently been noised abroad. We were the only English they had ever seen or heard of in Agulmes. The dresses are light in colour here, pink, green, and mauve being the favourites. We walked through the plaza to the old, wooden-roofed church, which is going to be pulled down when the new building is finished, and took a photograph of the old church, with the dome of the new beyond it. There is a curious and quaint old balcony at a corner house in the plaza, though perhaps it would not be considered an architectural success. The streets are narrow, with high walls, the doors opening into yards, or patios. Very Eastern-looking are both the town and the new church. The latter is a massive building. Square pillars are outside the grey stone cupola, while surmounting the dome is a still smaller one, with a cross at the top. The upper dome has glass in it, and inside the cupola are white stars. Fine grey stone pillars support a not very good stone roof, which looks, I fear, as if it were going to be painted. Scaffolding surrounded the church, and the building was at a standstill, for want of money. The dome is the only one of its kind in the island, and is considered architecturally a success. The town is quaintly picturesque, requiring no effort of the imagination to conjure up the most romantic features of mediæval Spanish life.

Ingenio, another Moorish-looking town, lies a trifle higher than Agulmes, and has a church crowned by a high, square tower, like a pepper-box, with a small stone cupola at the top. We were received here with the utmost hospitality, and pressed to stay, but had to refuse. Dismounting, however, we walked, accompanied by our would-be host, the worthy schoolmaster of Ingenio, and others, through the town over a quaint little bridge spanning a small and steep barranco, and across fields towards a valley. A really charming and quite unexpected scene burst upon us, and one that we little antici-

pated in this bare district. The Valle de Algodones is wide and surrounded by low hills that slope away towards the sea. This slight shelter and depression has caused a luxuriance amid the desolation around. A few scattered and well-to-do houses, farmsteads, lie surrounded by trees, especially orange trees. Just now the oranges are ripening, and the brilliant golden balls lie embosomed in the thick, dark, shiny green foliage in a manner at once tempting to the eye and palate. Near our path was a cottage, and, a young girl looking out at us, our friends asked her to pull a few of the ripest oranges. She ran down the hill, and presently returned with a dozen or so, large, ripe beauties, one of which would have made at least two or three of those we ordinarily get in England. Conducting us a little further, until we reached the carretera, our friends piled the oranges upon us and our luggage, and, bidding them good-bye, we rode along the uninteresting highway.

We are close to historic ground as we ride onwards. Below on our right is the Punta de Gando, so famous in the history of the conquest. Here Bethencourt made his second attempt to land on the island, and was repulsed with great loss; here Herrera, coming also from Lanzarote, landed, and was likewise obliged to retreat to the shelter of the rocks on the sea-shore; and here later the same Herrera contrived through stratagem and deceit to build a fort, which was afterwards rased by the Canarios. It is coming into prominence again in more ways than one. Unfortunately the Punta runs a long way into the sea, and has rocks lying beyond it which mariners are too fond of trying to shave as they steer round the island. Consequently wrecks are not unknown.

We are riding along the carretera, a straight, uninteresting road through a stretch of country entirely devoid of trees and even cultivation. There are three classes of carretera, called first, second, and third class. I believe there are none of the first in the archipelago, certainly not in Gran Canaria. The distinction is in the width, those of the second class being ten metres in width, and those of the third eight metres. The roads to Agaete and the Puerto de la Luz from Las Palmas are of the second class, while the one we are upon and those

to San Mateo and Teror are third class. The boon of roads has been so recent that the people have yet to be educated up to them and their uses, pack-horses still tramping laden to market.

Meanwhile we near Los Llanos and Telde, really one and the same town, the former being the upper part and the latter the lower. The church of San Gregorio lies 500 feet above the sea, and at the bottom of a steep street leading from it lies another church, just 100 feet lower. The former is in Los Llanos, the latter in Telde. There is a kind of market under the shadow of the former church, in an open space where two roads branch. A number of women stand or crouch beside fruit and nuts piled on palm mats and tripods of sticks, from which are suspended sets of scales. The regular market is held on Sunday in this same spot. The streets are wide, and the houses flat-roofed. It is a cheerful-looking town, well intermixed with trees of various kinds, including a good many palms. There is a dome with a small cupola of coloured glass on the church of San Gregorio. There is also coloured glass in the west window, of plain colours, red, yellow, and blue, but not in the circular form we have seen so often. The floor of the church is of stone, but on the whole it is poor and bare.

Finding that we were returning to Las Palmas by the afternoon coach, our friends made us promise to come back and see Telde properly another day, as there are many fine houses here, the country residences of the aristocracy. This we did one day later, much later than we dreamed we should be in the archipelago. According to official statistics, in 1884 the population of Telde and its environs was over 9,000, a thousand more than that of Orotava.

There is a curious bit of history and tradition connected with the mountain, or Cima de Ginamar, lying on the left of the road to Las Palmas. When Luis de la Cerda was made Prince of Fortune, he was assigned possession of these islands —if he could take them—in 1345. He never reached the archipelago, dying before his ships sailed. Some of these vessels, or others from Majorca, or a chance vessel, some say, came at this time to the islands, and anchored at Gando, others say at Guiniguada. No natives appearing, they concluded the island

was uninhabited, and advanced inland, when they were suddenly surprised by overwhelming numbers and made prisoners. The Canarios dispersed their captives all over the island, and, according to their custom, treated them well, "for the Canarians excelled perhaps all other people in greatness of spirit and generosity to those whom they vanquished." The Majorcans at first behaved well, and gained the friendship of the islanders. Some of the captives were said to have been good artificers, and built houses and showed the natives how to paint them in colours extracted from herbs and flowers. Among those taken prisoners were two priests, who were much respected. Some years later there was a long and severe famine in Canaria, when the natives secretly decided upon killing all the strangers to save their maintenance. This apparently treacherous design would seem, however, to be well excused, for the strangers had been guilty of revolting crimes and immoralities. Every one therefore was killed except the two priests, who were carried to the top of a mountain and thrown into a deep cavern. This cave was so deep that no one knew where it ended, but some days later, part of the dress of the priests being found on the sea-shore, the natives concluded it must have communication with the sea. The mountain is the Cima de Ginamar. Fritsch says that it shows the remains of an old crater within a half-open new one, and that if a stone be thrown in it will be heard rebounding from side to side for a long time before it reaches the bottom. Its height is about 750 feet.

The road to Las Palmas after leaving Ginamar runs near the sea, and has been cut straight through some loose conglomerate rock. Just before reaching a tunnel the carretera runs along very close to the sea, and, with cliffs upon the other side, reminds one much of part of the coast of Antrim, between Larne and Cushendall, the similarity being also increased by the fact that tunnels are also to be seen there. We next pass a curious old castle, like a box, on a little point, the fort of San Cristobal, and before long reach Las Palmas and the Fonda de Europa.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MONTE DE LOS LAURELES—BANDAMA—ATALAYA —LAS PALMAS MUSEUM—BARBERS.

> Thus was this place
> A happy rural seat of various view :
> Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
> Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
> Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true,
> If true, here only—and of delicious taste.
>
> MILTON.

THE day after our return to Las Palmas we were glad to rest, after our journey into the interior. Next day, however —Saturday, November 24th—we started shortly after nine o'clock on an expedition to the Bandama Caldera. About half-way between Tafira and Santa Brigida, leaving the carriage, we descended by a steep path to a small glen of laurels. This is a favourite picnic resort for the inhabitants of Las Palmas. The laurel trees—not bushes—about fifty or sixty feet high, shade us from the sun, beating down strong and hot. The bottom is perfectly flat and smooth, sparsely covered by grass and a few withered leaves. On one side a small streamlet curves round the foot of the hill on the opposite side of the glen, and a few butterflies wander hither and thither across its rippling waters. The bank at one side is also covered by laurel trees, from the bottom of each of which are suckers, straight enough to make walking-sticks for giants or Guanches. This glen, the Monte * de los Laureles, 1,150 feet above the sea, and a couple of hundred feet beneath the carretera, is famous, and deservedly so, for its laurels. One can scarcely believe, when looking at those immense trees, that it is the same laurel plant we are accustomed to in England.

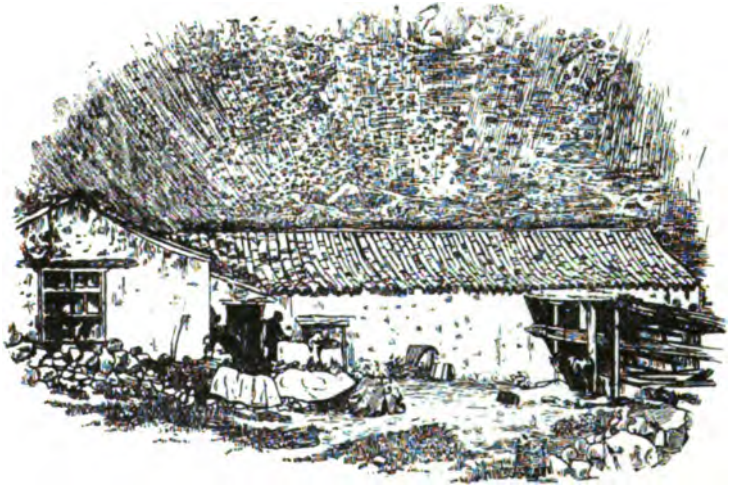
* *Monte* means wood as well as mountain.

We reached the road again about eleven o'clock. The banks on either side are lined by aloes, which, although making good hedges, are not grown entirely for that purpose. A strong, tough fibre can be extracted from the leaves. The so-called leaves are hard, thick, fibrous substances, long, narrow, and pointed, and frequently grow to three feet in length. When mature, the leaves are cut and threshed until soft enough for the fibre to be readily extracted. Whip-lashes, halters, and the breechbands used on mules and donkeys to keep on the pack-saddles are made of aloe thread. The fibre is tough and lasting, and the manufacture of these articles from it is rapidly becoming an industry. Everywhere one sees bare and useless patches of ground planted with aloes.

We now drove back a little on the road to Las Palmas, but soon turned off on the right, and followed a good path in a sort of lane for a little distance, until it became too steep and narrow for our carriage, when we dismounted and walked. A few minutes brought us to a house built near Bandama, and, passing by it, we suddenly stood on the edge of the Caldera. One's first feeling is intense surprise and admiration that Nature could have formed anything so faultless, that in such a mad freak as a volcanic eruption she should have taken care to make a circle perfect enough to be attributable to the hand of man. We stand on the edge of the crater at its least precipitous part, and that is so steep that the path beneath winds backwards and forwards in innumerable lashes. The rim is tolerably level all round, rising here and sinking there more or less, but giving the idea from where we stand of a general similarity of height. The altitude here on the path is 1,200 feet above the sea, but the north-west side is 1,450 feet. The sides are perfectly perpendicular, descending into the Caldera some 600 or 700 feet. The bottom of the cauldron is entirely green. At the foot of the path is a solitary house, and in its vicinity we can distinguish cultivated ground. To the right and near the bottom we can see a few orange trees, and the intense green of the herbage near them shows that the once boiling crater now contains a spring of water. Above us, to our left as we stand, is the Pico, a peaked hill or cone, which forms a part of the wall, so to speak, of the

crater. It is the only place where the uniform edge is altered. The side of the Pico next the Caldera is formed entirely of black cinders, and it is in these cinders that the vuelta, or winding path, to the bottom is made.

Ten minutes took us down the 690 feet, and it was a rapid but uncomfortable descent. Arrived at the bottom, we felt such thorough trespassers in the confined space that we at once made our way to the house to apologise to the owner. Here we were not only welcomed, but hospitably treated, for the good man brought out for our delectation some excellent almonds and dried figs, both grown in the crater.



FARM AT BOTTOM OF BANDAMA CRATER

We had expected to find the heat unbearable below, but there was instead a pleasant breeze, which our host says they always have—surely a curious natural phenomenon. The whole bottom of the Caldera is one finca, or farm, containing one hundred and ninety-six fanegadas (about nine acres). The living souls buried in this cauldron are the *medianero*—a sort of tenant farmer—his wife, and six children. His farm is 760 feet above the sea-level. We noticed growing around rhamus, brambles, manzanilla (camomile), branching euphorbia, palms, maize, vines, olives, and orange trees. The pasturage is good; in fact, most of the farm is in grass, as was evidenced

by there being eight cows and nine goats. A yoke of oxen were ploughing in part of the bottom. A good many big boulders are scattered about. The farmer declared no boulders had fallen in his time, and he had been there five years.

We walked up to the spring, which is on the western side, on leaving the house. It is situated on higher ground, at the foot of a cliff 875 feet above the sea. The water comes from an inaccessible spot further up, and trickles down the rock. Three small cisterns have been made to catch the supply, for every drop is precious in a thirsty land. The polypodium fern grows luxuriantly on the rocks around, and near the cisterns there are several orange trees, off which our host broke whole branches laden with oranges, to present to us. On our way up, as we toiled slowly over the loose cinders, we saw, under a rock beside the path, a number of small circular pits an inch or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, like miniature craters, in some very fine earth. At the bottom of each of these is an insect * ready to devour other insects that may fall into the trap so neatly prepared. Aloes and vines are planted on the steep, cindery hillside, partly to keep the path up.

At the summit of the peak the height was found to be 1,800 feet, which makes the total depth to the bottom of the crater 1,040 feet—a considerable depth to look down into. From the top is a grand panoramic view. To the north lies the Isleta, looking like an island, for the exceedingly narrow isthmus dwindles to nothing at this distance, and a little in front Las Palmas glitters in the sun; north-west is Arucas, distinctly visible as a cluster of white houses, nestling against its characteristic little mountain; while to the south Telde, of orange fame, seems quite near at hand. All round the north and east coast-line and the sea beyond to the horizon were visible, while the centre of the island, just then slightly covered with clouds, was seen as a confused mass of compressed mountains.

Leaving Bandama we started for Atalaya. A good path

* [illegible]

up one hill and down another brought into sight the cave-village.

There are several cave-villages in Gran Canaria, but perhaps one may pick out three as the principal, each of which is perfectly distinct in character and in the manner of life of the inhabitants. Near the town of Las Palmas there are cave dwellings close to the carretera leading to San Mateo. The inhabitants of these consist of the very scum of the town, those who cannot or will not pay house-rent. Not only do the poorest live there, but also the worst characters. Next we may mention Artenara. The caves there are tenanted by respectable tillers of the soil, people quite as good socially and

CAVE-VILLAGE OF ATALAYA.

morally as their neighbours. The third village of caves is Atalaya. Here lives a race of potters. All the earthenware pottery for the country is manufactured in these caves. The people have lived here from generation to generation; they are very poor and ignorant, and perhaps a trifle rough. They have also one bad habit, of which we received timely warning, fortunately. They are given to thieving, and will steal almost under the eyes of the owner.

As we near the village, ragged, very ragged, boys pass us. The solitary white cotton garment they possess seems scarcely capable of holding together. What the vanguard was, so were the rest of the inhabitants, all in rags. The situation, however,

of the caves could hardly be surpassed for quiet beauty. The valley beneath, a barranco leading to Ginamar, has two mounds rising in its midst, cultivated and green; a little further, and the hills on either side nearly close together, leaving just sufficient space for a glorious view of the sea. Nothing is around save green-clad hills and undulating valleys, and these curious rabbit-warren dwellings, with their wild, uncouth inhabitants.

The pottery-making is very simple and primitive. We entered by invitation a cave. The only light was from the open door. On our left was a pig, surrounded by a very low wall of stones, and at the back, in a corner, was a heap of greyish earth. Seated on the ground cross-legged, in the middle of the cave, was an elderly woman. A flat stone, about a foot and a half square, was in front of her, at one side a lump of grey earth, and at the other an earthenware basin of water. The regular shape of the various jars, braziers, and other pottery articles had led us to suppose, though erroneously, that they were formed on a wheel. The woman was finishing a water jar, and we asked her kindly to begin another, that we might see the whole process, to which she readily consented. Taking a lump of clay and damping it, she rapidly rolled it in her hands into a ball, then, placing it on the stone, pressed it out into a basin shape, moving it round and round to preserve the circular form. She then took a small lump of clay, and, making it oblong, rolled it out along the edge of the basin, thus increasing its height. This process was repeated continually until the jar was large enough, the left hand always being inside to move it round; and, feeling the thickness, where it was insufficient she added some clay. A piece bent outwards at the top gradually assumed the form of the mouth. This part of the pottery-making, though the most difficult apparently, is the quickest. She could scarcely have taken ten minutes to make it, and wonderfully regular it was, without mould or pattern of any sort. The grey jar thus completed is put in the sun to dry, and when it has become sufficiently firm, lines are drawn on the outside with a smooth oblong stone. The stones for this purpose are picked up on the sea-shore. These lines add greatly to the

trouble and but little to the beauty. It is, however, curious to note that lines exactly similar are found upon the jars of the Guanches, who no doubt made their pottery in like manner.

We next saw the firing process. The ovens are circular, built of stone, filled in with mud, much the same as, only larger than, the bread ovens used all over the islands. All kinds of sticks, twigs, and brushwood are burnt, and we met numbers of boys and men carrying the fuel from all points of the compass towards Atalaya. Large round stones are placed

POTTERY OVEN, ATALAYA, GRAN CANARIA.

in the oven, on which to raise one side of the pans and other articles, so as to allow the heat to reach the whole surface at the same time. The heat from these ovens is very great, and one cannot go within a yard or so of the mouths without being scorched. When therefore the pottery requires to be moved, two long pine poles are used to roll the hot stones from one part of the oven to another and to support the jars. Water is damped over the charred points of the poles each time they are taken out of the oven.

When the pottery is ready for sale, the women carry on

their heads large baskets of water jars, braziers, and pans for roasting gofio and coffee, down to Las Palmas, about five miles distant. The price of a water jar such as we saw made is *one penny*. It is no wonder that the inhabitants of Atalaya, notwithstanding that they pay no rent, are among the poorest in the islands.

Picking our way along paths in front, behind, and over caves, clambering up and down clay steps, worn by use between the dwellings, we left the pottery-makers, guided, protected, and followed, as at our advent, by the barefooted, bareheaded, and sharp-faced juvenile population.

Ten minutes' walking brought us to a *bodega* (wine-shop) where wine is made and sold wholesale, the house having a name for good wines. A pottery bowl, with a handle and spout, half full of a crimson liquor, the colour of claret, but richer-looking, was brought out. This wine is called by the natives the "blood of Christ," and is excellent, the only wine that we considered excelled it being that at San Juan de la Rambla, near Orotava, where the celebrated malmsey used to be made.

It was late before we returned to Las Palmas, and unfortunately as I had not imagined we should linger so long on the road, I had brought no wraps, and besides was wearing a dress of cotton material. I mention this as a warning, for I suffered severely in consequence, as the sequel will show.

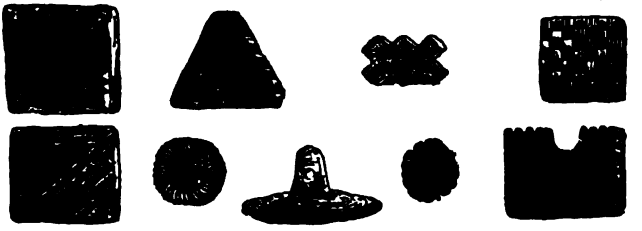
The first symptoms of illness came with next morning, but fighting my gruesome sensations I went to examine Dr. Chil's museum. Much honour is due to a Spaniard for shaking off the national lethargy in the way Señor Dr. Don Gregorio Chil y Naranjo has done. He has displayed marvellous energy, not only in forming a museum, but in writing, besides other literary works, a voluminous history of the Canary Islands, and at the same time practising his profession. Where all is enervating around in customs and society, this must be taken as a sign of great mental and physical energy.

Among the Guanche articles of interest in the museum, which is situated in the town hall, is a shelf full of seals, so called for want of a better name. Their purpose has, as yet,

not been discovered. They look perhaps more like modern prints for butter than seals; they are made of pottery and deeply marked in various patterns. Some are circular, others square and triangular. They vary in size from one inch to four, and are all in nearly perfect condition.

The much-disputed point as to whether it be possible to make fire by rubbing one piece of wood against another would seem to be satisfactorily answered by another Guanche relic, unearthed in Guayadeque. This is an oblong piece of wood, about eight or nine inches in length, scooped out apparently by friction, with which was also found a pointed stick.

The mummies, of which numbers have been discovered, are conclusive evidence as to the appearance of the ancient inhabitants. Those found on this island have not in a single



GUANCHE SEALS (?), MUSEUM, LAS PALMAS.

instance black hair. Much of the hair is fairish red and reddish brown, besides being dark brown. The black hair which so predominates here in the towns is doubtless due to the Spanish element introduced later. There are, however, many persons, as I noticed, particularly in the interior of each island, with fair and red hair, and in some districts these colours and brown predominate. Numberless are the customs still preserved which point to a Guanche origin. There can be little doubt in the mind of any observant person who has travelled extensively over these islands that there was more intermarrying between the ancient Canarios and their Spanish conquerors than the latter are willing to acknowledge. This is evident in many ways. The isleños are a finer race in appearance and a more amiable people than the Spaniards of the Peninsula, more staid in their manners, and more independent. Gofio, the Guanche food, is eaten throughout the

archipelago, and those travelling still carry and prepare it for use in bags of kid skins. Long jumping poles are used in the mountainous regions by the goatherds. The pottery is almost identical in form and decoration, and absolutely so in colour. Many of the present inhabitants live in caves; butchers are still looked down upon and shunned; and shoes are yet made with the hair upon the hide. Who can say, in the face of such evidence and much more that cannot now be mentioned, that the Guanches were completely exterminated? The conquest of each island, whether by war or treachery, except perhaps in the case of Canaria, took a comparatively short time, much too short to allow of customs of this sort being learned and adopted by a foreign and hostile people.

Jars of all shapes and sizes have been found, some with lips. One that was unearthed in Fuerteventura has a curious broad spout, and is marked with lines. The earthenware made by the ancient inhabitants is said to stand heat much better than that of to-day. There is also a vessel just like a tea-pot, exactly the shape of ours nowadays. What it was used for is of course a problem. There is, however, a plant growing wild, which I have mentioned before, and the water extracted from its dried leaves is very similar to tea, being used now by the natives instead of tea. Numerous lids of all sizes are in the Museum, with two handles, in which are holes, no doubt for cord. Great lengths of cord, made of twisted fibre, for fishing lines, are also preserved. One large jar contains a quantity of goat's butter. The Guanches kept rancid butter, burying it in the ground, for rubbing on wounds, as they considered it very curative. Stone hatchets and stones for making the pottery marks, such as we had seen at Atalaya on the previous day, are also on the shelves of the Museum.

LIPPED EARTHENWARE MAJO JAR.

I had not been feeling well all the morning, and had gradually become so cold that my fingers were blue and numb. I

could not feel the pencil when making notes. When I reached the hotel, I had a violent shivering fit. A dreadful headache, accompanied by feverishness, ensued, and by four o'clock my pulse was one hundred and fifty. For sixteen days my note-book remained without a single entry, and the monotonous experiences of an invalid succeeded the life of activity and interest which I had been enjoying for so many weeks.

A few days after the commencement of my illness—to which, by the way, no one would give a name; some called it bilious fever, others whispered typhoid—feeling able to raise my head off the pillow, I innocently asked the señora for some warm water and my brush and comb. I little knew the storm I was bringing down upon myself. "You must not wash; it will kill you; and it is very bad to do your hair." "But," I said, "it is warm water I want. I am not going to use cold." "Hot or cold, there is nothing so bad as water." I explained that we always used it in England in our hospitals as well as in private houses for those who were ill. No, nothing would induce the señora to give me water. "Supposing one were in bed a month," I said, "do you mean to say one should not wash or use a brush?" to which the señora replied, "Certainly not!" I felt that further argument was useless, and gave in for the moment, merely saying, "If my hair were untouched for a month, I then might go to the barber and have it cut off!" An hour later, Maria the black chamber-maid came in, and I made John ask her for hot water, which she brought in all good faith, thinking it was for him. When, however, returning again a few minutes later, she found me at my toilet, her grief and consternation, though evidently genuine, were to me comic. I learned long after that she had gone to the señora and, with despair in voice and gesture, said, "The Señora Inglesa will die. She has washed!"

Don Gregorio, who throughout my illness proved a valuable friend and clever physician, had ordered a blister for my chest, and when the time came for it to be dressed, the *barber* was sent for. Doctors never do anything of a surgical nature; it is considered derogatory. So my barber came twice a day, and dressed the part blistered with a cabbage leaf and lard. He was very deft and gentle, but it seemed

extremely odd for a barber to do such work. There are two classes of barbers, one of them being styled surgeon-barbers, who are qualified to do many things of this sort. John paid two visits to a barber to have his hair cut, but the sights he saw were sufficient to deter him from again repeating the experiment.

The barbers in this town rank next in number to the shoemakers. Their shops are a little like those of old-fashioned barbers in England—a race fast becoming extinct, types of which are only now to be found in villages and out-of-the-way country towns. No gaudy red-and-yellow pole adorns the outside; no tempting array of hair-restorers, pomades, and cosmetiques attracts the eye, for there are no shop-windows. The greatest amount of ostentation is when the simple word "Barberia" is inscribed in big capitals above the door. For shaving, a basin of a half-moon shape is placed under the chin. The barbers mostly combine bleeding, blistering and tooth-drawing with the more harmless occupations of shaving and hair-cutting. This combination of barbering and surgery is not agreeable. On John's first visit to a barber's here he saw a man's boil dressed, and on the second a wound in a man's head washed, and the hair generally picked over by the barber's fingers for l—e. The machinery for brushing the hair with circular brushes very naturally has not yet penetrated to this out-of-the-world spot. Shampooing is unknown, its place being taken by a kind of dry wash after the hair is cut.

There is this peculiarity about the barbers' shops, the shoemakers' shops, the chemists', and even the ordinary stores in Las Palmas and the other towns of these islands: they all appear equal in merit or importance. There is no barber who enjoys a municipal reputation of being more proficient than his fellows, no shoemaker is said to cobble in a style superior to the general run, and they say you get as well and carefully drugged in one chemist's shop as in another.

The chemists in this island seem to be gregarious, all their shops being collected in a cluster within a stone's-throw of the casino. Why they should not spread themselves over the town, as would seem to be the more useful method, I cannot

tell. They evidently like each other's society. One thing I know about them, that, as in England, their prices for the making up of the same prescription vary much. A prescription at one shop cost me three pesetas, at another two, and at another one and a half. So that in this respect they partake of the peculiarity common to the genus elsewhere. Their shops are the great gossiping places of the town, each providing a room where those who have nothing to do—and these seem to be in the majority—may meet and exchange ideas upon politics, the weather, the state of trade, or social scandal.

Besides avoiding surgical functions, a doctor in Gran Canaria will not, as a rule, set a bone. An English friend living here broke a small bone in her foot, and sent for her doctor to set it. He did so, but as she has been slightly lame ever since, her servants say to her, 'Ah! if you had sent for the carpenter you would not be lame, as you are now. What does the doctor know about setting bones?' For, curiously enough, in this town the great bone-setter among the lower classes is a carpenter! There is now a resident English doctor, named Fernandez, in Las Palmas. The climate, however, does not allow his business or that of any doctor in the Fortunate Isles to grow beyond control. A Nottingham brewer, recently forced to quit England through ill-health, has found new life and energy in Gran Canaria, where, with a renovated constitution, he has started and is conducting a mineral-water company and an ice company, the latter of which turns out some fourteen hundredweight of ice per day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ISLETA—GUANCHE CEMETERY—SALT WORKS.

What matters the sand or the whitening chalk,
The blighted herbage, the black'ning log,
The crooked beak of the eagle-hawk,
Or the hot, red tongue of the native dog?
That couch was rugged, those sextons rude,
Yet, in spite of a leaden shroud, we know
That the bravest and fairest are earthworms' food
When once they've gone where we all must go.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

THE Isleta, rudely breaking the rotundity of Gran Canaria and jutting abruptly into the sea, is joined to the island by a most slender, unsubstantial-looking neck. Till quite recently there was no fresh water on the Isleta, every drop for drinking and washing having to be brought from the mainland. The labour of this was enormous, and it is astonishing, nay, almost incredible, that a pipe conveying fresh water had not been laid down years ago. But the fact remains that women and children had daily to trudge along the dusty road of the Isleta with earthenware pots on their heads, and return by the same weary way heavily laden. The waste of time, the fatigue, and the premium put upon dirtiness, and therefore disease, by this terribly tedious method of obtaining the first necessary of life, are fearful to contemplate. Before lighting her streets with incandescent lights, before indulging in a Harbour of Refuge, a grand opera house, and a European cable, one would have thought the well-built and grandly edificed town of Las Palmas would have provided her suburb with the first essential of healthy living.

A step, as it were, takes us from the end of the street on to the wild bare country, and the ground is as savage and

chaotic as ground can well be. There is no soil, the surface being one mass of broken-up lava pieces, light, spongy stones of all sizes, and entirely covered with rough, jagged excrescences, which cut the boots and tear in the rudest manner any clothing drawn against them. Walking is very difficult and tiring. It consists in a tedious picking of the way, balancing the body on the top of a shaky piece one moment and then springing on to another, at all hazards avoiding putting the foot between the blocks. The ground is full of small caves—bubbles in the lava, where part of the roof has fallen in—of from one to several feet in size.

Vegetation, in the sense of a clothing, the land has none. In the hollow, the little valleys where moisture can linger longer, the lava stones are partially covered with lichen, and here and there are individuals of the square-stemmed, columnar euphorbia (*E. Canariensis*), the dragon tree euphorbia (*Kleinia meriifolia*), and the graceful, feathery *Plocama pendula*. The roots of these shrubs must go down a long way below the lava stones in order to find soil. At a few places in some of the little valleys, and nearer to the bases of the peaks, little forests of these singular plants are found. Though peculiar at first sight, when one becomes accustomed to their odd shapes these shrubs are not destitute of beauty. The light, weeping, graceful form of the feathery *Plocama*, with its lively green colour, contrasts not unpleasingly with the gouty, branching stem of the *Kleinia*, resembling a miniature dragon tree, surmounted with its grey-green foliage; these two plants again serve to set off the stiff square vegetable columns of the monstrous-looking *Euphorbia*. Certainly when seen together they blend harmoniously with the chaotic disorder of the blocks of lava, and mingle their soft shades of green with the browns of the ground.

If a piece of jagged stone be thrown into a clump of the *Euphorbia Canariensis*, the thick, milky, almost creamy, fluid runs or squirts out. The plant seems charged with this poisonous fluid, and ready to pour it out at the slightest abrasion. When dried, this sap forms the drug euphorbium of the pharmacopœia. A thick, poisonous, milky juice also exudes from the *kleinia*. These plants are the most charac-

teristic feature of the shores and littoral mountains of the Canary Islands. Even the passing traveller, as the steamer takes him near the coast, cannot fail being struck by the round pale green bushes or clumps of the stiff, leafless, ill-favoured *Euphorbia Canariensis*, dotted over the cliffs in such a manner as to produce a most curious spotty effect upon the landscape. A nearer view of the uncouth physiognomy of this strange and grotesque plant would excite his surprise even more.

During my illness John, in company with Mr. Béchervaise, explored the face of the Isleta, and the results will be gleaned from the following notes: "We kept a sharp look-out for the Guanche cemetery, but I could see nothing at all answering to what I had been led to expect from my knowledge of that at Agaete. We stopped and examined several of the many small caves in the ground, but they were indisputably natural. At last we came upon a solitary narrow trench lined with a layer of flat lava stones, evidently the familiar six narrow feet, having at the bottom a little yellow, dust-like earth. If the grave—for such it was—had ever been surmounted by a pile of stones, they had long ago been removed. As there were no loose stones near this spot, it is probable that this Guanche was buried without the usual monument.

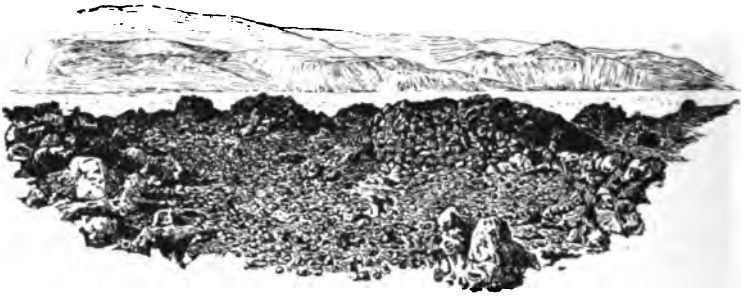
Continuing our walk, we struck a bee-line for the Look-out, and ascending a rapid and difficult incline at 400 feet elevation found ourselves standing upon the lower brim of a parasitic crater. The suddenness with which we came upon this extinct volcano very much surprised us, for from below there was nothing to indicate that such a feature existed two-thirds up the peak. We measured the crater, and found it to be about ninety feet deep from the edge nearest the sea—the other side being continuous with the hill—and one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, the sides sloping gradually and almost meeting in a point at the bottom, covered with the same sort of lava stones we had met on the way up. We now walked round the edge of the crater to the mountain side, which we ascended until we reached a shoulder, and then, happening to turn round, saw a little distance off to the north another, and still more perfect and 'volcanic-looking,' crater.

It rose isolated from the level ground some fifty or sixty feet, and was perfectly round, but with the edges at the top much crumbled away. We could not resist the temptation to inspect closely this new wonder, and, starting off at a sharp run down the shoulder of the mountain, were standing in five minutes on the brim, looking into the centre. The brim is 450 feet above the sea level, and the centre only some twenty or thirty feet lower, so much had the sides fallen in. We now partially retraced our steps, and climbed up to the top of the mountain, where the Look-out and signal station is placed. This point we found to be 625 feet high. A stone shanty and a flag-post, whence the signals can be seen in Las Palmas, complete the erections. Turning towards the main island, we obtained a view that was truly sublime. The solitary Roque del Nublo, looking like a stern, upright giant, was distinctly seen. On the left the island appeared to end in the sea in a long, extenuated point, the Punta de Gando, while on the right the striking Peak of Galdar, rising separately from the main mountains of the island, guarded the land end of a blunt promontory. At our feet—so close it seemed—lay the isthmus, narrowed in this bird's-eye view to a mere silver streak, while beyond, on a flat low-lying tongue of land jutting out into the sea, the white houses of Las Palmas and the two dark towers of the cathedral formed the only spot suggestive of active life in a dreamy, satisfying picture.

On a later day I made another attempt to discover the Guanche cemetery. I had even begun to doubt whether there did exist a cemetery upon the Isleta, for though one or two, in reply to my interrogations, said that there was something of the sort, by far the majority, including *mirabile dictu* the owner of the land, insisted upon the story being entirely fabricated, and that no Guanche remains were there to be found. Taking a trap at the old mole, Mr. Béchervaise and I drove to the Puerto and stopped there by the first houses. Here we dismissed the conveyance, and signalling to two boys who were engaged in placidly sitting on the sand, asked them if they knew where the cemetery was.

There is at this part of the Puerto only one row of poor one-storied, whitewashed houses, passing behind which we

found ourselves immediately upon rough, volcanic ground. It was surprising how swiftly the two little brown urchins, with their bare feet, ran over the rough cinders in obedience to our behests. The ground is entirely composed of these cinders, quite bare of vegetation. Curiously enough, one boy had dark brown eyes, a typical young Spaniard, while the other, with his blue eyes and light hair, was a living proof that Guanche blood has not yet died out. Thus, personally conducted, as it were, by representatives of the old and the new, we reached a gentle slope of the cinder-covered ground, and I at once saw that we were indeed standing in the midst of a Guanche cemetery. All around were mounds made of light cinder stones, some quite perfect and inviolate, but by far the majority in various stages of dilapidation. The hand of the



GUANCHE CEMETERY, ISLETA.

spoiler was everywhere apparent, and if the desecration proceeds at the present rate, a few years will suffice to wipe out this interesting record of an extinct race. Here we find a mound with the stones half pulled down, having apparently been left for another more inviting; here a narrow trench about two feet wide and six feet long, lined along the side with flat lava stones, shows that the mound has been removed and the bones taken; here a small opening has been made in the side of a mound, and, looking in, we can see the white skeleton of a Guanche, lying in all its grim length, but lacking the skull; here again is a mound with one end pulled down, the bones lying scattered around showing that pure mischief has been the only motive for the spoliation.

I measured two graves which I could get at, owing to the

piles having been partially dismantled. One I chose for its unimportant appearance, and the other because it was one of the, if not the, largest on the ground. The former was fifteen inches wide and just one foot below the level of the ground, the topping stones which covered in the body resting their ends on the ground on either side. Its length was six feet six inches, and it was rudely squared at the ends. The other grave had been covered by a large circular mound, and lay due north and south. The stones had been pulled down at the north end, exposing the grave, from which the skull had been, as usual, taken, though there remained the ribs, vertebræ, femurs, and a few small bones, all of which, from their great size and very marked eminences for the attachment of the muscles, showed that the man had been tall, well built, and very powerful, probably a mighty warrior, perhaps a king. I could get into the grave, and found a chamber lined with immense pieces of flat lava stones and roofed with others of a concave shape. The grave was therefore dome-shaped, but seven feet long and rounded off at the ends, not squared, as in the smaller grave. The height from the flat floor to the highest point of the roof was three feet nine inches, and in width the grave was twenty-two inches.

The inspection of the cemeteries of Agaete and the Isleta, the disposition of the mounds, and a close examination of the opened graves forced the conviction upon me that the bodies had been laid in no particular direction. Here, as at Agaete, the marked difference in the size of the mounds was most noticeable. The largest were quite six times as big as the smallest. Some of the large ones, instead of following the usual oblong shape, were circular. To get an idea of the number, I counted the piles that could be seen from one spot taken at random. Sixty were visible. Altogether in this cemetery there must have been several hundred mounds.

The Guanches must have liked to be buried close to the sea, so close, that in a storm the spray would blow over their funeral mounds. The choice of this unpromising-looking ground, composed entirely of the roughest of rough stones found in a volcanic country, might perhaps be due to the singularity of the spot, to the great difference existing between

it and the neighbouring country. These curious little outbursts of a past volcanic fury very probably assumed in their eyes religious importance. It might be that they did not regard these freaks of nature with dread, but as having something specially to do with the great Giver of all good into Whose safe keeping they hesitated not to entrust all that was mortal of their dead brothers and sisters.

Of course it may also be suggested that, owing to the over-population of the island, land that could be used for pasture was too valuable for burial purposes, or further that, instruments for digging being unknown, this lava-block-covered land afforded an easy means of sepulture.

As we sit upon the ruined mound which once had held all that was earthly of a Guanche we can see from the slightly rising ground the narrow neck of the Isleta isthmus, with the sea foaming on each side. The sand looks dazzling white at this distance as it glows in the heat of the noonday sun. Beyond is a monochromatic landscape—for we look not towards where the glaring white town of Las Palmas lies—of lofty mountains, brown and sere. Very rough and wild are those outlines against the sky, a compressed mass of crags, jagged edges, and toothlike eminences. The calm blue sky above, the deep-blue sea around, and the infinite silence brooding over all form a fitting and soothing setting for the savageness of the scene. As this picture is to-day, so it was when the funeral trains wound their way up from the main island across the sandy track of the isthmus or descended from the loftily situated caves of the Isleta. A thoughtful person cannot be here unmoved.

We strike for the west coast of the Isleta by the shortest route, and in ten minutes are down by the shore. Here there is a fairly good path, and we soon can see, high up on the cliffs, the mouths of the caves of which we had heard. Arriving beneath, we climb up, not without some difficulty, for the cliff is very steep. The caves are 260 feet above the sea, and consist of two main and a number of smaller ones. We measured one of the larger. It was twenty-two feet long by sixteen broad, and nine feet high, with a squarish opening. A small recess had been made near the opening in the right

side, on a level with the floor, which was perhaps used as a sleeping place. We found here in flower, just an inch in height, a specimen of the plant *Heliotropium Europæum.*

Leaving these Guanche habitations, we climbed over the top of the cliff, and found the land sloping gradually, forming one side of a small valley. A path at the bottom soon conducts us to the edge of a steep descent, and, looking down, we see a flat plateau of considerable size, encircled on the land side by precipitous cliffs, and with the sea for its western boundary.

The ground on this side of the Isleta is much smoother than on the eastern, where the lava streams from the many eruption craters have flowed down. The plain at our feet is bare, save for the salt works of Don Pedro Bravo, which occupy a small area, and look like a number of cucumber frames placed side by side, but lacking the glass on the tops. Descending by a zigzag path we examined in a wooden store-house some of the salt. It is sold just as it comes from the evaporating pans, without any process of purification or re-crystallisation. In look it is like crystallised sugar of a common kind, the crystals being small, rough, and dirty. Though containing chiefly chloride of sodium, this residue of the sea-water must also contain other salts. We were interested chiefly in the simplicity of the whole process. There is positively no expense in the way of working power. The water is pumped up by means of a windmill to the level of the evaporating pans, and the sun may be said to make the salt. The hottest part of summer is, of course, the time when the salt is produced in the greatest quantities. The largest salt works on this island, worked on exactly the same principle as in the present instance, are in the extreme south, at Juan Grande."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS IN LAS PALMAS—WINTER —CONFITAL BAY—SUPERSTITIONS.

I am so delighted with this world,
That suddenly has grown, being new-washed,
To such a smiling, clean, and thankful world,
And with a tender face, shining through tears,
Looks up into the sometime lowering sky,
That has been angry, but is reconciled,
And just forgiving her, that I—that I—
Oh, I forget myself: what matters how?

JEAN INGELOW.

ON December 9th (Sunday) the barranco, which had been perfectly dry the day before, was quite full at 10 A.M. A number of trees were in the river, which surged rapidly seawards like a flood, showing that the rain in the mountains must have been severe.

Those who dwell in less precipitous countries than this find the barranco perhaps one of the most interesting features. The idea of a continuously flowing river is as difficult for a Canario to imagine as the sudden flood of water, with its as sudden cessation, is to us. After a severe storm of wind and rain, the river-bed will be filled from bank to bank and be five or six feet deep with water. The next morning there will be only a small stream down one side of the bed, and in some districts it will be perfectly dry. One can tell by the colour of the water if the rain has been only near the town or in the cumbres.

The large shops are shut upon Sunday, but the small are open. The men do not work, but take a holiday, and the day is of course like a Continental Sunday, great cockfights and many of the dances taking place.

There are an immense number of canary birds in cages

hanging around the small shops and houses. They abound everywhere in cages, patios, shops, and private houses, which they make lively with their songs. The captives often attract the wild birds of their species, which are thus frequently caught and imprisoned. Canaries were first introduced into Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The vessel which was conveying them to Italy was wrecked, and the birds took refuge in Elba. They are bred extensively in these islands and sent to Habana and Cuba for sale. It is curious to note that, even when bred in their native land, the canary birds always turn yellow in captivity, and their voices become harsher.

There was an increase of heat on the 12th, it being at 9 A.M. 65·3° F. (18·50° C.), after which it resumed its normal temperature of 66° F. (19° C.), and remained there steadily until the 18th. There has been quite an unusual amount of wind and rain this winter. The "oldest inhabitants" and residents of fifty years' standing tell us they never remember so much rain. The houses are not made for such weather, and the consequent discomfort when it does occur, happily at rare intervals, is great. Water oozes through every window, and in my room not only did it creep through, but it actually rained in—pattered on paper and table and floor. Spaniards sit in greatcoats and hats, and the ladies, in thick shawls, shiver on the sofas. We do not feel it cold at all, but for the look of the thing should not be sorry to see a bright, cosy fire somewhere. Fortunately all this outward discomfort—for, after all, it does not affect one much—lasts only a day or two at most, and then this beautiful climate, refreshed and invigorated, returns to its normal condition of cloudless skies and bright sunshine.

One can scarcely conceive any place more suited to invalids than these islands. Though I have had occasion to mention the wet weather frequently, in reality there was but little of it compared with what we consider wet in England. Its effects also were unobtrusive, as it generally rained during the night. Besides the advantages of a dry and healthy climate, there is great variety. All the islands enjoy much the same climate and temperature. One town

may be a degree warmer than another, according to its situation, but nowhere, unless one climb the mountains, is there a perceptible difference. Thus anyone obliged to stay abroad for six or seven months of the year, instead of going to the well-worn and expensive Riviera, or being confined to board ship on the equally expensive Nile, or liable to the sudden lowering of the temperature at Nice and Cannes, or imprisoned in Madeira, may wander here from island to island. Orotava and Santa Cruz in Tenerife are so different in every way, that the variety of going from one to the other is equal to a change of island. It is a feature of these islands that is scarcely to be met with elsewhere, that each offers an entirely novel experience to the traveller. Although all are volcanic, nature has apparently made seven different experiments. This to anyone who has travelled over all is of immense interest. Not only is this individuality in the natural features of the islands, but it also extends to the people, their habits and customs. The language is certainly Spanish, but I defy anyone to understand easily the ordinary peasant of Hierro or Gomera, so different is the accent of those islands. Even the food differs. This causes the diseases to be to a certain extent peculiar to each. Whether the physical features of the country have effected these variations, or whether they are an inheritance from the various Guanche tribes, who, also distinct, inhabited the islands, is a matter for thought and investigation.

A SERENO.

The serenos in Las Palmas begin their night watch at 11 P.M. and end it at 5 A.M. Throughout the night they cry the hour and half-hour, at the same time informing the waking

inhabitants of the state of the weather. A sereno, whom we photographed, was an exceedingly fine-looking man, tall and straight, with a handsome and powerful face, a little spoiled perhaps by the great depth of the lines on each side of the mouth, which denote one who is a loud and frequent speaker.

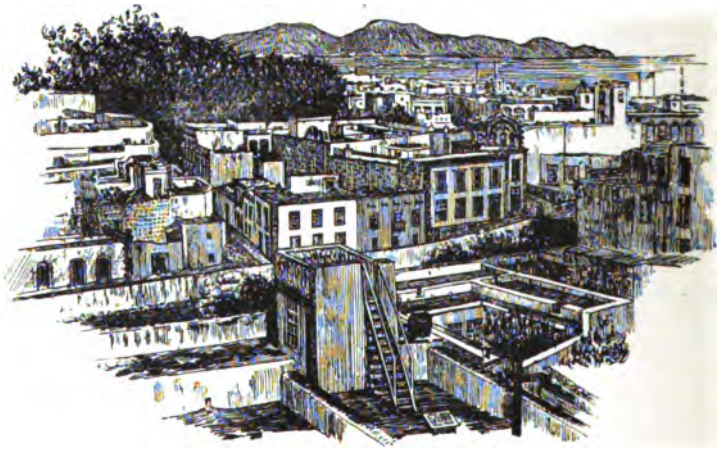
One of the great drawbacks to Las Palmas is the want of a good promenade. The town has been utterly spoiled by the sea-shore having been entirely taken up by houses. Instead of building one row of houses facing the sea, with a good road between them and it, houses have been built with their backs to the shore, thus effectually excluding it from sight. This is the more to be regretted as the view of the port of La Luz and the ships lying under the shelter of the mountains of the Isleta is exceedingly pretty. The disadvantage to those who, although able to walk a mile, cannot manage three or four, is very great. Streets have always to be traversed in order to approach the sea, and it is not pleasant, to say the least, to have to walk a mile and a half towards the Isleta before a place can be reached from which to catch a glimpse of the ocean. Towards Telde it is equally difficult to reach the coast, for to do so one has to mount up by the back of the town through a poor district. There is one walk, however, which, when finished, will be better; it is a road which has been begun near the Cuevas del Provecho, on the Arucas road. A little display of public spirit on the part of the citizens would result in the buying of the shore and the making a promenade shaded with trees and lined with seats, while at the same time a carriage drive should be constructed. Considering what a small town Las Palmas is comparatively, it is wonderfully difficult to get out of it.

There is a good deal of steam communication with Las Palmas by the various lines which now touch at the islands In 1883–4 there was an English boat calling once a week homeward bound, and another outward bound, besides a monthly French and a fortnightly Spanish boat. The latter is the mail with Cadiz, and is really the only one of them all which is regular. Letters posted by it—for it returns direct to Cadiz—reach London in about eight days.

As the isthmus is the only place where one can go for fresh air from what is, to me at any rate, the somewhat enervating

town of Las Palmas, we generally went out there daily for several hours.

At first sight, looking at this stretch of dune, nothing appears but sand and a few stunted tamarisk bushes. Seeing, however, that goats are browsing, we know there must be something green. A close investigation shows several small plants two or three inches high growing at intervals. So irregular and sparse are they, that the general effect of the surface is yellow sand, not green herbage. White patches at places as we walk along betray the presence of shells, which are in immense quantities, though in only some four or five



VIEW FROM ROOF OF THE MUSEUM, LAS PALMAS.

varieties. Raising our eyes skyward from the sand as we begin to descend the slope towards the sea, we see Teide, but only the extreme summit. Beneath is his bodyguard of clouds, that steady, almost motionless belt that perpetually surrounds him.

The view from Confital Bay as we sat on the sand, braced, refreshed, and strengthened by the breeze, was one of quiet beauty—on our left the snow-covered mountains of the interior, on the right the peaks of the Isleta, their bases encircled by white houses. The blue sea lies in front, bound to southward by a rugged shore, which ends in the Peak of Galdar, while beyond it, like its reflection in the air, so similar is it in shape,

is the cone of Teide. At our feet are the shining yellow strand, the rocks, and pools, and beyond them ships at anchor heaving gently on the Atlantic swell.

We drove out another day to the Isleta, this time visiting the cemetery of the Antiguos Canarios, to which I was yet a stranger. The view from the rising ground of the cemetery, as it lies on the slopes of the Isleta, facing southwards, is very fine. A strip of sea on our right forms a kind of bay between the Isleta and the main island. Behind the bay of Confital, the

> Mountains on whose barren breast
> The labouring clouds do often rest

pile upwards and inland, each ridge and group higher than the other, until a grand climax is reached in that solitary,

VIEW OF THE ISTHMUS OF GUANARTEME FROM THE GUANCHE CEMETERY ON THE ISLETA.

weird, gigantic rock, the Nublo. The east of the isthmus has another bay, that of La Luz, which is larger, not so confined, but what it gains in sweep it loses in beauty. It is formed by the Isleta itself on the north and a slight outward curve of the coast line culminating in the promontory—if it can be so called—on which Las Palmas is built. These two bays are divided by a narrow strip of yellow dune, productive of little but tamarisk bushes, which have been planted to try and bind the sand. A heavy surf usually breaks on the western side of the isthmus of Guanarteme, on a bar of rocks and sand, which lies perhaps half a mile from the beach, and inside which is a smooth lagoon. This precludes the idea of this bay being used as an anchorage, although occasionally, when a strong south-east wind is blowing, some ships run round the Isleta and seek refuge outside the rocks It is on

the eastern side, however, that the best anchorage can be had, and there that the new harbour or port of refuge is being constructed.

Christmas Day found me again an invalid and in bed. When returning home from the Isleta I caught what the people here call an *aire*—a slight chill—but by Thursday, December 27th, I got up, my pulse having become normal. On Christmas Day the south wind, familiarly known as "Tiempo de Abajo" (climate from below!), was blowing, producing as usual languor and headaches. A record of the temperatures for this day will prove of interest: at 7.30 A.M. 58° F. (14·5° C.); at 8.30 A.M. 59·5° F. (15·5° C.); at noon 68° F. (20° C.) in the shade and 77° F. (25° C.) in the sun; and at 6.30 P.M. 60·8° F. (16° C.).

In Las Palmas the rent of houses is higher than in the suburbs. All houses are let in these islands by the month, and in Las Palmas the rent of a house for a family varies from about sixteen dollars (three pounds four shillings) to thirty dollars (six pounds) a month. The tenant can leave on any day without giving notice, provided he pays his rent up to that day. At any moment he can bring the key to the landlord and give up possession. On the other hand, the landlord is obliged to give three separate notices of a month each should he wish the tenant to quit, unless the rent has become due and has not been paid, when he can oust the occupier at once. The first notice of a month is for the purpose of allowing time for the tenant to get another house, but if at the end of that period another month be required, the landlord has to grant it, this process being repeated thrice. An eight-roomed house, exclusive of offices, would cost about sixteen dollars to twenty dollars (three pounds four shillings to four pounds) a month. Furniture is cheap and good, being brought chiefly from Habana. Nearly all the labourers here own their houses and bits of land, and leases are perpetual.

An Englishman, an old resident in this island, told us of some peculiar superstitions which are very prevalent, even in the towns. He possesses a goat, and a butcher, happening to visit his place one day, saw the animal, praised its good qualities,

and congratulated our friend upon having one so fine, but asked, with evident concern, whether it had been rendered proof against the evil eye (*mal de ojo*). Our friend replied in the negative. The butcher then told him to obtain from Atalaya an earthenware pot which had never been used, to place some sulphur at the bottom and ignite it, and then to pass this extempore brazier through the goat's fore-legs, bringing it out between the hind, and when this was done to pass it beneath the body between the two pairs of legs, and then to break up the pot immediately, so that it could never be used again. It will be noticed at once that the two lines over which the pot was to be passed would form a cross, and this fact perhaps affords some clue to the strange ceremony. To emphasise what he had been saying, and as proof positive of the success of his plan, the butcher related that he was now in possession of a very fine calf, which he had insured against the evil eye by the process we have just related. Shortly after he had performed the ceremony, an old woman called to see him, and looked at the calf, but, after gazing steadily at it, went away quite angry because she had no power over it.

If a person is to have a dose of Epsom salts, it is considered ineffectual unless the vessel containing the medicine has been placed in the open all night for the dew to fall upon it. The medicine after this is then taken in the morning. A similar process is always gone through with a purgative for children composed of manna, Epsom salts, lemon juice, etc. A sweet, too, made of the strings from the interior of the calabash or pumpkin ("angels' hair"), prepared with sugar, is never considered wholesome unless it has been out all night to catch the dew. These superstitions are not confined to the lowest or even the lower classes. A goldsmith's child was very ill, and the mother, when the doctors seemed to do no good, insisted that one of these wise women should be called in. The husband laughed at the request, having no faith in the process, but, because of his wife's importunity, allowed one of these old women to exercise her charms over the child. Strange to say, in this instance the child recovered after the visit. Whether the old crone administered herbs, as was most

likely the case—for the islanders are all great herbalists—or not, I was unable to ascertain. At any rate, she would not confess to having cured by any such remedies.

A touch, too, of superstition, at least a belief in the efficacy of odd numbers, still hangs about the medical men. I would exempt from this charge the eminent men who have been educated at Paris or some other medical school besides that On Madrid. When prescribing a series of baths for patients "Tiempo de Ab[illegible]" mineral springs of the island, they tell them producing as usual lan[illegible]leven, thirteen, and so on. An isleño temperatures for this day [illegible]ary to take sea-baths in a series of 58° F. (14·5° C.); at 8.30 A.M. [illegible]ot take a single bath. He will 68° F. (20° C.) in the shade and 7, can bathe each day for a and at 6.30 P.M. 60·8° F. (16° C.). [illegible]lers bad, and likely to be

In Las Palmas the rent of houses [illegible]
suburbs. All houses are let in these isl[illegible]ng at our hotel. He and in Las Palmas the rent of a house [illegible]aving been a great from about sixteen dollars (three pounds [illegible]he watering-places thirty dollars (six pounds) a month. The [illegible]a, without finding on any day without giving notice, provided s recovery to the up to that day. At any moment he can brin[illegible]. The water[illegible]s landlord and give up possession. On the [illegible]ee-bottles, whi[illegible]n landlord is obliged to give three separate notic[illegible]s to Las Palm[illegible]as each should he wish the tenant to quit, unles[illegible]nk the wate[illegible]r, become due and has not been paid, when he [illegible]fresh, though occupier at once. The first notice of a month open for[illegible] a purpose of allowing time for the tenant to get anc[illegible]
but if at the end of that period another month [illegible]the sala, to the landlord has to grant it, this process being repeat[illegible]tel, th[illegible]ose An eight-roomed house, exclusive of offices, would cos[illegible]had so sixteen dollars to twenty dollars (three pounds four sh[illegible]me very to four pounds) a month. Furniture is cheap and [illegible]ght, and being brought chiefly from Habana. Nearly all the labo[illegible]n on the here own their houses and bits of land, and leases are[illegible]ick the petual. [illegible]dumb-

An Englishman, an old resident in this island, told u[illegible]sually some peculiar superstitions which are very prevalent, even If we the towns. He possesses a goat, and a butcher, happening had visit his place one day, saw the animal, praised its good qualities,

to be impressed. In fact, we had a general feeling of being perpetually picnicking. We eyed that mouse frequently, but how to catch him was the problem. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and I recommend the latest patent in mousetraps to anyone similarly inconvenienced. A saucer was placed upon a plate, and the saucer raised at one side upon an upright wooden match, and in the plate was put some honey. A black thread, a couple of yards long, was tied round the match and the other end held in the hand as we sat at table. The mouse, all unsuspecting, attacked the honey, when with a slight jerk of the thread the match was displaced, the saucer fell, and he was secured, all but the tip of his tail! Tempering justice with mercy, we decided not to kill him, but to drop him out of the window, in order that, with the whole world before him, he might start his career over again elsewhere.

One cannot buy the most ordinary article here without haggling over its price. Foreigners pay rather than haggle. The isleños, however, delight in making a bargain. No countrywoman buying a yard of calico in a shop ever thinks of giving the price that is asked. The result is bad, for the shopmen have to price their goods higher than they would do otherwise, and—a much more serious evil of the system—a direct temptation to fraud is put in the way of the assistants. It is easy for an assistant to say that only so-and-so was obtained for an article which was perhaps sold for a higher sum. This rotten system of haggling also prevents the storekeepers balancing their books; they can tell what they gave for articles, but they cannot estimate the amount they will realise when sold or the value of their goods at stock-taking. Altogether, for the sake of the buyer as well as the seller, it is much to be desired that a spirit of trust should be diffused throughout the islands, that prices should be so adjusted as to yield only fair and legitimate profits, and that the execrable spirit of "Do, or you'll be done," should be abolished. Until, however, Spaniards alter their national character, these desirable results can scarcely be expected.

Rottenness to the core is present in the highest Government offices, and descends, as might be expected, through all the grades of the public service. To cheat Government is

considered by Spaniards fair game. The man who does not cheat is regarded as worse than a fool. When dishonesty—for it is no use mincing matters when speaking of a great national evil—is present in the army, in the navy, in the civil service, among those who pay taxes and those who collect them, how can it be expected that strict probity is to be found among the humbler occupations of servant and master, buyer and seller? As an Englishman, in a large way of business for these islands, expressed it to me, a large premium is put here upon immorality; it is impossible for a man to be honest in the full English meaning of that word. "If," he continued, "I made the *correct* return of what I bought and what I sold, the amount I should have to pay in taxes would not only absorb *every farthing* of my profits, but I should even have to expend capital to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Government. I therefore do as every Spaniard does, and as I am *expected to do* by the tax-collector himself—I make returns of about half of everything which is taxable."

On the last Sunday of the year it was raining a little at 9 A.M. [62·6° F. (17° C.)], but soon cleared. We went for a walk to the mole, but could not reach the end, though it is but a short pier, the sea was dashing over it in such a rough manner. The sight was magnificent, the huge rollers running in and breaking upon the iron-bound coast. As the rollers break on the rocky shore, the spray shoots up to immense heights, and for many a yard around the sea is one boiling mass of white foam; or, they roll in long swells, moving majestically, without fret and flurry, but lazily, with the laziness of conscious strength, which one always sees in big people or things, be it a man or an elephant, until they break on the hard, shining strand with a roar that can be heard a mile inland.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FIRGAS—BARRANCO OF THE VIRGIN—COCKFIGHTING.

> The rivulet,
> Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
> Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
> Among the moss with hollow harmony,
> Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
> It danced, like childhood, laughing as it went.
> Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
> Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
> That overhung its quietness.
>
> SHELLEY.

WE had been anxious to visit Doramas and Firgas, but New Year's Day came and found me still unable to undertake a long ride. It falls to John, therefore, to give some account of his journey to that district: "At six o'clock my friend and I were cantering briskly along the Arucas road. As we mount higher and higher, so does the sun, for the eastern sky is becoming glorious in purple hues, and a fleecy mass of clouds lying low down on the horizon is blazing into magnificent splendour. The air at this hour is fresh and bracing, which our horses seem to feel, for they enter into the exhilaration of the moment as much as we do ourselves. They are eager for the journey, and we let them go, for we have a long day before us. At 8 A.M. we catch sight of the town of Arucas, looking wonderfully near and distinct, each house standing out in bold relief, for the sun, not yet hot enough for blurring the effect, is slantingly directed full upon it.

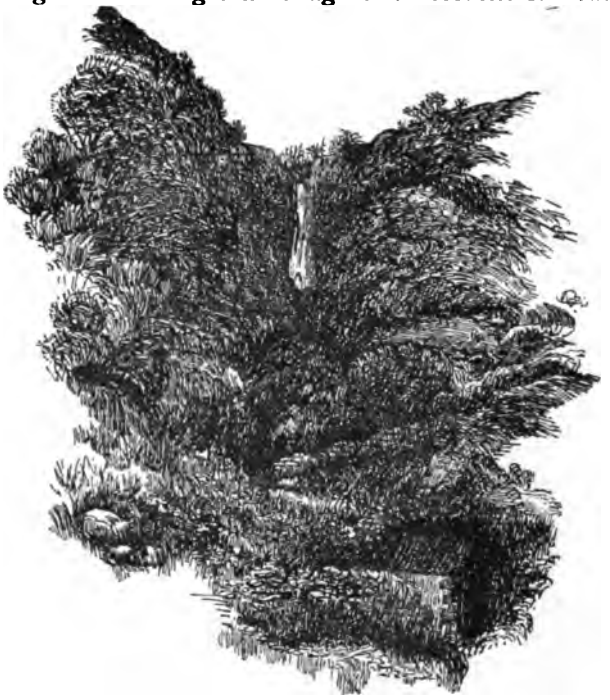
The sun is pouring down hotly on our backs as we ascend to the uplands, but the bracing and cool air prevents it giving us any trouble. Everything looks wonderfully fresh and green. Grass is growing by the roadside. Vividly green ferns—hart's-tongue, maiden-hair, polypody, etc.—peep out

at us from every cranny and recess in the walls, and luxuriate in giant clumps under the hedges. Many little lambs are among the sheep, some only a day or two old, a noticeable sight in my eyes for New Year's Day; but then in these Happy Isles the seasons are as you make them. In the middle of the summer, when pasturage is scarce, and cattle have to be fed in the stall on grain or hay, the shepherds frequently cannot afford to keep all their sheep, and they are glad to sell them, in some dry years as little as two shillings each being taken for them. The female sheep are not considered good for mutton, but are kept for their wool and milk, a very excellent cheese being made in the island from sheep's milk, either alone or mixed with that of the goat. In fact, sheep's cheese or sheep and goat's are those commonly eaten all over the island. A tax of no less than five shillings is levied for each sheep killed for food. This and many similar vexatious imposts upon the necessaries of life are certainly contributories to the slowness with which Spain—and these islands one of her Provinces—advances in prosperity.

Firgas, where we drew rein at 9 A.M., is a small, clean village, of the usual white, one-storied houses, situated on the hills overlooking the lower land lying towards the sea, of which and the Isleta there is a fine view. Firgas is enjoyable at this time of the year, but in the summer it would be a most delicious place at which to stay. It requires, however, a hotel, for the little house we are in affords only the roughest accommodation. With its bracing climate, its sparkling mineral water, than which I have never drunk a more pleasant, and the exquisitely beautiful barranco close at hand, surely a prosperous day is in store for this much-favoured upland spot. The baths and water are particularly efficacious in rheumatic disorders and in skin diseases. I heard, and on unimpeachable authority, of some really wonderful cures effected here. In taste the water is similar to that of Agaete, but weaker, its carbonic acid briskness making it particularly agreeable to the palate. Like the water of Agaete, it is slightly warm.

Breakfast over, we are again in the saddle, on our way to the Barranco of the Virgin. The barranco consists of a long

valley, more or less straight, leading up from the sea, and then of two branches, or fork-valleys, which wind about in a serpentine fashion. Everywhere the valley is wide and deep. The higher slopes are gradual and cultivated; the lower depths are precipitous and wild. The actual bottom, just now occupied by a deep, rushing torrent, is at places enclosed on both sides by straight walls of sheer rock, over which are clustering masses of green foliage and festoons of beautiful



WATERFALL IN THE BARRANCO OF THE VIRGIN, GRAN CANARIA.

trailing plants. As we look down the barranco towards the north from the upper part, the eye revels in a delightful fairy vista of prodigal luxuriance, till it rests upon the placid greys and smiling blues of the sea beyond.

From the other side on looking up we see a long, attenuated waterfall, entirely surrounded by the most vividly green vegetation that can be imagined. A more careful inspection reveals the fact that the fall takes two leaps, a green interval interposing between the two plunges, and at this distance the

BARRANCO OF THE VIRGIN.

pieces look like two bars of undimmed, highly polished silver set in wrappers of soft green moss. The fall pours its water below the Pico del Radio.

Periwinkles (*Vinca major*), violets, and exquisite ferns grow all over the barranco in royal profusion. The windings of the barranco at its upper end considerably contribute to its beautiful character. Unexpected avenues of loveliness are frequently occurring: a turn, and a sublime blending of stern rocks and gentle foliage; a turn, and a sheer precipice with the torrent below. The presiding genius of the scene is the Pico del Radio, a mountain not unlike Bandama, with an obvious crater upon its side.

We again ascend, and descend this time into the other fork of the barranco, and, after riding up it for some miles, arrive at a clump of magnificent laurel trees. Here the bottom of the gorge is broad, gently inclining on either side from the stream for a considerable distance, which meanders, with countless windings, over its rocky bed, amongst the gigantic stems of the trees fringing its banks. Delicate ferns and bright green grass form a soft and rest-suggesting carpet. Around this fairy spot at some distance the steep sides of the barranco are clothed with a perfect tapestry of vegetation.

But hark! what is that? A merry peal of laughter! We rise on our elbows to look at the place whence the merriment proceeds, and some fifty maidens trip into the glen from the shade of the laurels. All are clad in pure white mantillas, which only serve to set off the brightness of their black eyes and the shapely contours of their graceful forms. With the light green at their feet, the dark leaves of the laurels as a background, the brown rocks and the rippling stream as a foreground, a sweet picture of simplicity and loveliness is formed. They gaze on us, when we disturb their merry conversation, in silence, and gather a little closer together, like fawns timid in the presence of an unlooked-for intruder. We ask them, beg them, to stay and let us take a group of them, but they are shy, and only crowd still closer together as they slowly back away from us; then, having recovered from their surprise, once more take up the merry, laughing conversation which our untoward presence had interrupted, and trip on

lightly towards their country homes. They were returning from mass, for it is a great church-going day.

Returning to Firgas we enter Arucas as darkness falls. The recent rains have caused many pools of water to lie about in the fields and by the roadside, from all of which deafening, hoarse croakings of thousands of frogs are heard. A reptilian concert on a beautiful night like this is well worth hearing, but not frequently.

It is too dark to see far in advance, and, as I do not know the road well, to canter would be dangerous. A stray beam of light falls aslant the road from the opened door of nearly every cottage we pass, and within we can see men and maidens footing it bravely at the dance. The sound of

'Light laughter round their restless feet'

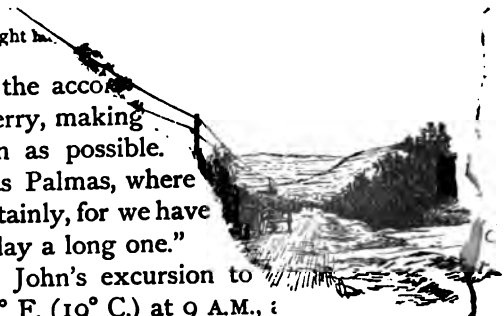
and the strains of the accompanying guitar and tambourine are cheery and merry, making us push on in order to get to our homes as soon as possible. We walk our horses at a quick step into Las Palmas, where we arrive in the darkness at 9 P.M., tired certainly, for we have been in the saddle nearly all day, and that day a long one."

The day after John's excursion to the Barranco of the Virgin—it was 66° F. (19° C.) at 9 A.M., a very pleasant temperature for walking—we wandered in the direction of the cemetery. A large entrance gateway is flanked on either side by waiting-rooms, into one of which we had walked before we noticed that a corpse, dressed in clothing and boots as usual, was lying on the table. As there was not a living soul to be seen, we never dreamed that a dead body would be lying there unattended. It was uncovered, too; so, if death resulted from an infectious disease, it was scarcely a safe way in which to leave it. Private chapels and tombstones are round part of the wall of the cemetery, while the other half is on the mausoleum system. Round this is a gallery by which the upper mausoleums are reached. As we walked along the mausoleums we encountered the most awful odours, and noticed innumerable cracks from which they no doubt issued. We fled to the centre, where were four bare plots of ground, which, we learned later, are reserved for the poor.

They are entirely destitute of monuments of any kind, save a few trees and wild geraniums. Everywhere the ground is giving way and sinking, and the cemetery appears much too small for the requirements of the population. Reaching the further side, we heard hammering going on, and, looking round, perceived a man chiselling at a stone on the mausoleum gallery. Thither we wended our way. Perceiving that he was opening a grave, we asked why. The man was taciturn, not like the loquacious gravedigger in *Hamlet*, and simply lifted his hand and twitched the two first fingers and thumb together. This, we knew, signified money, but what money had to do with opening the mausoleum we could not tell. At last, after further questioning, we elicited the same movement and the words "No paga" ("He does not pay"). Consulting together, a horrible idea struck us, and we questioned further to ascertain the truth. "How long has the person in that tomb been buried?" "Two years," was the answer. "And what are you going to do with the body?" To this we only received for reply from Old Mortality an indication of the thumb over his shoulder towards one end of the cemetery. So we concluded, erroneously however, that the bodies when turned out were buried in one common grave. It seems that these square holes, just large enough to contain a coffin, are rented by the year, not purchased. Therefore, when the relations of the deceased, either through poverty or neglect, fail in their payments, the corpse is evicted for non-payment of rent.

The tombstones, covered by wreaths and immortelles, were less trying to contemplate, and walking round the pathway by the further side till we reached that by which we had entered, we proceeded to leave the place. John was a little in advance of me, and finding a path leading behind the tombs which lined the walls, he walked along it. I followed at a distance, and saw him standing half-way up some steps, looking over a wall. He beckoned to me to come, but instinctively I hesitated. "If it be anything horrible," I said, "I really won't go, for I have had enough horrors to-day to last me a lifetime." He urged my coming, but wisely never told me what was to be seen. So I went. Ascending a few

steps, I looked over the wall upon a scene I shall never forget. Between four walls were heaped all sorts and conditions of men in every stage of decay. Here lay bones, there broken pieces of coffin, here skulls with the teeth grinning in ghastly rows, pieces of dress, boots encasing shrivelled and worm-eaten legs, a hand with the skin still clinging to it, locks of hair intermixed with earth and rubbish, while lying on the top as a child in a broken coffin, one side of the face gone, and ittle further a woman, perfect though shrivelled, disinterred the e her clothing had lost its colour. Here, then, was the of li where the evicted were put, not into a decent, if common every cottage s to the magnificent climate, but little effluvium maidens footing we encountered at the mausoleums. The



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friendships. People are thrown together, and as they are isolated in a circumscribed locality by nationality and customs, a community of feeling is engendered frequently productive of warm and lasting friendships.

The cockfighting most unhappily always takes place on Sunday, and John, to see how this barbarous amusement was conducted, was therefore obliged to go then or not at all. He gave me the following account :—

"Cockfighting as a legitimate pastime is unknown in England, but in the Canaries it is almost the only amusement which arouses the enthusiasm and kindles the fire of the mixed Spanish and Guanche blood of the natives. The regular season for the sport commences on Carnival Sunday, and continues on successive Sundays. The training and preparations for the many tournaments involve the expenditure of much money, and give occupation to many people. The town of Las Palmas has two cock-training establishments, for the development of the warlike instincts and powers of the cock is a most elaborate and carefully-thought-out art. Turning down the Calle Puertas I rapped at the door of an ordinary dwelling-house, and readily obtained admittance. Before my eyes could become accustomed to the comparative coolness and darkness of the interior after the heat and glare of the street, my ears were assailed with the unmistakable sound of spasmodic cock-crowings. The rooms of the house had been converted into dwellings for innumerable cocks. The walls were lined with boxes about the size of tea-chests, placed one above another, for some four or five tiers. Each tier had wooden bars in front, and nearly all contained cocks. Perches, I found, are only put in at night for roosting upon. On the day of my visit one hundred and sixteen birds were undergoing the course of training, though the manager informed me that before Easter he would have to provide one hundred and fifty in order to match a similar number now being trained at the rival establishment. Fifty prime cocks were to be selected from this house to meet in mortal combat fifty from the other house in the town, to fight in matched pairs. The fighting weight is from three pounds twelve ounces to four pounds two ounces, and the object of the training is to

bring each bird within those limits, and at the same time to keep their health and physique good and robust. Feeding-time is two in the afternoon, when each bird is served with a carefully-weighed-out quantity of grain, water, etc., in accordance with the desire of the trainer to increase or reduce a particular bird's weight. Our English expression of 'living like a fighting-cock' would seem to be inapplicable here, for, so far as I observed, no bird was allowed to gorge to his heart's content. The system of feeding the fighting-cocks in England would appear to have been different, or the proverbial saying could scarcely have arisen. Once a day the birds are taken singly from their cages and sunned for a short time on the azotea, or flat roof, this exposure to sunlight being essential to the maintenance of a healthy condition. From the azotea the bird is taken downstairs to a yard at the back, where he is allowed to scratch and pick about in a cinder-heap provided for the purpose.

The main consideration in the breeding of gamecocks in the Canaries is good game parentage, colour being of no account. I saw cocks black, brown, speckled, white, and others of almost every variety of mixed hue and shade.

The training bin was in the centre of an upper room, solely devoted to its use. This is a round railed enclosure on the floor, eight feet in diameter, surrounded by tightly stretched canvas eighteen inches high. This miniature circus is where the cocks are made to exercise for the reduction of weight, and where sham fights occur in the course of training. The bird whose weight has to be reduced is placed on the sanded floor of the enclosure. The trainer, taking another cock under his arms, which he first allows the cock on the ground to see and become excited over, walks round and round the circle, where he is followed closely by his adipose *confrère*. This wholesome discipline soon reduces weight, and also improves the stamina of the leg muscles. Sham fights, to teach the birds the use of their spurs, take place in the same bin, each spur being encased in a little padded bag, the *botona*, a device exactly corresponding in use to boxing-gloves. When a specially game bird's education is desired to be pushed forward and perfected, it is considered worth

while to let him taste blood, for which purpose he is matched in the bin on several occasions with inferior cocks. The weaker birds of the establishment are thus one by one sacrificed for the benefit of the most promising.

When a good gamecock loses a spur by accident or in a fight, a not unfrequent occurrence, it is replaced before a tournament by a spur taken from the leg of a dead cock. The new spur is tightly strapped on. I saw a table-drawer full of fine spurs preserved for this purpose, a regular Cock-spur Street, for in the Canaries the keen steel spurs so common in Mexico and Peru are never used. There can be no question that the use of artificial spurs is a more merciful method of cockfighting, for when the birds use their natural weapons, the combats are much more protracted, and therefore more cruel.

The cock-pit, adjoining the training establishment, is a circular building, with tier upon tier of benches, capable of accommodating about four hundred persons. The actual pit is a circular enclosed space, eighteen feet in diameter, elevated two feet above the floor, in the centre of the building. It is surrounded by wooden railings, with two doors opposite to each other for the introduction of the rival birds. Suspended by a string from the lofty ceiling above this circular pit is a pair of scales, ready for weighing the cocks at the last moment before the combat, for the birds pitted against one another must be of equal weight.

Seven duels take place in a tournament, and the two establishments in turn inform one another of the respective weights of the seven birds which will be produced. Three onzas (ten pounds) is staked on each duel by each establishment, so that the stakes for a tournament amount to one hundred and forty pounds. The gate money, one peseta a person (about tenpence), is divided into three parts, one part going to the owner of the cock-pit, the other two parts between the two cock-training establishments of the town. Betting goes on freely during the fights, but there is very little shouting or uproar. The Spaniards are too dignified and sedate to allow free vent to their feelings.

As with most other sports where betting contributes to the

excitement and popularity of the amusement, cheating is not unknown in cockfighting. Two modes of obtaining unfair advantage in the sport are especially odious in the eyes of the spectators: one consists in putting grease upon the feathers, the slightest amount preventing the opposing bird getting a good grip with his beak. The other and even more heinous crime is putting poison on the spurs. For instance, if the spurs be run into a garlic bulb before the fight, they will instantly cause swellings on the antagonist's body from a mere scratch.

The tournaments take place at noon on Sundays, and women are never present. A bird is brought down into the arena by the representative of each of the training establishments. A piece of string is passed under the body and tied over the back; the scales are lowered and the birds weighed in the presence of the spectators. Both sides being satisfied that the weights of the two combatants are the same, a man advances into the pit and carefully wipes each bird's spurs with a sponge dipped in vinegar, or runs them into a lemon. Then the strings are untied, and the birds, still grasped firmly, are held near to each other. They at once become excited, when, the cock-pit being cleared and the doors shut, they are placed on the ground opposite one another, in the centre of the enclosure.

One can never be 'cock-sure' as to what the birds will do, or which will be the winner. Sometimes, directly they touch the ground, they rush together with a mad impetus, meet, cannon, rise in the air with wings partly extended, and rebound to the ground on their feet. Sometimes, when liberated, they at first stretch out their necks to the fullest extent, and for a second or two remain thus motionless, as if in a mesmeric trance. Then commences a stern fight, generally to the death. The policy of each bird is to get above the other in order to get a downward thrust with his spurs into the antagonist's head. To do this, they try their utmost to seize one another by the nape of the neck, and in their furious peckings drive their bills deep down into the flesh, which soon becomes swollen and bloody. I need not say that the combats are brutal and unpleasant, and that we lose nothing by forbidding them in England."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAVE DWELLINGS—WALKS ABOUT LAS PALMAS—TELDE.

The seashore always presents a great attraction for naturalists. The sea is a wonderful nursery of nature.—SMILES.

THERE was a fearful storm last night (January 6th), the rain fell in torrents, while the wind was from the south-east, from which quarter it rarely blows. No French steamer had put in its appearance yet, and the English mail-boat had not arrived. When we strolled down to the Puerto de la Luz the next afternoon it was still blowing half a gale, and the sand was being whirled in every direction. Most of the ships and steamers were in Confital Bay; two schooners were ashore, and a lighter, filled with coals, sunk. The sand lay in drifts, like snow, and the entire contour of the ground was altered almost beyond recognition. On the 6th and 7th the thermometer had registered 64·4° F. (18° C.) regularly at 9 A.M., but on the 9th it fell to 62·6° F. (17° C.), rising again on the 10th to 64° F. (17·8° C.), where it remained steadily until the 16th.

We now proceeded to fulfil a determination formed when driving to Arucas—viz. to explore the cave dwellings burrowed in the cliffs beneath the fortress, and rejoicing—why, we have been unable to ascertain—in the name of "Caves of Profit" (Cuevas del Provecho).

The mountain side is mainly composed of a loose kind of conglomerate, in which large boulders are here and there embedded. In this dangerous stratum many caves have been hollowed out, and here live a number of men, women, and children. The caves are of a much lower order than those of

Artenara, and are even more squalid than those of Atalaya. They are not so square, neat, clean, or so well-to-do-looking. The people are of the poorest, though poverty in this climate never takes the distressingly piteous form to which we are accustomed at home. The Spaniards tell us that the worst people of the island live here, those who have been turned out of more respectable dwellings. There is no rent to be paid for the caves. When one tenant leaves, another simply takes possession. Upon the lintel of each entrance there is painted a large Government number, and in the upper tier of caves we noticed that the last was 32. There are also a few even more squalid dens, burrowed out below the caves proper, and some are actually beneath the carriage road. The roof of one of these dens fell in a few months ago, and some of the troglodytes were killed. The whole place is a dangerous rookery, which should be cleared out and closed. Though chiefly in the conglomerate, some of the caves are made in a reddish sandstone, of which some parts of the mountain side are composed. The people were very brown, even African-looking, and the women were engaged at domestic employments, fanning up their braziers, sorting maize, etc. The doors of those caves which had such a luxury were open, so that we could see into the interiors. The furniture in the best caves consisted of a table, bed, large wooden chest, and a chair or two. Many of the caves seemed to be destitute of anything to which the name furniture could be applied. There were odours about the place not at all savoury, and, as far as we could judge, there were more than the usual five children to a family allowed by statistics.

Leaving the Cuevas del Provecho, we cross the carretera and ascend by a new road, which goes round the brow of one of the cliffs behind the town. Las Palmas is not a pretty town from any point of view, and certainly not to look down upon; the houses all look as if waiting for the next story to be built. The Isleta is completely hidden by a haze, or rather low-lying sea-fog. Immediately beneath the road are fields of cochineal, for we are on the outskirts of the town. If this carretera were only finished, it would prove one of the prettiest drives or walks in the neighbourhood, for from it one

gets an uninterrupted sea-view, which with the Isleta forms a pretty scene. We encountered two young Spanish ladies during our walk, and, marvel of marvels, they were alone. Even this slight attempt at breaking through the restrictions of absurd customs was gratifying to see. We pursued the carretera until it stopped unfinished, and we then went down to the plains below by a path past some houses.

There is a small plaza in front of the mole called the Plaza de los Ingleses, in which are some seats and a few trees and shrubs. The seats are not without their attendant evils, as we contrived to carry away from them a few pulgas. The opposite side of the street is occupied by an immense house, intended for the occupation of the Governor of the archipelago. This official, however, resides at Santa Cruz, and there is apparently no reason why he should not continue to reside there, except that the Canarios make unceasing efforts to have the seat of government removed to Las Palmas. The Governor's house being built before the arrival of the Governor is rather suggestive of preparing a wedding breakfast on the chance of there being a bridegroom! Las Palmas in having her own ecclesiastical head might be content. Since the first see established in Rubicon, Lanzarote, was removed here, this town has always been the residence of a bishop, although there is now one also in Tenerife. It was here, too, that the Inquisition held its sway. In Church matters Las Palmas was supreme. Let Santa Cruz remain the civil head, a very fair arrangement and division between the two most important islands.

While driving out to the Puerto one morning, we saw potatoes being dug. New potatoes are easily procured in January. What a treat!

The markets are fine buildings. That for vegetables is a stone structure, which, though substantial and solid, does not compare favourably with the lighter and really elegant fish-market. The walls of the latter are formed almost entirely of Venetian shutters, painted yellow, capped by a light dome, also of wood. Slight iron pillars support the dome in the interior. Through an ordinary-looking doorway we enter the vegetable market. Round the walls and in the

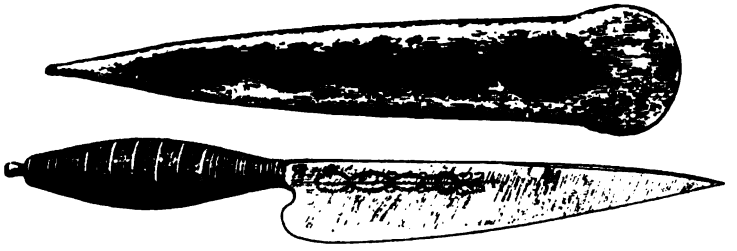
middle of the building are counters, at each of which much the same produce is presented for sale. Young potatoes, cabbages, French beans, peas, cauliflowers, lettuces, pumpkins large and small, tomatoes, sweet capsicums, and various herbs for seasoning comprise the fresh vegetables. Oranges, bananas, and apples are the fruits. Guavas and mandarin oranges ought to be for sale, but they are chiefly grown in private gardens, and seldom appear in the market. It may be well to caution English visitors against the temptation to eat fruit before breakfast. The climate will not permit of it, and typhoid fever is often the sequel.

One side of the market contained the butchers' stalls, where fresh meat in all its varieties is proffered for sale. Another side is devoted to bread, brought in by the country people. There are, however, regular bakers in the town. Three kinds of bread are made. One is white and close, of foreign flour, another open, and made from home wheat. The third is also of home wheat, but darker, and considered common. Many, however, prefer it, as it has more flavour.

In another building we find the fish market. The fish are different from those caught in northern seas, and none are as good to eat. There are red fish, like mullet in appearance but not in taste, others like haddock and cod, piles also of pilchards. Names, however, convey nothing, for the flavour is totally distinct. In fact, there is but little variety to the palate, and if one's eyes were shut it would be impossible to tell which was which. This may, however, be due to the manner of cooking. The floor and counters of the market are made entirely of marble, while in the centre there is a fountain of running water.

The most distressing sight in these islands is the great cruelty shown to the animals. While returning one day from a walk on the mole, the only place in the town where the sea can be approached, I saw a shockingly wanton and premeditated instance. Near the pier the hack waggonettes were drawn up at one side of the road. At the other, across a good width of street, the drivers were sitting and standing, waiting for "fares." Foot-passengers are thus obliged to pass along the centre of the road. As I approached I noticed

one of the drivers, a tall, powerfully-built man, with a long, heavy whip in his hand, stepping out cautiously into the road. Opposite were a horse and mule, both small, cowed-looking animals, in a waggonette, standing motionlessly, rather drowsily perhaps. He crossed the road slowly and softly, on tiptoe, and when half-way over, he equally quietly, slowly, and cautiously raised the long, thickly-knotted whip in his right hand, and brought it down with all the force of his powerful frame across the nose of the near horse. The poor brute staggered awake, and he then stood and lashed its hind-legs in the tenderest parts, and in the most approved fashion of brutality. The whole action was uncalled-for and wantonly brutal, and could only be the outcome of a brutal, vicious mind. It was sickening. Words I could and did use, much



DAGGER AND SHEATH OF NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

to his astonishment, but a horsewhip would have enforced my meaning better. There is one good point, at any rate, about the isleños. Nearly all the men and boys carry daggers, which, when a quarrel is about to begin, are invariably flung aside. If this custom were not well recognised, the hot Spanish blood might cause many fearful tragedies.

Perfectly pure is the air on the isthmus and Isleta, and thither we frequently wended our way to be refreshed and braced. We stopped one day at the new hut of wood for the Lanzarote cable, erected near the road on the Las Palmas side of the bridge. The hut is built upon a high bank of sand, and below this we found a bed of broken-up seaweed, which at places was quite six feet deep. The storms of the past ten days and the south and south-east winds had driven a heap of sea-weed and drift against the east shore of the Isleta and

isthmus. Here, had one been a marine zoologist or a fancier of algæ, were rich fields. We came upon a stranded dead specimen of the Portuguese man-of-war, looking just like a bladder, but with the most vivid pink and blue colourings. It was six inches in length, and was very noticeable and beautiful as it lay on its sea-weed bed. Besides this we found the storm had landed high and dry a vast quantity of small rounded pieces of pumice stone, both white and dark brown. There were also millions of a delicate white spiral shell scattered all over the sandy shore. Bits of sea-worn wood, bleached white, formed quite small heaps, and in those we discovered, besides many seeds which we had never before seen, a large dead chrysalis of the Eyed Hawk moth and small bits of charcoal. We also found an extremely delicate bivalved pink three-cornered shell, with recurved hooks upon the surface, which, owing to our not having any boxes with us, we could not bring home intact. This jetsam had perhaps been driven many, many thousands of miles, by the steady, furious blasts of a southerly gale.

We wandered on amid the rocks to the old castle of Santa Catalina, one of those built when the island was conquered. It stands on a rocky point of land, which becomes an island at high water, but to which one can cross at low tide. It is a small castle, each wall being built in a wedge shape. A flight of steps leads upwards to a door, but some distance from it—the drawbridge which connected them being gone—and the steps, a solid piece of masonry, stand alone.

In pleasant wanderings day after day passed, and still there was no sign of the French vessel which was to convey us to Lanzarote. On the morning of January 17 we decided, in accordance with our promise, to pay another visit to Telde, whither we started by the eight o'clock coach. It was a lovely day, and as we drove along the carretera, we could see the vessels lying on the blue sea, looking at this distance perfectly placid. As we walked through Las Palmas to the coach office on the outskirts of the town on its southern side, goats were being led round to the various houses and milked at the doors. It certainly simplifies the office of milk-vendor, and also ensures no adulteration, a thing much to be desired.

The hours were whiled away at Telde by visiting fincas and sauntering through gardens. Though it was January, and the worst time of the year to see gardens, yet roses and other flowers were blooming and delighting the eye. One of these paradises contains a pond full of fish and a big dragon tree, while the borders to the beds are of myrtle.

> "And what a wilderness of flowers!
> It seemed as though from all the bowers
> And fairest fields of all the year
> The mingled spoil were scattered here."

Outside the gate crowded a number of beggars waiting for alms. The barranco on which Telde is situated is a small gorge, and romantically wild. It is in Telde that the best oranges in the archipelago are said to grow; and, as many were sent to me after my return to England, I can bear witness to their being most delicious, even after the voyage.

On the ensuing Sunday we went once more to Confital Bay, to say farewell to it. We have a positive affection for the place, so quiet is it and so totally destitute of one's fellow-creatures. Solitude, especially that of the sea, is very soothing occasionally. The solitude, however, though not the silence, was broken by a few men, who stood barelegged upon the rocks in the sea, fishing. The only regular haunter of the isthmus was a goatherd, a tall, lean individual, who wandered silently among the sand hillocks, like the spirit of a departed Guanche. His usual, and indeed constant, dress was a pair of white trousers and a blanket cloak. We were told that he continually hovered within a little distance of the cable-hut, but never approached. Perhaps, as a spirit, he resented the desecration of his happy hunting-grounds by the hand of man, and is not the electric wire an extreme result of civilisation? Or, as a mortal, did he fear to come too near to the enchanted hut, where were forces to him unknown and not understood, and which to his simple island mind consequently partook of the marvellous?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LANZAROTE—ARRECIFE—HARIA—EL RISCO.

> Oh, happy fortune on and on
> To wander far till care be gone,
> Round beetling capes, to unknown seas,
> Seeking the fair Hesperides!
>
> LEWIS MORRIS.

AT last the French steamer arrived and bore us away to Lanzarote. The days had slipped away quietly, and it was Tuesday, January 22nd, when we weighed anchor off Las Palmas at eight o'clock in the evening. It was on the stroke of eight next morning when we dropped anchor again in the harbour of Arrecife. This is the longest voyage between the islands, unless indeed that from Gomera to Hierro be longer. Of that, however, we can scarcely judge, as we went thither in a sailing vessel, at the mercy of wind and tide.

As soon as daylight appeared we found we were leaving Fuerteventura behind and running up along the east of Lanzarote, having passed through the Strait of Bocayna in the early morning. Both islands appeared as a series of dwarf volcanic peaks, the valleys green with young corn. From our deck cabin, as we lay in our berths, we could see the sun rise like a globe of fire out of the sea, a sight always beautiful. Leaving Fuerteventura and the high rock of Lobos Island behind us, we came in sight of Arrecife, its little castle, on a rocky islet, standing prominently in front. The capital of Lanzarote is built close to the sea, in the middle of a plain completely surrounded in the background by a semicircle of low volcanoes.

The harbour of Arrecife is the only natural one in the islands. Although the outlying rocks are low, bare, and

rugged, yet, both from the sea and land, they have a certain picturesqueness, enhanced by a scanty clothing of herbage.

As we entered the boat for the shore, a sharp shower of rain fell, a curious and unusual welcome to Lanzarote. More rain had fallen during that season, we found afterwards, than for a century past. All the cisterns were already full of water, and if they got no more, there was enough to last for three years. Every house of any size has a large tank beneath the patio, into which the water off the house-tops runs. The year 1877–8 was a very disastrous one from lack of water. Ships came laden entirely with the precious fluid, and 8,000 people emigrated from sheer hunger and thirst.

WHARF ARRECIFE AFTER RAIN.

A Syrian prince, in flowing, bright-coloured Oriental robes and turban, was on board the *Vérité*, the steamer in which we had come, and landed here, but did not take up his quarters at the fonda. He engaged an empty house, where he was waited upon by his servants, of whom he had several. What his object could be in settling down for some days in such an out-of-the-way place was a matter of astonishment, for he did not travel through the island, and indeed spent most of his time sitting at the window smoking. Though apparently a devout follower of Mohammed, he was a singularly well-educated man, knowing French thoroughly, and liberal in his views and ideas.

The rain ceasing as suddenly as it began, and the sun shining, we went out to see the town. On the landing-place several camels were being laden with barrels just unshipped. But the most unusual sight—one, in fact, not seen for at least thirty years—proved to be immense pools of water lying in the depressions of the road. The wharf is broad and roomy, so the few camels and men, with the equally few imports lying around, only increased the generally deserted appearance, instead of rendering it one of bustle and business. Very few visitors come to Lanzarote, it and Fuerteventura being considered quite beyond the pale of civilisation, especially the latter island. Owing to the fortnightly call of the French and the monthly touching of Forwood's boats from London, a few people have seen Arrecife, and thinking that they have therefore seen the whole island, have included it in meagre and uniformly incorrect descriptions. When one knows and remembers that it was this island that was first conquered in 1402 and that it was here Bethencourt first settled, that earlier still, probably in the thirteenth century, one Lancelot Maloisel, a Genoese, discovered it and built a castle, giving to it and the island his name, and that later, owing to pirates and invaders from Barbary, this island has been one continual battle-ground, it will not be wondered at that we refused to leave the archipelago without judging for ourselves if it were worth while to visit a place full of so much historic interest. Yet again, round it gathers a life-history that should render it particularly interesting to English people. It was perhaps the island best known and most often visited by that accurate observer and unfortunate mariner Captain George Glas. His descriptions of this island and its inhabitants, although published in 1764, are the best yet written, and apply, almost without correction, to the Lanzarote of to-day.

Walking along the wharf, we turn off to the right upon a causeway road, which conducts to the island of Los Franceses. High walls are on both sides, and about the middle we reach a drawbridge. Two tall grey stone pillars mark the place where the portcullis ought to be, but is not. There is sufficient room beneath the bridge for small boats to pass, and by raising the planks a schooner could get through. The

further and island end of the causeway is, or rather was, guarded by a castle, that of San Gabriel, now fallen into disuse. It has seen service, however, during the Moorish invasions, and two English privateers, the *Hawke* and *Anson*, in 1762 silenced it with their guns, but were unable to find the entrance to the harbour, so had to land their men elsewhere. There are three other castles in the island: one guarding the town, that of Santa Barbara, overlooking Teguise, and that of Aquila, in the south of the island, built by Bethencourt. Arrecife stretches along the shore, and runs a little inland. It is small, compact, and low. The land on which it is built being level, one cannot see the back of the town, which thus appears even smaller than it really is. A road runs close to the sea along the front of the houses, a vast improvement on Las Palmas, where one is never aware of the proximity of the ocean. Behind and to the right and left of the town the ground rises gently towards the chain of volcanic cones which bisects the island lengthways. The little town of San Bartolomé glints white in the sunlight at the foot of one of these hills. Montaña Blanca is on our extreme left. To the right of it is the Caldera, between which and the Montaña de San Bartolomé is the town of the same name. As nearly every mountain one sees is a caldera, it is a rather puzzling, but unfortunately very usual name for the nearest crater in each district. Tahiche, a rounded cone on the right, of reddish soil, reminds one both in colour and form of the Peak of Galdar, but has by no means the bold lines of that noble mountain. Immediately at our feet to right and left lie the ports of which Lanzarote is so justly proud. That on the north of the town, Puerto de Naos, has two entrances, and is guarded by the island of Las Cruces, which acts as an effective breakwater, inside which ships anchor peacefully and can be beached if necessary. Not a house in Arrecife has more than two stories, most have only one, and all are flat-roofed. A feature of the landscape is the innumerable windmills rising from the plain behind the town.

The great drawback to the advancement of Lanzarote is of course the lack of water. A company was a short time ago formed for the purpose of digging for water. Hoping to

make an artesian well, they of course failed utterly, and sank their money in volcanic soil. An extensive system of cisterns is the only plan available, but the poverty and paucity of the inhabitants prevent much being done. That they might easily be wealthy if they only had water may be imagined when two bushels of wheat planted in virgin soil have yielded 240 per cent.!

Our travelling adventures in Lanzarote began the morning after our arrival, the camel for our projected journey to Haria, in the north of the island, arriving with its owner at 7 A.M. at the fonda door. We told the man we should not leave until 9 A.M., whereupon, instead of taking the camel away for the two hours, he simply made the beast kneel, and tied the halter round its bent knees to prevent its moving, and went away himself until we were ready. I shall never forget my first experience of camel-riding. We did not have proper chairs to sit upon, but only the ordinary pack-seats, on which barrels, or packages, or stones are carried. They are simply frames made all in one piece, and are placed over the hump in the shape of two V's turned upside down, the lower legs being continued nearly horizontally, and joined by bars top and bottom. The seats are some eighteen or twenty inches square, but hollow in the centre, save for a bar of wood; that is, they are simply frames, so that when sitting upon them one is merely resting on the bars of wood of which they are composed. Looking at these seats, we thought they seemed very hard and uncomfortable for a long ride, so proceeded to remedy the defect. Our portmanteaus fitted very compactly under the frames, where they were secured by ropes. We then placed our rugs upon the bars, and so had comfortable if not luxurious seats. Sitting upon a shawl, I wrapped it round my knees, and was very snug. It was quite cool enough to wear a jacket and cover one's knees with a rug. Holding by the bar at the top of the reversed V with one hand and by the bars on which we were sitting with the other, we told the man we were ready, and the camel was ordered to rise. This was accomplished by three distinct jerks, each one of them sufficient to send us flying into the road if we had not been holding on. Grumbling and grunting, the camel rose on his fore-knees,

a position that nearly doubled us in two, then, with a great jerk, he raised his hind-legs until he stood upon his hind-feet, which made our seats incline forward at an angle of forty-five degrees. A final plunge brought the creature from his fore-knees on to his feet. The whole was done in as short a time as it takes to read of it, and we found ourselves safely swinging in the air some five feet from the ground and thoroughly shaken by the process.

It was blowing strongly, and the temperature was 60·8° F. (16° C.), at 9 A.M., when we set out. The camel-driver asked three pesos (nine shillings) a day and his food. As the usual charge for a camel is two shillings and no food, we treated this mild request as no doubt the man expected, and gave him a dollar (four shillings), to include everything, just double his proper fare. A camel's pace appears very much slower than it really is, being about two and a half to three miles an hour. One could ride through these islands much faster on horses, but they are not procurable.

The carretera is a fine broad road, the land on either side being flat and stony. The view of most interest and novelty at the time to me was that immediately in front and at my feet. A huge shoulder of thick hair moves to and fro, and swinging out from it like a pendulum in a socket is the long, narrow, deep neck, first sinking and then rising till it ends in the head. The nose and forehead are on a level with the hump. The thick, bushy hair on the forehead and short ears look as if they might belong to a Newfoundland dog. The horizontal position of the nose, elevated as it is on a line with the fore-head, causes the eyes to look down on one obliquely, and, with the overhanging eyelids, gives that cynical look so frequently attributed to the camel.

We met a camel with a load of Palma Christi piled on his back, so that he looked like a walking haystack. Three other camels and their drivers joined us, and we all proceeded in single file along the wide and desolate carretera. One of the men wore sandals of leather, the hair still upon the hide, and thongs crossing the foot. All have the same type of face, round, and covered with short hair, and on the whole plain, the nose of the kind that is generally designated as shapeless,

not even a respectable turn-up, and the eyebrows heavy. Their figures are rather small, but sturdy and compact.

The carretera passes through a lava stream which has been a subject of interest to us for some time in the distance. It is as black as ink, quite infernal in appearance. Coming from a westerly direction, it crosses the road—or rather the road crosses it—and flows into the sea on the east coast, a few miles north of Arrecife. It was one of the numerous streams of lava that devastated the country during the frequent eruptions of 1730 to 1736, and it is said that for five years it never ceased moving slowly onwards to the sea, a black, burning mass. The eruptions all took place, however, on the western side of the island, where there are innumerable craters, called collectively the Montañas del Fuego, and this is the only stream which flowed easterly. It is in Lanzarote that the latest eruptions have taken place, that of 1824 being the last in the archipelago.

Gradually we are rising, and at 10.20 A.M., as we leave the carretera, turning off upon the right, we find ourselves 300 feet above the sea. We are close to Tahiche. We have not taken to our feet yet, though just in the middle of our backs, beneath the shoulders, is a spot that aches from the unusual swaying motion. A couple of days made us *au fait* with camel-riding, and it proved not only comfortable, but less fatiguing than riding on a horse. We had ample leisure to look around; writing notes was easy; we could converse, being only a foot or two apart; and, with a little basket placed on the hump between the bars, we could partake of luncheon when we wished.

The land around Tahiche is more or less cultivated. Some is in a kind of common. White and purple flowers deck our path, and abound everywhere. Tahiche is a small village of ruins. We passed through it, and on the farther side came to better houses and slopes covered with growing grain. The general appearance of the country is as of vast plains and rolling slopes, rising here and there to bare peaks and cones. Flat-roofed white houses in groups dot it at intervals, also brown huts, both of plastered and loose stones.

There is a good deal of costume left still in Lanzarote.

The montera, or cap, such as we saw in Palma, of blue, bound and turned up with yellow and red, is common. We met a goatherd wearing one. He was dressed in a white linen smock, woollen garters, sandals of hairy hide, and carried a lance and bag on his back. There are a great number of goats everywhere.

The undulating nature of the ground ceased, and on surmounting the highest and last elevation, we saw Guatiza lying beneath us. The village is situated on a flat plain between hills, those on the left being bare and of a slaty grey colour. The ground, which had been yellow scoriæ, is now covered by a coating of grey mould. It was here we saw for the first time extraordinary cone-shaped stacks, twelve to twenty feet in height, in the hollow centre of which grain was stored. The top, which is removed each year to admit the grain, was here of red clay, which dries to a lighter colour, and looks like a monk's shaven crown. Cochineal is the chief product, and everywhere the ugly cactus rises from amid the dry, bare lava. The people wear immense broad-brimmed straw hats, and we met a man dressed completely in white clothes, and carrying a white umbrella. Beneath the village is a windmill of the regular Don Quixote type, and so low down, that we can readily understand that individual charging it! Near the windmill is an earth quarry, for in this plain of lava, once no doubt a fruitful valley, mould has to be dug from beneath the slag. The quarrying has gone down some twenty feet, leaving here and there monoliths of lava, pillars standing upright, originally on a level with the ground. As we pass the scattered houses of Mala we see the dromedary put to the oddest use. He is ploughing. Two pieces of wood crossed over his neck form a yoke, and attached to them are on the left side a shaft and on the right a trace.

The path to Haria* led upwards by what would be a gentle incline to a horse, but is steep to a camel. The top reached, we found ourselves 900 feet above the sea, and in the vicinity of the usual cemetery. Haria is a prettily situated town, surrounded by hills which are cultivated, and

* The *h* in a Spanish word is always dropped. It is as incorrect to pronounce it in Spanish as it is to omit it in English. *Haria* is therefore pronounced *'Aria.*

numbers of palm and fig trees rise from amid well-to-do houses. A broad and undulating valley, an oblong basin, dotted with a few houses and well cultivated, lies beneath and sweeps onward to a mountain, the Corona, which verily crowns it on the farther side.

Haria has always been a noted spot. It was in the days of its ancient inhabitants the residence of one of their kings or chiefs, the neighbouring cave, now called Cueva de los Verdes, having been, it is said, the royal residence. Later days saw the sacking of the wealthy Haria by pirates from the coast of Barbary. Glas's first visit to Lanzarote was to this town, and he gives an amusing account of how he could not get anything to eat, there being no shops, and the people, as he thought, being inhospitable. In reality, however, he arrived past their morning meal, so had to wait until their dinner and his supper-hour. Fate was kinder to us, as we were most hospitably greeted and entertained.

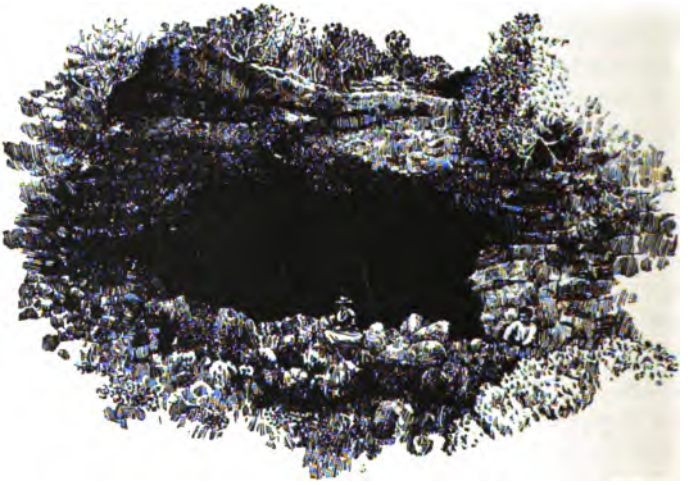
Next morning was tolerably chilly, and at 8 A.M. we found it was 57° F. (14° C.). We rose at 7.30, and were conducted to another house for breakfast, the owner of which was a poor man, with but one leg. He was almost the greatest character we met with in our wanderings. His wife did the cooking, and he did the laying of and waiting at the table. As, however, he used no crutch, he was obliged to hop everywhere! With shirt-sleeves turned up and a beaming, fat face, this individual, as he hopped through the room, carrying now a plate or knife and then a cup, steadying himself with a finger upon the table or leaning against the wall, formed the most pitiable yet laughable of spectacles.

It was our wish and intention to go to the Cueva de los Verdes, and to El Risco, sleeping in Haria again the same night, and going back to Arrecife by another route next day. We started therefore for the cave at 10.10 A.M., leaving Haria by another and different gap in the surrounding hills from that by which we had entered, and proceeding towards the sea. Silvestre, our guide, a tall man shod in sandals, was a striking figure, with a lantern in one hand, his lanza in the other, and a rope twisted round his shoulders.

As we leave Haria it becomes much warmer, and the

thermometer in the shade marks 68° F. (20° C.). We are descending, and also are passing through volcanic ground, and the lava walls reflect the heat. The land is stony, and nothing grows upon it but the cochineal cactus, divided by the low walls of lava and occasional heaps of lava piled here and there as it has been gathered off the land. Our camel insists upon stopping to eat the cactus, the only animal I ever saw eating those thick, hard leaves. Presently we walk over a vast surface of smooth rocks, lying in broken pieces, among which the euphorbia chiefly grows, but every niche and cranny where there is a trace of soil is covered by small flowers and weeds. Even on this bare, rocky surface we move noiselessly. The camel is always noiseless, as he treads with thickly padded feet, but the horse and donkey are shoeless, and the men, wearing simple pieces of leather turned up over their insteps, and fastened by thin strips of leather, sandal fashion, the whole guiltless of heels or nails, are also perfectly noiseless in their tread. We pass along a cinder path through a vast extent of broken masses of lava, interspersed by nothing but quantities of euphorbia and grey lichen to relieve its monotony. This is a *mal pais*, and very bad walking it is. Not a square inch of the surface is even; all are jagged, ragged lumps of thoroughly smelted and fired stones. Below on our right lies the sea, and on our left the Corona, the outline of which from here is much serrated and broken. It is the end of the chain in the north of the island, and is a fine and singular object in the landscape. It was almost noon when we arrived at a hole in the ground, which, after some searching, our guide, Silvestre, had found. Holding the halter, the camel-driver stood in front, and uttering "Tuche! Tuche!" many times, induced the camel to lie down on a small surface of level ground that he had discovered, when we dismounted. The hole was not the best entrance to the cave, so we walked a little distance until we came upon a large, round opening, into which we descended. Out of this central hole, somewhat like a disused quarry, two caves open, and one of these we entered. The ground descended rapidly, and we walked on until we came to a precipitous descent, needing a rope. Ascertaining that there was nothing to be seen beyond the cave itself, though that is of

the greatest interest, and that it would take the entire day to penetrate its recesses, we did not venture farther. This was the main entrance, but there is another near the sea. To this cave many of the inhabitants fled when the Algerine corsairs made a raid on the island in 1618; but the fugitives were betrayed and carried into captivity. The King of Spain, however, ransomed the people later, and sent them back to Lanzarote. Another attempt was made by the Moors to land in 1748, when the Spaniards showed more pluck. They allowed the corsairs to land and get well into the country, when they intercepted their retreat to their boats and killed



ENTRANCE TO CUEVA DE LOS VERDES, LANZAROTE.

them all, save those upon the vessels. What with several English attacks, the first in 1596, and the numerous landings of the Moors, this unfortunate island has suffered severely and without respite since the conquest until the end of the eighteenth century. Even before that date its shores, so easy of access, and its proximity to the continent seem to have induced invasions by all sorts of people.

Herr von Fritsch, who entered and examined the Cueva de los Verdes, gives an exact description of the interior. "Cavities lead into the high, vaulted subterranean galleries of the great Cueva de los Verdes. These galleries are here

piled one above another like stories. Where even the roofs of these natural tunnels (they are masses of lava, usually as much as a metre in thickness) are broken it is possible to climb up from one gallery to another or else to descend from one to another by means of a rope. In most places the height of the galleries exceeds ten metres (about thirty-two feet), and their breadth in the middle may be reckoned at eight metres (about twenty-six feet). In some places the roof comes nearer the ground, or the side walls approach each other more closely, so that, especially in the lowest story, it is hard and then difficult, if not impossible, to go farther. The side walls either rise straight up to the vaulted roof, or else resemble a staircase turned upside down. From the roof, as from the overhanging ledges of the side walls, hang small pointed lava stalactites, and in many cases the side walls and roof have an encrustation of gypsum, sometimes in a firm, but at other times in a more pulverised-looking, state; at the lower part of the side walls, plates of lava run, of irregular length, now like a piece of wainscotting and now like veneer; and in many places regular tables of lava may be seen on the floor of the cave, at a little distance from the wall. These are from one to two decimetres (about 3 to 7 inches) in height, and are from three to four decimetres away from the wall. They lie in rows. Elsewhere the floor is formed of slabs or covered by pieces of slag, or with great lumps that have fallen from the roof. The natural tunnels are formed with a marvellous regularity for long distances. In one place we walked along almost straight galleries for six hundred and eight hundred paces, fourteen hundred in all, or rather more than a kilometre. This cave is incontestably the largest lava grotto that is known. It is formed by the inner mass of a lava stream (which remains liquid longer than the outer), continuing its course under the hardened upper crust, when, no new lava flowing after it, empty spaces, or caves, are left behind. A cave formation such as this would be very well formed in a lava stream that filled a glen, but the existence of a tunnel like those I have just described would necessitate the presence of a barranco."

It was but 2 P.M. when we reached the road near the spot

where the ascent to Haria begins, and we therefore decided to go to the Risco. On inquiry we found, as we thought, that we could get back before dark, an hour and a half at camel's pace taking us there. Turning off by the village or hamlet of Magnes, upon which we had looked down the previous evening from Haria, we ascended by the foot of the western side of the Corona. Two hills, with large craters, lie on our left, their edges broken, and beneath them is a perfectly flat plain, entirely cultivated. Numbers of holes in the land have green vegetation inside. How it gets there is difficult to say, but the effect is curious from a distance, the bright green spots against the brown land. We picked many flowers on the way: *Silybum Marianum*, *Salvia Bronsonetti*, *Aizoon Canariense*, *Aizoon Hispanicum*, *Helianthemum pulchellum*, *Erucastrum Canariense*, and *Spergularia media*. Ascending, we reach a ridge 1,400 feet in height, from the top of which we gain a fine view of two perpendicular rocks, upon which the sun shines, while the sea breaks at their feet. The Corona is now near us on our right, gaining, and not losing, by a closer inspection. Its steep, sloping sides are perfectly bare, but at its base are a couple of stone huts.

Very slowly did our camel descend, and rather unwillingly, his short body and long legs not being adapted for hills. Fields of peas and beans, the former in flower, reminded us of England under a summer sun. Some limestone rocks sloped very abruptly upwards upon our left hand, so that, although but a few yards from their summits, we were totally unconscious of the surprise in store.

Reaching now basaltic rock, we dismounted, and walking up to the top, only half a dozen yards distant, we were struck dumb by finding ourselves on the brink of a precipice, with one of the most magnificent seascapes spread below. Two cliffs we had caught a glimpse of previously, we found were Alegranza and Montaña Clara; but between them and the mainland lies Graciosa, with its three humps, the northern one, or rather two, being named Montaña Aguja, and the southern Amarilla. Around the hills, appearing only hillocks as we look down upon them, is ground usually nothing but sand, but now partially covered by verdure, giving it a grey

appearance, which presents a beautiful contrast to the blue sea. From this height we can see each grey island standing out clearly, edged with a narrow ribbon of white surf, and encircled by a band of blue sea. Even these three islets Nature disdained to fashion after the same pattern. Alegranza, the farthest from here, has a perpendicular buttress, with crater summit, dropping into the sea at its south-western side. One end of this crater is deeply serrated down its face, which from here appears lined. The eastern side falls rather abruptly landwards to a low level, until it ends in three small peaks, on the outermost of which is a lighthouse. The whole island is rather like a tadpole in shape from this point. Montaña Clara is composed almost entirely of one rock. There is, however, a little low-lying land on its southern side. North of it is the rock called Roque del Oeste, some twenty feet high, and scarcely worthy of mention but that it forms the thirteenth island of the archipelago. Graciosa, with its three hills, lies at our feet.

Seldom have I seen anything more beautiful than these rugged grey, red, and brown rocks, dressed in blue. Taken separately, there is nothing in each island, bare and treeless, to extort admiration, but what constitutes the beauty must be seen to be admired. It is the marvellous colouring, blue sky and fleecy clouds, and these rough, strongly coloured, barren islets, set as if precious gems in a turquoise sea.

There is yet another islet, a rock lying to the east of all these others and to the north-east of Lanzarote, called the Roque del Este. Numberless have been the wrecks, known and unknown doubtless, upon the inhospitable shores of these lesser islets. They are all destitute of fresh water, so that shipwrecked mariners escape a watery grave only to perish by thirst.

Reluctantly, with more reluctance than we ever experienced before, we turned to leave this scene. Time was passing, and nightfall might overtake us unawares. Perhaps it was the novelty of the view that was so enticing, for it is difficult to imagine a treeless landscape being beautiful; or more likely it was the sea, which lends a charm to the most arid and uninteresting scenery, and gives that ever-changing and restless

yet soothing idea of motion, the knowledge of a great force kept in restraint.

Three paces downwards, and the scene is lost. We sigh as one sighs after anything beautiful, as the last chord of the Moonlight Sonata dies away under a master hand, or the notes of a perfectly trained and melodious voice cease to hold us enthralled, or the glorious hues of a sunset fade and disappear as the night draws on.

We were glad to walk part of the way back to Haria, having been riding all day. We saw an unusual number of birds, and many of them strangers, visitors from the adjacent coast of Africa, only sixty-six miles distant. A tabobo alighted on a neighbouring wall but a short distance away, and one of our companions, anxious to show he could kill something, shot the poor little wanderer. They are pretty birds, these tabobos, dun-coloured, with black-and-white bars on the wings and fan tail. The feather tufts on their heads are also black-and-white, and the beaks are long and narrow. They are about the size of a small pigeon.

Innumerable legends and tales are connected with the bird, arising from its crown or tuft of feathers. The original crown, says tradition, was of gold, granted by King Solomon, though against his advice, for services rendered by the birds to that monarch. Its value, however, caused the unlucky tabobos to be ceaselessly pursued and ensnared, so that they besought Solomon to remove his too costly gift, which he did, substituting feathers.

Having been treated as an invalid until within a day or two before our invasion of Lanzarote, and having eaten meals frequently—and how rapaciously only those who have ever had a fever can tell—I found it rather trying to be suddenly reduced to two meals a day, and in the evening screwed up my courage to ask our hosts if I might have some *sopa de leche* (milk soup), as boiled bread and milk is called. They fortunately had some milk, and were only too happy to give us anything they could.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TEGUISE—THE MURDER OF GLAS—MEDAÑOS—YAIZA.

> By my life,
> These birds have joyful thoughts! Think you they sing
> Like poets, from the vanity of song?
> Or have they any sense of why they sing?
> And would they praise the heavens for what they have?
> And I made answer, "Were there nothing else
> For which to praise the heavens but only love,
> That only love were cause enough for praise."
>
> TENNYSON.

THE morning of our departure from Haria was glorious. The almond trees were covered with beautiful white blossoms, but destitute of leaves. The valley is terraced as high as possible, above which all is bare and rugged—nothing but stones and lichen-covered rocks. We met a respectable old man in a black coat and white shirt, leading a grey donkey, on which was laid a very gay saddle-bag. Presently we met another individual in a bright red plaid, seated on a saddle-bag of all colours of the rainbow. There had been a heavy dew or a mist during the early morning—more likely the latter, as dew falls rarely and then only lightly in these islands—which still clung to and refreshed everything.

Farther up the road winds sharply backwards and forwards, and from this vuelta we gain a fine view of the valley and Haria beneath, the Corona, of curious shape, and beyond, in the sea, the Roque del Este, the only one of the islets visible. It is a grand view, the sweep of country covered being extensive, while Haria lies embosomed in the hills, various valleys leading out from it to the adjacent country. As we ascend still higher the path becomes of the stone wall species—that is, paved with cobbles—and on each side of it

is steep, rocky ground, verdant now with short, sweet grass and beautiful flowers. One lovely purple flower of the iris order, with delicate sword-shaped leaves—*Romulex bulbocodium*—grows luxuriantly, while another white one crops up from amid the stones upon which we tread. A cross erected at some 1,750 feet up, where a woman fell over the cliff and was killed, has more reason for its erection than is often displayed. We have now reached the highest ridge in the island, the height of which Fritsch gives as 684 metres (about 2,223 feet), and look over into another valley, terraced on each side to the summit. The wind is strong here, as it is almost everywhere in Lanzarote, except of course where sheltered by mountains. Many attribute the healthy condition of the island and its exhilarating climate to this cause.

The orchilla-weed, before mentioned, although it grows in all the islands and is of an inferior quality in the two eastern, has yet been more connected with these islands, owing no doubt to its being the chief support of many of the people. It was a royal monopoly until the year 1814, since which date it has been free. It used to be sold for about eight or nine pounds the quintal (one hundred and four pounds) and exported to Europe. About thirty or forty years ago it was ten pounds a ton; now that quantity is worth only two pounds. It is said that, as it was found in great abundance in Africa, the price went down here. The orchilla of Gomera and Hierro is the best. It grows principally on the faces of the steepest rocks, and men went, and still go, over the cliffs to gather it, putting the little plant, of some three or four inches in length, into bags round their necks. The dye was used in dyeing English blue broadcloths, which showed a purple hue when viewed against the light.

A little yellowy-red flower—*Adonis Pyrenaica*, a native of the Pyrenees—like a ranunculus, we found at 1,900 feet, also a fine yellow ranunculus (*spicatus*), a native of Algiers, and a cluster of whitey-pink flowers at the top of a long stem, at whose base was a bulb (*Allium roseum*); the colour varies from white to dark pink, and the leaf is variegated like holly. A blue labiate and thyme were also plentiful. The dark mauve iris grows but a few inches above the ground.

The road we traverse is tolerably level and very broad ; in fact, I think it is as nature made it, the centre, a path about five or six feet wide, of large, uneven stones, alone being man s handiwork. The stones are carefully avoided, however, and on either side of them is a beaten path, along which our dromedary swings. We descend a little, and an extensive view opens out of masses of peaked cones and a vast plain of whitey-pink sand. Many of the hills beneath are so low that we can look into their craters. We reach, at about 1,950 feet, a little church, and, as is usual with a chapel on a mountain, it is named La Ermita de las Nieves—the Snow Hermitage.

As we descend we are sheltered from the wind. Suddenly we are greeted by sweet, low, melodious singing, and for some seconds look in vain for the songsters. At last, close to the stones, and partaking of their colour, at a little distance we distinguish a flock of canary birds. Their song carries us homewards, but the familiar little yellow captive can never again occupy its place in our minds as being the true canary, although its song is the same, but not so sweet, as that of its wild progenitor. As if we were on enchanted ground, the sweet, wild song accompanies us onwards, though the singers are seldom seen. The yellow roads of scoriæ and rock emit a great glare.

We descend by a rough path into a well-cultivated plain of rich red soil—I can tell how rough the path was by the hieroglyphics in my note-book! Part of the valley is in wheat, which gives a rich green colour to the landscape. A slight ascent faces us, on the summit of which is a windmill, betokening the presence of a town ; two more come in sight as we rise higher, then a couple of yellow pumice hills, hiding Teguise. Between the hills is a large cistern, now overflowing and filling the little valleys with the welcome fluid. During the great droughts people came from far and near to this cistern for water, and were relieved, except the inhabitants of Arrecife, to whom all aid was refused.

Teguise is disappointing. It is a small and insignificant village. The prevailing colour is dull terra-cotta, the same as that of the surrounding earth, which is suggestive of mud walls. There is a background of hills on the south side, while

beneath the town to eastward is a plain of sand. The crowning position and interest, however, is the castle of Santa Barbara, or de Guanapay, which guards and overlooks the town on its north-eastern side, on the summit of a low crater. The roofs of the houses, tiled or of clay, impart a quaint and pretty, if poverty-stricken, aspect to Teguise, and are far preferable from an artistic point of view to the flat roofs of Arrecife. There are three churches, which alone remain to tell of the past glories of the place, now wrested from it by the newer and more prosperous port.

TEGUISE, LANZAROTE.

Teguise has, however, a history of which to boast. Was it not sacked by the English in 1596, when a small squadron, commanded by the Earl of Cumberland, landed five hundred or six hundred men, under Sir John Berkley, in search of a rich marquis and his property? They found neither the nobleman nor his reputed wealth, but they reached Teguise while pursuing the flying Spaniards, who even abandoned Santa Barbara, which, it is said, "was so strong that twenty men could have defended it against five hundred,"

and made themselves ill partaking of the wine they found in the village.

Although we had now reached the carretera, we still rode on in stately fashion, our dromedary not being a trotting individual. Passing behind the sleepy little town, with its Guanche-like roofs, we came on the new high road, a remarkably good level and broad highway. The surface is covered with cinders, and two rows of stones, about the size of a man's head, placed alternately at the sides, form the only obstacle to prevent a carriage going over into the lower levels of the plains. As, however, no carriages traverse this mighty solitude, it does not matter at present.

Certainly the most noticeable feature is the absence of inhabitants. The country seems deserted, so thinly is it populated. Even the villages appear half depopulated. The area is large, and the island, thirty-seven miles by twelve, contains only some fourteen thousand souls. Yet there is much cultivation, and we passed through miles of corn. In a rainy year like the present there are not sufficient people to cultivate the land, but in a year of drought there are too many to live upon the scarcity.

The road, as painfully straight as one of the Roman species, is grass-grown, and guiltless of wheel-tracks. As we were likely to meet other camels, our driver, with much expostulation on the part of the camello, put a nose-cage or sort of muzzle on him. It seems that in the spring, when grass-fed, the camellos become occasionally troublesome and cross with each other.

On the right of the road yawned a carefully made stone pit, long and narrow in shape, but for what purpose it had been made we were wholly at a loss to discover. Soon, on our left, we passed the brown stone and mud huts of Tahiche, with its one good, whitewashed dwelling, and, turning an angle, reached the same part of the carretera along which we had ridden when going to Haria. We cross the lava stream once more and ride into Arrecife, where we arrive at the fonda just in time for dinner.

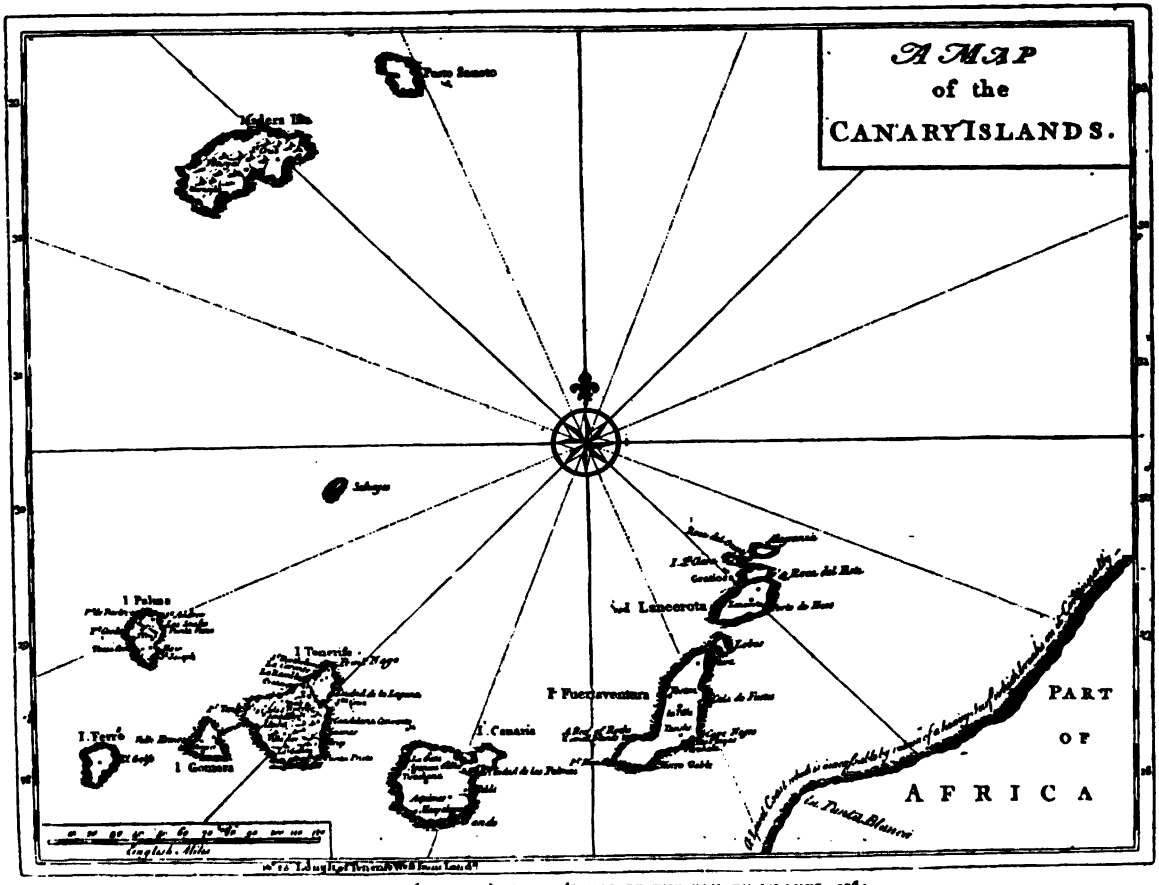
We find here several Spaniards, and an American, Mr. B——, who is endeavouring to establish a tunny fishery in the

south of the island. The difficulties thrown in the way of strangers getting any concessions are immense. For years Mr. B—— has been endeavouring to obtain a strip of sea-shore on which to build a shed. He went to Madrid and hung about there for months, hoping to hasten matters by his personal presence, but official one sent him to official two, and official two to official three, and then the process was reversed, and the little game played backwards until he reached official one again. He has not yet got permission to establish his fishery, which would benefit the inhabitants so greatly by giving employment whether it rained or not.

The adjacent sea between these islands and Africa near the coast of Barbary is a good and plentiful fishing ground, especially for bream and cod. Some say it is the best in the world, better even than Newfoundland. Glas thought so, and it was his knowledge of this fishing ground in his journeyings to and fro that first made him think of settling on the adjoining coast. He chose the bay and castle of Mar-pequeña, originally established by the Spaniards—a fact unknown to him until he discovered some coins and ancient foundations —and sailed thither from England in 1764, just after publishing his book, intending to establish a port for the barter of goods with the natives. He renamed the spot Port Hillsborough, after the earl of that name, who was then a member of the Government, and who had approved of Glas's project. Unfortunately he found that the wind during the greater part of the year did not serve to carry large vessels out of the port. He therefore in his long-boat, with only a few sailors, set sail for Lanzarote, where he purposed purchasing a small schooner or brigantine, such as ply among the islands. Being unable to procure a suitable vessel in this island, he sailed on to Canaria, sending his boat back to Port Hillsborough. Meanwhile the Spaniards had become alarmed through their ambassador in London, who had heard of the projected settlement on a spot they still considered theirs, though abandoned by them for two hundred and fifty years, and orders had been given to thwart Glas in all his plans. When, therefore, Glas, all unconscious of their hostility, landed at Las Palmas he was taken prisoner and sent to Santa Cruz,

where he was secretly confined for a year. Meanwhile his settlement was sacked and pillaged by the Moors, and his wife and daughter, a beautiful child of eleven, and a few other survivors succeeded, after many privations, in reaching England. Glas tried to make some knowledge of his imprisonment public, and at last succeeded in throwing a biscuit, on which he had written in charcoal, out of his window. This was carried to the captain of an English man-of-war, lying in the harbour, who reported the occurrence in England, and, after much difficulty and many negotiations, the Spaniards, expressing great surprise that so much trouble should be taken about an ordinary sailor, at last liberated Glas. He continued in Santa Cruz until his wife and daughter, for whom he had sent, arrived from home, when, in November, 1765, they sailed in the *Sandwich* from Orotava, the commander of which was Captain Cockeran.

Glas was a native of Scotland, and had been originally intended for a surgeon. He was evidently a powerful man, for during a former voyage he is said to have been "greatly superior in strength to any in the ship." His strength, however, did not now preserve him from an awful fate. The *Sandwich* had treasure on board to the amount of about 100,000*l.*, and Glas, as subsequently appears, must have also had with him a considerable amount of money and valuables. The treasure attracted the cupidity of the crew, and George Gidley, cook, Peter Mackinley, boatswain, Andrew Zekerman, and Richard St. Quintin conspired together to obtain it. Captain Cockeran and Glas seem to have had some suspicion of their intentions, and thwarted their designs for three successive nights. At last on Saturday, November 30th, 1765, at 11 P.M., the four assassins killed Cockeran and then the two other sailors who were not in the conspiracy. Glas, awakened by the noise, got out of his bunk, and seeing what was the matter, rushed back to the cabin for his sword. When again leaving it, Mackinley, who had concealed himself behind the door, sprang on him from behind and pinioned his arms, at the same time shouting to his companions for assistance in his murderous design. Glas was overpowered, chiefly because he had thrust his sword through the flesh of



FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF GLAS'S MAP OF THE CANARY ISLANDS, 1764.

Zekerman's arm, and could not withdraw it. The plucky Scotchman fought furiously, but the four scoundrels were eventually too much for him. His wife and daughter were caught up and thrown overboard. The murders took place in the British Channel, as the ship sailed to London. The miscreants changed the vessel's course, and steered for Ireland, where on December 3rd, 1765, they arrived, within ten leagues of the harbour of Waterford and Ross. Here they determined to scuttle the ship, but first loaded the "cork" boat with dollars "to the quantity of about two tons," and then, knocking out the ballast port, rowed ashore.

A totally uncalculated-for event, however, took place. The good ship *Sandwich* after all did not sink, but was driven ashore in the county of Waterford, and, having no one on board, and doubtless still showing signs of the violence that had been committed, was connected with the strange travellers who had been so reckless and extravagant with their money in Ross. Suspicion having been thus aroused, the four ruffians were in the end seized and paid the penalty of their crimes.

Glas's map of the islands must have been invaluable in his day, and, still being of great interest, it is reproduced here in facsimile.

Though I have prosecuted every inquiry in both County Wexford and County Waterford for relics and traditions of the unfortunate captain and the ill-fated *Sandwich*, I have met with little success. A small, low, sandy bay between Duncannon Fort and Hook Tower has been called Dollar Bay since 1765. The people in the neighbourhood have heard their fathers and other old men tell of many persons who searched for and found a few dollars at this spot. Tradition—and there is every probability of it being correct—says that as the murderers approached the shore they threw out a chest to lighten the boat at Barrow, up the Ross river. This chest was for many years an object of search, but whether it has ever been found tradition sayeth not. A sea-captain told one of my informants that he had once touched the lid of an iron chest in the place indicated, and would have tried to raise it had he not been driven away by others who were watching and searching

for it too. The story of the murders and wreck is still related at the little village of Felthard, three or four miles from Dollar Bay.

Though so completely wiped out of men's memories, that at the place where his murderers landed his name is unknown, Captain George Glas will ever live in the minds of all interested in these islands. His accurate, almost scientific, powers of observation were far in advance of his time. His recorded observations of habits and customs are fresh and real. His sailing directions, exact and practical, are valuable at the present day. His plain, even if blunt, way of dealing with and exposing imposture, arrogance, and bigotry, shows him to have been a man of well-balanced and liberal mind. Physically strong and mentally healthy and vigorous, Glas was a typical specimen of those old sea-captains who made the name of our native country known and respected in foreign lands.

Barrilla was at one time a source of much profit to these eastern islands, where it was carefully cultivated. It was used chiefly as a source of carbonate of soda. Previous to the year 1793 the whole of the carbonate of soda of commerce was obtained from the ashes of sea-plants, the chief source being barrilla. But the ash of this plant contained only about one-fourth of its weight of carbonate of soda, so the required salt had to be imported from Spain at a great expense, and consequently the manufactures of glass and soap, in which it is indispensable, were much hampered, and those commodities rendered proportionately dear. During the wars of the French Revolution the price of barrilla had risen so much that Napoleon thought it advisable to offer a reward to the French chemists for the obtaining of all the materials necessary to the making of the carbonate in their own country, "so as to render vain the efforts and hatred of despots." A commission being appointed to investigate the subject in 1794, it reported upon no less than thirteen different processes for the manufacture of soda-ash from common salt. Barrilla is no longer cultivated, but picked up on the mountains, and what small export trade there is in it is with Barcelona.

On Sunday we turned in to the church, which is a plain

edifice, with pillars and arches painted to imitate marble. There are two aisles, the rafters are whitewashed, and the floor is of stone. The choir, altar, and reredos are of carved wood, painted white. There is a little organ in the loft. The windows are of square pieces of glass, coloured red, green, yellow, and blue. Seventy chairs, with the names of their owners painted on the back, were all the seats the place contained.

We took a walk to Las Cruces island. The islet is entirely cultivated, and there is not a cross to be seen, so wherefore its name? It is circular in form and rather low. Round the edge the rocks are of black lava, of octagon formation, like the columnar basalt of the Giant's Causeway. It was quite

CALLE PRINCIPAL, ARRECIFE, LANZAROTE.

enjoyable dabbling among the rocks and sitting on the southern side to leeward. Here, as we sat motionless, basking in the sunshine, enjoying the quiet, with the waves rippling at our feet, we saw lizards, large and small, that watched us with their bright eyes, and, finding us harmless, came out also to bask on the warm sea-shore.

The women here are not good-looking. There is not nearly so much smoking among the men, but it may be their poverty, and not their will, that prevents the use of tobacco. Serenos break the stillness of night, as in the other islands. We returned by the old part of the town, chiefly a fishing village. The streets are of rock, upon which the

houses are built, and the sea laps them a few yards from the cottages. As we walk up the Calle Principal we see a sun-dial on one of the houses. Altogether Arrecife is a study. A mixture of the new and clean, the old and quaint, situated close to land-locked bays, islets sheltering it from the sea, strong breezes blowing all that is disagreeable across the Atlantic, so that even the fishing quarter smells sweet, Arrecife, with curiously coloured hills in the background, forms a pleasant picture, and is a place where one could linger and dream away the days, let the time slip past and the years follow each other in peaceful succession, until roused at last too late to find youth gone, grey hairs come, life past, and nought accomplished.

However, dream as we might, next morning saw us on our way to Yaiza, comfortably seated in a four-wheeled trap. There are twenty-two kilometres of completed road to Yaiza, made in 1862, and eleven kilometres northward to Teguise.

Lanzarote is an island of curiosities, and we were now to encounter a peculiarity. About the fourth kilometre we were brought up by a sand-hill in the middle of the road. These sand-hills are caused by the wind blowing steadily in one direction. They are called *medaños*, and in this island they cross from Penedo Bay in the north to the spot we are now traversing in the south. There are numbers of them, and they move slowly forward year after year, like living creatures, until they are finally blown into the sea on the south-eastern shore. They always take the same course, a broad, direct road in a straight line from one side to the other. This one on the carretera will take three or four years to get over, and meanwhile the traffic has to go round it to windward. As there were only two carriages available for use in the island, this was less of an inconvenience than may be imagined. It was about twelve to fifteen feet high, and circular in form. It is only in this one place that the medaños cross the road.

A few trees of the tobacco family strive to grow, protected by banks of stones, along this bare tract of country. Single trees are always difficult to cultivate in windy positions; they require to be planted thickly to protect each other, and then the plantation thrives. Sometimes the banks were covered

by a pretty mauve flower. We also found on this road the *Rhytispernum arvense* and the *Malcomia litorea* and *Calendula arvensis*. We were surprised to see black sand constantly spread over the land. It seems, however, that this volcanic sand retains the moisture better. The country is more or less green, if there be rain, from November until May, but there is only a little rain in February, March, and April. January though it was, we were glad to put up our white umbrellas, the sun shone down so powerfully.

We notice that spades are used here, not the hoe, and so the Conejeros are actually more civilised than the Canarios.

We are driving along a straight road constructed on the littoral, a chain of craters on our right-hand side. It is a vast extent of black country, the volcanic soil of which is most productive. There are some fig trees in pits, with walls raised round them to shield them from the wind. Near the few houses we pass are immense yards, like tennis-courts, of cement, to catch the rain-water and run it off into cemented cisterns. A long scoop of cement on the side of the road, and running quite two or three hundred yards down a gentle elevation, conducts the rainfall on the road to the cistern of a house. Every drop of water is precious. The road is a cinder avenue, straight, level, black.

Large tracts of flat or undulating land were green with the coming grain. The island is one bed of grain, the level surface being suitable for its production. Having heard that in a good year grain can be exported to Spain, I asked our travelling companion, Don Ruperto Vieyra, if he thought this would prove such a productive season. He says, however, that never during his lifetime, fifty years perhaps, has he ever seen a year in which grain could be sent away. We turned off to the right at the twentieth kilometre by Uga, which lies at the foot of the Montaña del Fuego, a hill with a red, a fiery red, top, a black base, and surrounded by black lava. Some of the houses even are black, built of the lava stones. The road here passes through the line of craters that we have had on our right. The name Moñtana del Fuego, marked on the Admiralty chart as much further north, is very misleading. It is in reality a name applied in the southern part of the

island collectively to all the craters, which congregate here by the dozen, I had almost said hundred. My friends named the crater on our right thus, but the numberless craters in front of us are each likewise called Montaña del Fuego. As we drive through the pass, we see beside the first crater another, wide and open-mouthed ; in front is lava, piled in broken masses as far as the eye can reach to north and south, like a black glacier. Beyond its blackness to westward rise

YAIZA, LANZAROTE.

the craters, red as if sunset hues were athwart them, or as if the glow of the subterranean fires were still uncooled. A few black or dark places appear, as if clouds were flitting across the red hills.

We are scarcely out of Uga when we reach Yaiza, consisting of straggling huts placed here and there on the edge of the lava glacier. A few whitewashed houses relieve the brownness, and above and beyond the village rises the fine, spacious, and picturesque dwelling of our host, Don Ruperto

Vieyra. We enter through gates into a courtyard or garden, for the house has wisely been built with only three sides, allowing of views from all the windows. A fountain and flowers and plants adorn the patio through which we are led into the house, where we receive the most cordial welcome.

The Vieyras date from the conquest, and were previously 'blue blood' in Spain. We have, of course, in travelling partaken of the hospitality of all classes, given kindly and ungrudgingly, but intercourse with the aristocracy of these islands has not proved the least pleasant part of our journey. Shut out as many of them are from much, if any, intercourse with the outer world, the natural polish and delicacy of feeling inherited from generations of educated and refined ancestors is still forthcoming in mountain solitudes or amid lava-strewn plains.

Don Ruperto's house and grounds stand on a slope 650 feet above the sea, a hill rising behind. This slight elevation above the plain gives a commanding and extensive view. Mountains are all around, those lying in front being *par excellence* the fire-mountains both in their nature and colour. To the left, at the foot of one fiery crater, was a village, but the lava came, and now only a black sea is left. At our feet lies the lava, which stretches to the base of yonder red mountains. It is an awful as well as a magnificent sight—infernally suggestive. Yaiza is a curious village, scattered, as are most. Here, however, the houses are actually built in and about the lava, and as they are constructed of dark stones, the appearance of the place is totally different from that of any other. A few of the larger dwellings are whitewashed, standing out vividly from amid their dark surroundings.

CHAPTER XL.

THE BURNING MOUNTAINS—THE SALT LAKE—BETHENCOURT—PAPAGAYO—BOCAYNA STRAIT.

No thunders shook with deep, intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines),
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured
In peace upon her sloping sides matured.
When on a day like that of the last doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She turned and heaved with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth;
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies;
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.

W. COWPER.

DELICIOUSLY comfortable beds must be answerable for our oversleeping ourselves, but we were away, nevertheless, before eight o'clock to explore the Montañas del Fuego, on the opposite side of the lava stream. Donkeys are the only animals that can scramble over this dreadfully rough ground, a veritable *mal pais*, so two had been procured. A lady's saddle was not to be got, and an albarda was, therefore, put on my donkey. This is a straw pad with a rope crupper, and with a piece of string for girth, on which everything a donkey carries is usually packed.

Turning to the left out of the village, we soon reached the last hut and decent path, and prepared to cross the black desert, "the colossal black lava field of last century." There is a kind of path which winds in and out of the larger lumps of cinders, just broad enough for one person or one animal. It has been made by removing some of the larger pieces of lava and filling in the holes. Frequently our poor little

donkeys stumbled or put their feet in holes. Mine was the stronger animal, so John was the first to rest on mother-earth, or rather subterranean lava. His donkey's hind-feet stumbled, and he dropped on his hind-knees, whereupon his rider quietly slipped over his tail and sat on the ground behind him! A little further, and the same donkey put a fore-foot into a hole, and went down on his knees, whereupon John slid off right over his head! The reins were halters simply noosed round the animals' noses, so that, if not held tightly, they would slip off. The road was so very rough, and my seat so insecure, that, for the first time since we came to the islands, I was unable to write as I rode.

After passing over a smooth plain or lake of black lava, we reach the foot of the first crater at 9 A.M., where we dismount, our animals are tied to some lava, and we commence the ascent. It is tolerably steep, but fatiguing owing to the loose, cindery nature of the soil, in which one's feet sink as they did on the Peak of Teide. This ascent was short, and we gained the summit in fifteen minutes, 1,350 feet above the sea. We are standing on a ridge from which we can look over into the crater beneath. The blackness, but not the depth, is very great. From this point we can see innumerable craters all around, with wide, gaping mouths; in front lie five tolerably perfect, on the left three running into the sea, and to the right two. Those to westward on our left are the craters of 1824, where the latest eruptions took place, the furthest cone near the sea being El Cochino, the third which then burst forth. A high hill intervenes to the north-west, the Montaña del Fuego of 1736, or one could doubtless see many more craters on the ridge to northward. The sides of the craters are mostly composed of black cinders, the topmost edges being red, while from their bases to the sea is one mass of lava, except to the east and south, where it has rolled along partly to the sea and partly stopped near Yaiza. The bright, vivid red patches of ground against the black fluid from the bowels of the earth are suggestive. The stillness is oppressive and awful. Nothing moves; there is not a twig to denote which way the wind blows; all is the barrenness of desolation.

The lava streams of 1824 have in many places surrounded

the older craters, which rise like islands, and are green with euphorbia bushes. Near Yaiza is found "Pele's hair," a sort of thread-shaped lava. The northern and weather side of the immense lava field at our feet is slightly sprinkled with lichen, but devoid of any other sign of vegetation. Descending into a hollow between the craters we dug out holes with our hands, and buried some potatoes and eggs a few inches beneath the surface. Our guide, however, did not know where the hottest part lay, so, although half cooked at the end of twenty minutes, they were not so thoroughly done as they would have been had we hit upon the right spot. The cinders under the surface were white with heat, and on lifting one out I had to toss it backwards and forwards in my hand like a hot potato, unable to bear the heat.

We returned by the same tortuous path, the entrance to which would be difficult, if not impossible, for a stranger to find, and which when once found must be strictly followed, just as one would keep to the path across a morass. We reached Yaiza at noon, where we found almuerzo awaiting us, and serving us as luncheon, after which we set out on another expedition to Januvio. We should have liked to see the lava grotto, the Cueva del Mojon, which is worth a visit, but found our time too limited, a day being necessary for the expedition.

Fritsch, who visited the grotto, states that there are gypsum stalactites in it, and its two entrances "open at a sea cliff that must once have been twenty metres high, and from the foot of which the sea has been forced back by the lava of last century. This foreland resembles a mass of water that has been petrified when its angry billows were at their full height. The grotto forms a high dome, whose roof is somewhat broken, so that the light penetrates from above through an almost circular opening. The passage from this vaulted beginning commences high and broad, and is shaped like an elbow sharply bent. Thus it advances for some distance into the mountain, then it narrows to a sort of split, and after that it is said to grow wide again and proceed in an upward direction."

Places of interest, not of the stereotyped sort, are numerous

in Lanzarote. The salt lake of Januvio, lying close to Yaiza, is one of these. In the centre of this lake were several hundred wild ducks. The left side is bounded by low cliffs, the right by the lava-flow of last century, which found its exit to the sea here, and nearly enclosed the bay. We dismounted and walked along the sand to the right to reach its further side. *Patos* (large water-birds or ducks) patronise the place, and a huge sea-gull, perched on a tiny rock in the lake, eyes us without moving. At the side next the sea a little water trickles into the lake, like a streamlet, which I tasted to make sure it was salt, it looked so like fresh water. Very mysterious appears this lake as seen in the chart, but the mystery is easier to solve when upon the spot. The lava which destroyed the valley at Yaiza entered the sea at one side of this bay, and flowing round, choked the entrance, across which stones have later been thrown by the surf. The water of the lake still ebbs and flows a little with the rise and fall of the tide, but the lava is an impenetrable barrier to its being ever either emptied or further filled. Leaving the inky barrier and roaring surf, we walk back over the rough stones to the sand, the original bay, and the foundation on which the stones now rest.

I have seldom seen a more wonderful instance of the power of man over drought, that enemy to all vegetation, than is shown by the country seat of our host. It is a perfect oasis in the desert. Rising in front of the house are palms, one in particular a fine and stately tree, which must have waved its leaves over many changes in the valley below, scenes of beauty, a valley well cultivated and rich in agricultural wealth, houses well built and numerous, all overwhelmed by the approach of a thick, dull, slowly moving, but irresistible mass of molten mud. When, in the course of years, the lava field cooled, the very poorest of the islanders built themselves huts on the edges of the lava itself, for it was "no man's land," and gradually Yaiza became populated, it and its district numbering some fifteen hundred souls. The neighbouring village of Uga, which is included in these numbers, has more country houses of the better classes, and lying further back from the valley of desolation, contains more gardens. But it

is in Yaiza that one gets such a wonderful combination of the sublime and beautiful, the fire-mountains and the placid lake, and in proximity to these wonders of nature the hand of man has wrought a garden in the desert.

It was with real reluctance we left our kind friends next day and prepared to start for Fuerteventura. A *silla inglesa* had been provided for the dromedary we rode, for there was a second for the luggage, so we were in luxury. This consists of two legless armchairs * with low backs and swing-boards, attached by ropes to the chairs, on which to place the feet. Beneath the seats are drawers, and as I was the lighter weight, a few stones were placed in mine to make the balance even. So at 8.5 A.M. we said good-bye to Yaiza, and turned round by the back of the house up a cultivated valley between low hills, in which there was a small crater, open, as usual, to the north. We ascend the valley, and cross over a dip in the hills at its upper end, and passing round the outer and western edge, gain a good view of Januvio, the surf breaking on its lava-bound shore standing out clearly in the sunshine. Beneath and in front of us lies a flat plain, the upper part of which is cultivated, and over which the yellow-brown houses of Breñas are dotted. Nothing further breaks the level monotony as the eye travels southwards, until it is stopped by Montaña Roja, rising at the extreme end near the southern shore. Beyond this is the Bocayna strait, looking from here but a narrow strip, in which Lobos, like a tadpole, floats, and rises black against the lines of hills in Fuerteventura. A long stretch of white strand bounds the northern shore of the longest island in the archipelago.

Here we look down upon historic ground, for the district below is Rubicon.

> "The mountains look on *Rubicon*,
> And *Rubicon* looks on the sea,"

if one may be permitted to substitute one name for another. San Marcial lies amid the hills on our left, and we pass the outskirts of its few houses. Once it was the headquarters of the Church, and it was here the first church in the archipelago was built, and here Guardafia, the King of Lanzarote, was

* See Title-page.

baptised. The bishopric of Rubicon was established in 1408, and the first bishop who resided there was a Franciscan, Alberto de las Casas. This settlement and the castle of Aquila, near which we were to embark, were the headquarters of the Spaniards until Gran Canaria was finally subjugated, three-quarters of a century later, when the see was removed to Las Palmas, and the wars and intrigues moving further westward, Lanzarote sank once more into comparative obscurity.

It was with only fifty-three followers that Bethencourt reached the island of Graciosa after leaving Cadiz. They apparently sailed on to the south of Lanzarote, where they landed, and, finding no inhabitants, encamped. However, the Conejos (the inhabitants of Lanzarote), seeing that the French —for Bethencourt* and most of his followers belonged to that nation—were quietly encamped, ventured to go to the strangers, and actually assisted them to build a fort, that of Rubicon, or Aquila Tower, the one we see lying beneath. As the explorers were so few in number, Bethencourt himself was obliged to return to Spain for supplies. Failing to obtain aid from France, he applied to relations whom he had in Spain, but was assisted chiefly by Henry III. of Castile, who also granted him the title of King of the Fortunate Islands.

There is a significant and curious story about Guardafia, the King of Lanzarote. There being war between Spain on the one hand and Portugal and England on the other, a fleet was fitted out by the former in 1377. These vessels encountered a storm, in which the admiral's ship ran before the wind until she anchored at Lanzarote. "Here the Spaniards landed, and were kindly received by the natives, who treated them with the best that the island afforded." The King then was one Qonzamas, with whom the admiral, Don Martin Ruiz de Avendaño, lived, in return for which hospitality he had a daughter by the King's wife, Fayna.

* "Messire Jean de Bethencourt, Knight, was of noble birth, and held the title of Baron in right of the Barony of St. Martin le Gaillard, in the Comté d'Eu, where he had a strong castle, which was taken and retaken several times in the wars with England. Monstrelet speaks of its final siege and ruin in 1419. It came by inheritance to Messire de Bethencourt from his grandmother, Dame Isabeau de St. Martin." ("The Canarian," page xlii., Hakluyt Society.)

This girl, Yco, who was very fair, married one of the royal family of Lanzarote, who ultimately became king, and her son was Guardafia, who was king when Bethencourt landed. He had not obtained regal power without dispute. For the natives insisted that Yco was not noble, being the daughter of a stranger, and not of Qonzamas. Her complexion seems ,however, to have led to this conclusion, so it was decided to put the matter to a test, and Yco and three female servants were shut up in Qonzamas's house and there smoked. Yco stood the test of nobility from having secretly conveyed a wet sponge into the house, which she held to her mouth, and thus lived while the servants were suffocated. Guardafia was therefore pronounced noble and allowed to reign.

But to return to sub-conquest history. Gadifer seems to have considered that one of the ships of the expedition belonged to him, and upon one occasion the sailors mutinied and refused to take him or Bethencourt on board his own vessel. There is a curious drawing from the original work in the possession of Madame de Mont Ruffet of this event, which was photographed by the Hakluyt Society, and which they have courteously given me permission to use. Its chief value lies in the fact that the arms of Bethencourt and the Chevalier Gadifer de la Salle, the latter having a cross, are depicted in the engraving.

When Bethencourt started for Spain, owing to the above mutiny, he left in charge of the garrison one Berthin de Berneval, who appears to have been under the civil jurisdiction of Gadifer de la Salle. Berthin, however, seems from the beginning to have entertained ideas of his own about the conquest, and made a party among the men of the expedition. After Bethencourt had left, a ship arrived at Lobos, to which Gadifer sent Berthin, thinking it was the *Tajamar*, with whose captain he was intimate. It proved to be another, the *Morella*, and Berthin tried to persuade the captain and crew to help him against the Conejos, a piece of treachery against Bethencourt in which they indignantly refused to assist. Meanwhile Gadifer, unsuspicious of treachery, set sail, with one Remonnet de Leneden, from Rubicon to Lobos, to procure seals to make shoes for the crew. They remained in Lobos several days,

until, provisions failing, Gadifer sent Leneden to Rubicon for food. Meantime Berthin on Lanzarote had behaved very treacherously to the inhabitants, and had entrapped a number of them and, with various excuses, put them on board the *Tajamar*, now lying at Graciosa. The King was among the prisoners, but by his prowess escaped. Berthin stayed on the *Tajamar*, but sent some allies to Rubicon for provisions. These, finding the boat had returned from Lobos, took possession of it, and with more of Berthin's confederates, sailed to Graciosa, notwithstanding the prayers of Gadifer's

HOW THE MARINERS REFUSED GADIFER ADMISSION ON BOARD OF HIS OWN SHIP.

friends on his behalf. The *Tajamar's* boat, with Berthin's men on board, came the next day to Rubicon, and was soon followed by Berthin in the other boat, when a scene of pillage of stores and frightful treatment of some French women occurred at the castle. The two boats laden with provisions, arms, and various private goods belonging to Gadifer, set sail to the *Tajamar*. Gadifer's friends were in despair about him, and sent the two chaplains and two other gentlemen to beg assistance from the *Morella*, which was now also lying at Graciosa, praying the captain to relieve Gadifer and his eleven

companions, who must be at the point of death, "having been eight days without provisions." The captain of the *Morella* accordingly sent Ximenes to Rubicon, whence, accompanied by four friends of Gadifer's and supplied with provisions, they crossed in a little cockboat, left without oars at Rubicon, to Lobos. The two chaplains, seeing from the deck of the *Morella* the two boats full of provisions approaching the *Tajamar*, begged the captain to go with them to that vessel, where they confronted Berthin, who, however, maintained that all he had was his own. In the end Berthin set sail, first, however, wisely putting his accomplices ashore, in case they should tell tales to Bethencourt. These traitors, afraid to brave Gadifer's wrath, sailed to Barbary, where their boat was upset, and ten out of the twelve drowned. Berthin arrived at Cadiz safely, but on board was a friend of Gadifer's, who cast Berthin and his friends into prison, and told Bethencourt, to his astonishment, of all the doings at Lanzarote. He then sent a vessel with provisions to Gadifer's relief, at the same time telling him that he had done homage to the King of Spain for the islands. This communication was not welcome to Gadifer, who hoped to have shared in the possession of the islands.

The bad faith of Berthin in stealing the natives made them look with suspicion on all their new friends, against whom they turned. There was, however, a traitor among the Conejos, one Asche, who, aspiring to be king of Lanzarote, came and spoke to Gadifer, telling him that as long as Guardafia lived there would be no peace, and that he would help to give him into their hands. Asche meant not only to betray his king, but also to take Gadifer and his people prisoners. The plans miscarried, and although for a short time Guardafia was made prisoner and Asche reigned, the latter was killed in the end. European blood had been shed—that of one man—for which reason the invaders thought themselves justified in waging a relentless war against the natives.

When the relief ship arrived from Spain Gadifer sailed in her to Erbanie (Fuerteventura), where he landed and met with some adventures. He then sailed round the other islands without landing, and returned to Lanzarote, anchoring this time at Aratif or Alcatif (? Arrecife), when the vessel

returned to Spain Bethencourt now arrived at his kingdom, where he was welcomed in a truly loyal manner by both Christian natives and Europeans. The Majo king, finding he could not contend against the superior forces of the invaders, also became submissive once more, and the remainder of his people following his example, Lanzarote was finally conquered.

After this Fuerteventura was visited and conquered, and the fort of Richerocque built. Then Gadifer and Bethencourt fell out, because the former thought his services deserved more substantial remuneration. Both went to Spain, and the matter ended in Gadifer retiring to France and being heard of no more, while Bethencourt returned to his kingdom. Here he settled many affairs, especially in Fuerteventura, which he completely conquered. He then revisited France, where he persuaded a number of people, including nobles and their wives, mechanics, and musicians, to join him and return with him to Lanzarote. His retinue was now so magnificent in the eyes of the simple inhabitants, that they thought still more of their new king ; and the settlers he had brought with him were well pleased with the country, which at that time seems to have been wooded and watered, several springs being mentioned by the historians.

It was after these events that Bethencourt visited Gran Canaria, Palma, Hierro and Gomera, establishing colonies in the two last. He found houses for the settlers by the simple but doubtful means of taking the natives prisoners and giving the colonists their habitations ! Bethencourt then returned to Baltarhayz (Val Tarajal) in Fuerteventura, where he arranged the civil and military affairs of the newly conquered countries. His nephew, Maciot de Bethencourt, he made governor of all the islands in his absence, for he intended returning to France for a time. Before going he allotted land to the late kings of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura and to all his followers, and, it is said, succeeded in pleasing everybody.

When Bethencourt arrived in Spain, he went to the court, where he was well received and sent on to Rome to procure a bishop for the islands. He then retired to his estates in Normandy, where he was enthusiastically welcomed, and

PORTRAIT OF MESSIRE JEAN DE BETHENCOURT, KING OF THE CANARIES

where he remained until his death, in 1422, without revisiting his Canary kingdom. Thus ends the history of a most remarkable man, and one who seems to have been as much loved as feared.

I am indebted to the Hakluyt Society for permission to reproduce their portrait of Bethencourt. Concerning this likeness of the conqueror of the Canaries, the Society says, "There is no warranty for the authenticity of the portrait. The best arguments in favour of the supposition that it may have been derived from a genuine original are the following: 1. The conqueror survived his return from the Canaries to Normandy nineteen years. 2. The distinction which he had earned for himself, as one who was to live in the minds of men, would suggest the desirableness of a portrait of some kind. 3. The engraved portrait was issued with the sanction of Galien de Bethencourt, the hereditary possessor of the family documents. 4. It exhibits a remarkable distortion in the left eye, which, if unwarranted by a prototype, would be a needless defect, very unlikely to be fancifully inserted in the portrait of an otherwise handsome man."

It is upon the ground of these adventures that we now tread, and look upon the scene that Bethencourt knew so well. As we neared Papagayo we rode in and out of sand hills, and at the bottom of one of these came to a well. A herd, long, lean, and scantily clothed, looked like an ancient inhabitant as he tended his goats. He drew water from the well, and filled two stone troughs, at which the goats eagerly drank. The scene was quite Eastern, the drawing of water for the animals, of which one often reads without adequately realising it, being forcibly illustrated. The two troughs had also a meaning, for one was for goats, the other for sheep, the shepherd carefully dividing them from each other.

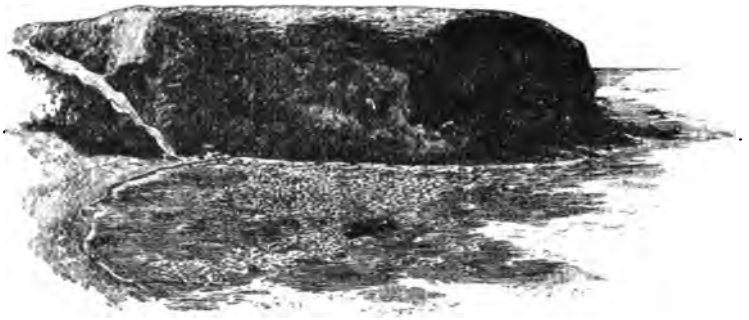
Boccaccio in his narrative, though he must have seen Lanzarote—for he landed on Fuerteventura—gives no account of the inhabitants of the former island. But of the Majos he says that they were naked, and like savages in manner and appearance. Bontier and Le Verrier state that the people of Lanzarote were tall and brown, "a fine race. The men go quite naked. Excepting for a cloak over their

shoulders, which reaches to their thighs, they are indifferent to other covering. The women are beautiful and modest. They wear long leather robes, which reach down to the ground. Most of them have three husbands, who wait upon them alternately by months. The husband that is to live with the wife the following month waits upon her and her other husband the whole of the month that the latter has her, and so each takes his turn. The women have a great many children, but have no milk in their breasts. They therefore feed them with their mouths, and thus their under-lips are longer than their upper ones, which is an ugly thing to see." Polyandry seems to have been practised only in this island, though it may have been also in Fuerteventura. In all the other islands monogamy was maintained by law. The MS translated by Glas classes these two islands together in most of their habits and customs. It mentions that the natives "were of a humane, social, and cheerful disposition, very fond of singing and dancing. They were very nimble, and took great delight in leaping and jumping, which were their principal diversions." They lived in stone houses, built without cement. They appear to have also had houses of worship, built in circular form and of the same material, in which they do not seem to have worshipped idols, but one God, to whom they offered libations of milk and butter, raising their hands heavenwards in supplication. Their dress was a cloak and hood of goat-skins, and shoes of skins, with the hairy side outwards. The dead were buried in caves, and goat-skins laid above and below them.

A little to our right as we ride along lies Aquila Tower, the castle of Rubicon, so often mentioned. The southern coast of this island is very beautiful, deeply indented as it is by little bays and sandy coves, bound by steep rocks. The Punta de Papagayo runs into the sea beyond, protecting the bay of the same name, towards which we are now riding. Suddenly we come upon a steep descent, almost a precipice, near the edge of which, by a solitary hut, we dismount. The scene is one of exquisite beauty. Basaltic precipices are upon two sides, a silvery strand, backed by a cliff of sand, forming the third. The sea is deep blue, and upon its rippling surface,

in the shelter of the bay, float white-plumaged sea-fowl and a boat.

The men shouldered our baggage, and signing to us to follow, disappeared over the edge of the cliff. Hurrying after them, we found a narrow path descending partly in steps, and, jumping and clambering, we arrived in a few minutes at the bottom on a firm, sandy beach. Here we were completely sheltered from the wind. A man carried me on board, a boy having previously divested himself of his clothing, a ragged shirt and short trousers, and after swimming out to the boat, brought her near shore. The sail, a sort of lug, was immediately hoisted, and, by the aid of a few strokes of the oars, we got out to where a slight breeze rippled the calm



PAPAGAYO BAY.

blue waters, and where the gulls floated, regardless of our presence. Looking back as we glided out of the bay, we were enchanted with its beauty, as it nestled at the feet of the stern rocks on either side.

Our crew consisted of two old men and two boys besides the skipper, who sat with the tiller in his hand. He was dressed in a straw hat and linen smock and trousers, and had a rich brown beard and a fine face. All had open countenances, and were much superior to the fishing population of the other islands. The two other men wore hats that were once black and were now soiled, brown, and old; the boys were dressed similarly, save that they were barefooted, and their trousers were turned up to their knees.

Instead of encountering a small gale, as we expected, we

found that the wind, which blew so fiercely a few hundred feet above the sea across Papagayo, was only a pleasant breeze on the surface of the water as we glided out of the bay and beyond the point. As we reached mid-channel, however, it failed us, or we got into calms, until near the island of Lobos, where the wind again filled our sails, and we sped merrily on into Corralejo.

Lobos is an islet or rock, with low ground on each side, where now there is a little green vegetation, but the greater part is sand. Shipwrecked mariners would find shelter now, for there is a lighthouse upon its northern extremity. It was 2 P.M. as we passed it, our expected half-hour's voyage being really one of nearly two and a half hours.

Our boat was about twenty feet in length, broad in the beam and stoutly built, and her crew were the most sailor-like men we came across. The proximity of the two islands is conducive to intercourse, and encourages a seafaring life. As we looked towards Fuerteventura we could see a number of rocks, like castles, which no doubt misled the first conquerors, who thought that the Majos, as the inhabitants of this island were called, had fortified dwellings.

CHAPTER XLI.

FUERTEVENTURA—CORRALEJO—OLIVA—BEEHIVE GRAIN STACKS—PUERTO CABRAS—MISMO.

I will fear you, O stars, nevermore.
I have felt it! Go on, while the world is asleep,
Golden islands, fast moored in God's infinite deep.

JEAN INGELOW.

FUERTEVENTURA extended a friendly greeting to us. The whole fishing population of Corralejo—not a great multitude, however—met us on the rocks as we dropped our sail and glided in. The good wives of the fishermen urged us to enter their houses and have some coffee. Poor souls, they would have given us of the best they had, though they had scarcely a stitch on their backs or a cuarto in their pockets. We went into one house, or rather room, for the four walls contained but the single apartment. Two low stretcher-beds, a few chairs, and one table formed the furniture. The floor was earthen and uneven, and the whole bespoke poverty of the necessaries of life, but not of the beauties, for through the open door sparkled the blue sea, as it lay like a lake, surrounded by the black rocks of Lobos, the mountains of Lanzarote, and the white strand of Fuerteventura.

Saying good-bye to our fine Conejero fisherman, who took the money bargained for cheerfully, and did not worry us with tiresome bickerings, we started in comfortable chairs on one camel, the luggage being on another. Behind Corralejo the sand extends for some distance, a little vegetation holding it together. Leaving the sand, we entered a curious district, consisting of clumps of rocks, or rather large volcanic stones, massed together and forming separate heaps. The black stones were partially covered with a grey lichen, and green

vegetation of all kinds cropped up between them, giving them the appearance and beauty of rockeries. Beyond, towards Toston, and hidden among these hillocks, are the remains of some Majo dwellings. The ascent was gradual. On our right lay some volcanic hills and craters, the highest being Vahuhu, the caldera of which is large. The ground to our left and in front is entirely covered with greyish black stones, lichen-grown, and green with rama (?) bushes, which appear luxuriant and abundant.

For a couple of hours we ascended slowly and gradually, without meeting any living thing. At last we met a boy on donkey-back, bound for Corralejo, and a little further on a couple of men and camels. All raised their hats civilly as we wished each other "buenas tardes." The roads here and in Lanzarote are broad, as broad as made roads, and it depends upon the nature of the ground what they are like. We reached Villa Verde at 5.30, all the country until then being one mass of stones. Herbage, however, grows plentifully among them, and large districts are enclosed with strongly built, high walls of loose stones, inside which the camels, donkeys, horses, goats, and sheep of the various owners feed. The unusual appearance of a quantity of blue smoke against the clear sky made me ask what was astir. We found that there was a baking of bread going on for a fiesta on Saturday of the patron saint of the village, the Virgin of Candelaria. Bread is a luxury only for feast-days.

The people of this island seem to be bright, cheerful, and witty, like the inhabitants of Lanzarote, but the appearance of the Majoreros is different. They are tall, high-shouldered, and angular, with very large, liquid brown eyes. The women one notices more particularly, as they are even more cheerful than the men—a condition of mind sadly wanting in the other islands.

Villa Verde is a cluster of houses, or rather a slope on which are brown huts, with slanting roofs, chiefly of mud. It well deserves its name at present, for everything is young and green, even the ugly cochineal cactus. Stone walls divide the land into square fields, which in this village are planted chiefly with potatoes and the cochineal cactus. As we reached the

church at 5.45 P.M., it was rapidly getting dark, and beautiful as the silver crescent line of the young moon is, it does not give much light.

The evening air was sensibly colder, and we found the thermometer at 62·6° F. (17° C.). It was quite dark, save for the brilliant stars, when we arrived in Oliva, and, passing over what seemed to be a common, stopped at a long, low, one-storied house. Here we were entertained with a luxurious supper, consisting of fried eggs, mutton, fresh pork, excellent white, fresh goat's cheese, particularly good bread, fancy home-baked biscuits, and coffee. The meat was tender, and everything from Oliva, except the wine, which was from Lanzarote. The England of another century was brought before us as we watched our kindly host lighting his after-dinner cigarette with flint and steel.

The comedor, and indeed the whole house, reminded us of an English country farm, if we can except the lack of fireplaces. The dining-room, a square room, with a window near the ceiling, was wainscoted, with large cupboards let into the wall, in which the best china was kept. Outside the window was a canvas blind on a frame to keep out the sun. Our large and lofty rooms were immediately on the right as we entered the door. The windows were about five feet high from the floor, but window-seats and a place for the feet enabled one by climbing to see out. One window in the room was on the sunny side of the house, so was protected by venetian shutters outside glass windows, a thick linen blind and solid wooden shutters inside ; all were closed and fastened. Coloured prints of the usual kind adorned the walls. These pictures are to be found everywhere in the islands, and generally represent the same scenes.

The temperature next morning in our room, with the window open, at 8.30 A.M., was 62·6° F. (17° C.). The early morning air is always fresh and invigorating, so, throwing open the green wooden shutters and mounting to the window-seat, I looked out to enjoy the breeze and the scene. The first impression reminded one of many a village in Cambridgeshire. The house, long, straggling, one-storied, flat-roofed, with white walls and grass-green door and window-shutters,

faces the north on one side of a large, common-like piece of ground. The opposite side, some 400 or 500 yards distant, is lined with a fringe of small houses, which, like the one we are in, are low, one-storied, and flat-roofed. The intervening ground is flat as a bowling-alley, the soil being reddish and clayey, scattered over with small stones. On the left is the church, whose square, well-built stone tower is more in harmony with the scene than is that of many churches we have seen. The chancel walls are whitewashed, and the roof covering the three aisles is pointed and of greyish red tiles. Forming a background to the church, a sharp-pointed, slender volcanic mountain attracts attention. Lying between it and the church are farm-buildings, interspersed with the beehive-like grain-stores

OLIVA CHURCH AND CAMEL CAUSEWAY.

The church, with its plaza, where the people collect on feast-days, is the only general meeting-place. A flight of stone steps, each very high, leads to the unpainted door of the tower. A padlock fastens it, and we enter, stepping carefully to avoid the holes in the floor. We ascend the ladder-like stairs, wondering at each step if the bell-ringer or we are the heavier, and if the steps are accustomed to so much weight. The top storey of all tries our nerves the most. The rafters are partially bare, and as one looks down to the floor beneath the planks have an unpleasant trick of cracking under one's feet. No roof covers us; it was blown off, and the people have no money to put on another. Sheltering ourselves as well as we can from the fury of the wind, we see the plain of Oliva spread like a map beneath. The church is in the middle of a flat, oval plain, about a mile and a half long by one broad, and is surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains. The plain is Oliva, and Oliva is the plain. Truly it

is a village of magnificent distances. The main road runs on one side of the church, the common on the other. At one place only are there any trees, at a spot sheltered from the wind by a high, perfectly shaped sugar-loaf cone. Some of the houses are flat-roofed, others tiled, and a good many huts are of stone, and roofed with straw and earth. Innumerable hives of grain cover the plain, each house having at least one or two near it, and the larger farms a great many. Twenty-eight we counted round our host's: how many more lie behind the building we cannot say. At one side the hills form a range, and at the other are in various peaks and cones. The situation is fine, but the strong wind, though healthy and invigorating, is too powerful, and clouds of dust or red earth raised by it cross the plain at one side. It is, in fact, the scourge in parts, though not so strong here as in Lanzarote. Oliva is 625 feet above the sea.

Don Victor Acosta, our host, kindly showed us over his house and farm-buildings. He has a gem for antiquaries in a coach about a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty years old, somewhat in the shape of a hansom on four wheels. The hind wheels are quite six feet in diameter. What it was ever brought here for is a mystery, as there is not a coach road in the island to this day. A gate leads us into a stack-yard. Here are thirty-nine stacks or beehives, not of hay, but of grain. These hives are from twenty to thirty feet high; they are made of straw, are circular in form, and at the base six feet thick. Seeing a hole near the bottom of one, just big enough to allow of entrance, I crept in, and found a space of about four or five feet in diameter inside. This hive was empty, the grain having been removed. These stacks are called *pajeros*. They are so well and firmly built as to last about sixty years. Each year the hole at the bottom is filled in, and the top, or *corona*, is taken off, when the grain is put inside, and a fresh crown put on again. The top is then roofed with mud to keep out the rain. This flat, bald part at the top makes the pajero not unlike a monk's head. The grain is perfectly secure from rats or any harm, and may be left there for two or three years. The outsides of the pajeros are brown, and look as though plastered with mud,

an appearance entirely due to the action of the rain and wind.*

Early in the forenoon we started for Puerto Cabras. We could scarcely breathe or speak while passing across the plain at the foot of the peak from the furious blast which greeted us. The dromedaries bent their swanlike necks to meet it, while their long hair blew apart. Through a cultivated valley and round a green hillside we next rode. It is difficult to imagine all this verdure past and gone in a few months, not to return perhaps for years.

The dromedaries of these islands are always called camels —although they are considered by the inhabitants as drome-

CORN STACKS (PAJEROS), OLIVA, FUERTEVENTURA.

daries proper—probably through ignorance on the part of the peasants, as well doubtless because of the word itself being shorter and more easily pronounced. The two-humped camel is not to be found here. The dromedaries breed in both this island and Lanzarote, but the stock is constantly renewed from

* The only structures of a similar nature of which I have ever heard occur in Persia. Dr. Wills, in "Land of the Lion and Sun," writes (p. 385), "All about are curious conical buildings of mud, some ten and twelve yards high. They have small terraces a few inches wide at top, others a foot or two wide at bottom. These are the grain stores of the place, and seem peculiar to Kûm and Kashan."

Africa, not, however, because of any imperfection in the breeding, but owing to the number being lessened in years of drought either through being sold or dying of hunger. All animals have to be thus renewed. The pastures of Fuerteventura are extensive after rain. Horses are brought from the mainland also, and after fattening in this island are shipped to Canaria and Tenerife. The horses from here are particularly valued for their strength, but they are usually ugly. The dromedaries are about two or three years old when imported, and are bought for five or six pounds. Their price in Fuerteventura depends upon and varies with the season. When the people are starving and there is no food for man or beast, they are of course only too glad to sell the animals for anything. The dromedaries are very quiet, although less so just now than at any other season, owing to the green food. An ordinary rope halter is deemed quite sufficient to control them, a small stick and expostulations by word of mouth guiding them. They are seldom beaten, and I have never seen one ill-used. The stick is merely used to tap them on the neck, to guide them from one side to the other. Frequently, however, the driver (camellero) will merely call to the animal as he walks a yard or two behind, and order him to go up or down as the inclination of the road may suggest. Our luggage-camel in this instance was called El Moro—he had come from Africa; the one we rode in contradistinction being Majorero. So docile were they, that the halter was usually thrown across the necks of the animals we rode, and they walked gently onwards, picking their own way. There is a great difference in them, however, not in docility—they are all docile—but in sure-footedness, quickness, and motion. Many on the roughest road never make a false step, while others frequently stumble. The pace varies from two and a half to three and a half miles an hour. It is possible and comfortable to ride some whilst trotting, but on others the motion is so violent that one is jolted off the seat several inches at each stride and dropped down again equally suddenly. Formerly, in the halcyon days of the cochineal, dromedaries were regularly trained for riding, the motion being then fast and easy. Now, however, they are

taught to serve only as beasts of burden, and for this are trained to be sure-footed and to mount hills in zigzag fashion.

The men on this island have a trick of getting on the dromedaries without stopping them, which I never saw done in Lanzarote. A crupper of two unjoined ropes or straps is on every camel. This can usually be reached just above the tail by stretching the arms upwards. A man seizes this with both hands, and, putting his foot on the dromedary's hind-knee, hoists himself on its back, and thence gets astride the saddle.

Our way is beguiled by the birds singing on either side of our path, undisturbed by the noiseless tread of the dromedaries. As not a tree is to be seen, they are perforce obliged to sit upon the ground, whence rise the clear, soft, liquid notes. Vainly do we scan the ground in all directions for the songster; the colour of the plumage mingles so well with that of the soil, that we can scarcely ever see him or her, for the female sings too. Her song is not the rapturous, long-sustained outburst of the male bird, but a few bars at a time are warbled, the song breaking off, to be taken up a few seconds later and pursued softly for some more bars. The birds, in these two islands especially, are always found near houses. Water, being scarce, is chiefly obtainable where man stores it, and the cisterns round the houses often afford the only watering places for animals for many miles. Hence, towards evening especially, the birds congregate in the neighbourhood, and I have frequently seen a flock of several hundred rise as we approached.

La Caldereta is a settlement of brown earth and stone houses, with earthen roofs, differing little from huts. The ground is yellowy-red and stony, with large flat or undulating tracts, so swept by the wind that they remain uncultivated. Just now herbage covers the ground—not in our sense, however. It is seldom that grass springs up. The green pasturage of which one hears so much, and which is capable of feeding so many animals, is not what we know by that name at home. The herbage consists of separate plants of various kinds, much of it being three sorts of barrilla. They grow between and among the stones, but every plant is distinct, and

has usually a small space round it, so that the apparently even, grassy surface we are accustomed to in England is a thing unknown. Here and there, where the moisture is greater in depressions of the ground, the faint green shade deepens into a real green. But these oases are few and far between. Among the plants we noticed a lovely pale yellow chrysanthemum (*Chrysanthemum coronarium*) and another flower (*Malcomia littorea*), which also grew plentifully.

Crossing down and up the small barranco of Tinojae, in whose low sides are some caves in which the ancient Majos lived, we come to a large flat slope towards the sea. This plain is called La Rosa de Lagos. When there is much rain, the water covers it from the higher slopes above, until it looks like a large river. This fact has caused a curious change of name to be perpetuated by the peasants, De Lagos being converted into Del Aguas.

Striking the shore at Laja Bay, formed of dark stones, we found not a breath stirring the air as we followed the path along its wide curve. The heat was intense and stifling, the sea glared under the sun, and our saddles and luggage almost scorched us if touched. The thermometer rapidly registered 102·2° F. (39° C.) in the sun. We were glad after our hot ride along the sea to reach the shelter of Puerto Cabras at 2.30 P.M.

Hearing that there was an Englishman in the village, the only one in the island of Fuerteventura, we went in search of him after dinner. We found the Englishman was a Scotchman! He tells us that times here are indeed sadly changed. There is no money and very little food. Rich and poor alike are in a half-starving condition. Three years have passed without a drop of rain, and for seven there has been only a chance shower now and then. The cattle consequently have died off or been sold, and so few are left that there are none to spare for food. Even now, when the rain has come, the farmers have not sufficient grain to sow the land, nor money to purchase it elsewhere. This is doubly sad when one considers that the island is not by any means destitute of water, capital only being required to raise it to the surface. The beginning of this distress was caused by the absence of a

market for the barrilla. Later I found that existence is spun out upon the seeds of the barrilla, which are roasted and made into gofio, like grain. Although people could not actually be said to die of starvation, yet they assuredly did of insufficient nourishment.

Puerto Cabras is officially, but not really, the principal town of Fuerteventura. Several towns in the interior are larger and more important. It is, however, the only port, and hence its priority. The anchorage is not good, and the roadstead wide and open. The little village is built on the most hilly part of the shore, and so steep are its streets, that there is scarcely a house that has not a view of the sea. The streets are very broad, grass-grown, and deserted; the neatly-

STREET, PUERTO CABRAS, FUERTEVENTURA.

built houses are low, a few being two-storied, but are mostly in cottage style. The only trade the island possesses is in limestone. Except in the Caldera of Palma, there is no limestone in any of the other islands. Fuerteventura is almost entirely formed of it, and as there is nothing else with which to freight the vessels on their return journey, it is cheaper even for Palma to get the stone from here than to draw it out of the Caldera. This may be readily understood, as the price of limestone brought to the edge of the sea is twopence-halfpenny for five hundred-weight. Burned, it is of course more expensive, coal having to be brought from England. It is then two shillings for the same quantity.

On Friday, February 1st, the correo came in at last, and we went down to see the cargo landed. The principal street of Puerto Cabras is wide and steep, and leads straight down to the water's edge, where there is a little piece of shingle

suitable for landing boats. As we stood near the beach the scene up the hill behind us was curious. The wide, grass-grown street is bounded by low houses on each side. Tied to the handles of the doors at intervals, mostly on the shady side, are camels, standing or kneeling, interspersed with donkeys, the latter always comic when in juxtaposition to the stately dromedaries.

Much did we wonder what the cargo could be. It was not great, but varied—goats, calabashes, pottery, hides, long wiry grass for corn-sieves, barrels, a few boxes, and some goods enclosed in palm mats. I was surprised at first to see the goats, but remembered that they are still stocking the land after seven years of famine.

Our fonda is a curious, odd-shaped little house. The street door opens directly on a small yard ; on the left is a room guiltless of windows, where we eat our meals, part of it being partitioned off for a shop. On the right a high wall encloses the yard from the street, the house being a corner one. Out of the yard rises a staircase, ending in a little wooden balcony, off which are two rooms. One of these is the sala, or drawing-room, the other an irregularly shaped room, the walls not running parallel, containing two small beds. Off these rooms are two others, one a bed-room and the other a writing-room, where the good man of the house, who is a tax-gatherer, does his business.

We had a pleasant walk in the cool of the evening along the shore, the ripple of the waves being the only disturbing sound. Two kinds of barrilla, *Aizoon canariense* and *Aizoon hispanicum*, and another plant, the ordinary ice-plant, we trod beneath our feet. The two barrillas formed the principal gofio during the past seven years. When the seeds are ready for pulling, they are placed in water, where they open ; they are then dried and roasted, like other gofio. This is generally mixed with wheat or maize, as the nourishment from the seeds is very insufficient. Those who were so poor as to have been obliged to live on them entirely may be counted among the number who died of "insufficient nourishment."

The most remarkable feature of the principal street of Puerto Cabras is the plentiful growth there of a plant of

the tobacco genus, *Nicotiana glauca.* Between the rough cobble stones in the middle of the street, as well as under the shadow of the wall, it grew in quite a little forest, in defiance of all English ideas of street propriety. No other vegetation of any kind, sort, or description besides this near relative of the common tobacco enlivens the hot, glaring monotony of Puerto Cabras thoroughfares. Until about 1867-69—I carefully obtained the date—the plant was unknown in the island. Then suddenly and almost simultaneously it appeared everywhere. As a peasant journeyed to a village at the other end of the island, he found it growing all along his route by the path-side. The villagers would ask him had he observed the same new plant growing at his home, and he would invariably answer, "Yes, the same." And so it came to pass that the singularity of the plant and the suddenness of its Fuerteventura advent—where no trees are to be seen, and scarcely any plants above a few inches in height, except round the houses in well-watered spots—led to the curiosity of the natives being aroused and to a regular fire of questions among themselves concerning it. Each had seen the *same* plant in some other part of the island, and hence in a short time became established its present native appellation of *mismo* (same). The plant is a native of Buenos Aires, but it also grows on the neighbouring coast of Africa, whence birds or man may have brought it. In its native country it grows to a height of nine or ten feet. Here it is stunted, only attaining two or three feet of stem. The harder and more stony the ground, however, the better it seems to thrive. It is not a pretty plant. The stem is thin and straggling, seldom, if ever, growing straight. The leaves are about the size of those of a Portugal laurel, but not of similar consistency, being soft. They are light greyish-green in colour; the backs being whity-grey, like those of an aspen. The blossom is funnel-shaped, and yellow in colour. Perhaps the inhabitants may be led to manufacture a variety of tobacco from its leaves. If such a use for mismo be discovered, so much the better for poverty-stricken Fuerteventura.

CHAPTER XLII.

CASILLAS DEL ANGEL—ANTIGUA—BETANCURIA —GRANITE GORGE—PAJARA.

There are two classes of people to whom life seems one long holiday, the very rich and the very poor, one because they need do nothing, the other because they have nothing to do. But there are none who understand the art of doing nothing and living upon nothing better than the poor classes of Spain. Climate does one half, and temperament the rest.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE thermometer stood at 61° F. (16° C.) next day. It was quite cool and cloudy, as we struck upwards towards the interior, past the small cemetery, built in 1871, and crossed the Enrique Prieto barranco, where we noticed quantities of mismo growing. Our camellero, Quiterio Gonzales by name, was a small, broad-set man, with a short neck, dark hair, and grey eyes, who proved a very pleasant fellow, talking with such a clear pronunciation that it was easy to understand him. He asked us if we were going to our "island" after leaving his. He was quite right, certainly, in calling England an island, but somehow it is a fact of which we frequently and generally lose sight. Probably he had some vague idea it was about the size of Canaria or Tenerife. In any case, it seemed natural to him, as one islander speaking to another, to say, "su isla" ("your island"), rather than "Inglaterra" (England).

We hoped we might have got a glimpse of Cape Juby, on the coast of Africa, from the higher parts of the island, but we were told it is invisible. Fuerteventura can be seen from Cape Juby, owing to its being much higher than the mainland, which is low and flat. We recrossed the little barranco, remarkable for nothing save its amount of mismo.

Our dromedary was called Moreno (brown), a favourite name. It is also the Spanish for "a man of colour," or a

negro. I asked the camellero if there were any Morenos (negroes) here. He said, "No, but many blacks. I am one"! The natives of these two islands are particularly smart and bright, though they may seem even more so to us by contrast with the Canarios, who are unpardonably stupid. It is amusing to hear the camel-drivers remonstrating with the camels—"Go on, or we shall be all day on the road"; "Get on, Moreno: we shall not arrive till night, and there is no moon"; "Mind your feet"; and various other expressions, uttered in a conciliatory or persuasive voice. The peculiar noises by which the animals are directed require to be heard to be understood. The usual urging-on sound is made by vibrating the tongue rapidly against the roof of the mouth whilst holding the breath. Another for the same purpose is that peculiar "cluck" like the drawing of a cork. The first of these sounds cut short just at the beginning of each vibration and repeated several times, like "Burr! burr! burr!" is used to tell the dromedary to go cautiously down a hill or bad bit of road. The dromedaries also make some very peculiar and disagreeable noises. One is a squeak, caused apparently by the grating of the teeth as the lower jaw is moved from left to right, which often goes on for half an hour, the squeak keeping time to the animal's stride. They have a curious power of, as it were, blowing up wind, which rumbles up and fills their tongues, puffing them out like bladders, while they hang six or eight inches out of the side of their mouths, like a dog's tongue. This noise they usually make upon catching sight of a comrade. It is wonderful how soon one dromedary will see another. Often have we scanned the horizon searching vainly for the animal that we knew, from the uncouth noises of ours, must be in sight.

We continued ascending over stony ground, and 500 feet above the sea reached a level plateau, crowned by a peaked mountain, Al Medio, the base spreading out and forming a Welsh hat. The solitudes were dedicated to crows, hoarser and lower of voice than those at home. Countless canary birds were singing their beautiful well-known song in the fresh, cool morning air. Our road, albeit a track, was fit to be a royal carriage drive, broad, level, and smooth.

The mountains on this island run principally east and west, tablelands lying between them, on which the towns and villages are built. These chains overlap each other, making a journey down the centre of the island devious. Our road lay between two chains of hills, Al Medio being the terminating point at one side and the Montaña de Tao at the other. At our feet as our camel strode softly along was a brilliant carpet of purple, white, yellow, and orange flowers; patches of delicate creamy Marguerites, with golden centres, ravished us with their beauty; and the short grey-green herbage toned down the colouring, making it "one harmonious whole." In a low-banked river-bed we were surprised to see in this thirsty land water trickling along. The Cabra river, however, is, alas! *amargo* (bitter).

We began to meet peasants as we got further across the plateau towards some houses. One man, driving a donkey in front of him, had on light blue-checked trousers and a dark, short blue jacket of cloth, with a stand-up collar. We walked up the barranco below the sloping-roofed mud huts of Teguate. A solitary palm adorns the hamlet. There are three wells, the water of which, though slightly mineral, is used. We met another man in Cambridge blue trousers, short Eton jacket, the collar turned down, and waistcoat of the same material. All the jackets are of the same cut, and the sky-blue trousers worn by the majority are evidently fashionable. Two round, roughly cemented pillars are on one bank of the river, a cross being erected on each.

The chain of mountains on the north side of the plain is called El Cuchillo de Tetir, the narrow, knifelike appearance of the ridge giving it its name. The most westerly point is called by some Montaña de Tao, by others the Fortaleza. The sides are much seamed, and the strata are in horizontal layers. The houses of Teguate straggle on alongside the barranco until near the larger and more important Casillas del Angel. This village is scarcely discernible a short distance off. The low, one-storied houses are built either entirely of mud, or else of loose stones plastered with mud, and, as the surrounding earth is used for the purpose, the distinction between the yellow ground and the yellow

walls of the houses and roofs is not by any means clearly defined.

As we approached within a few hundred yards of the hamlet, perched upon a wall was that bird of evil eye and ill omen—a vulture. Numberless and undoubtedly useful are these scavengers in the islands. This particular bird was very handsome. The head was a deep orange, which shaded off to light cream, relieved by black upon the wings. He sat eyeing us, and was, I think, about eighteen inches high.

We should have stopped here had we been aware that in the mountain opposite was a cave containing a stone on which, report says, are hieroglyphics. In the Peak of Fortaleza are many caves which were inhabited by the ancient Majos. One is still said to contain a stone table in preservation. The hour was 9.10 A.M., and we were 650 feet above the sea, much the same height as Oliva, but fortunately protected from the wind which scours that plain by the Cuchillo de Tetir.

The priestly chroniclers say little of the people of Fuerteventura, whom they must have known so well. They speak, however, of running streams of water, on the banks of which "are large groves of trees called *tarhais* (probably breso). . . . The country is plentifully furnished with other trees. . . . The people of the country are not very numerous, but very tall, and difficult to take alive; and so formidable are they, that, if any one of them is taken by the Christians and turns upon them, they give him no quarter, but kill him forthwith. They have villages in great number, and they live more closely together than is the custom with the inhabitants of the island of Lanzerote." There were said to have been four thousand fighting men in the island when Bethencourt went there, under two kings, and it was divided in two by a wall, a king reigning over each half.

As we strode majestically out of the town, ourselves much higher than the houses, we passed a row of little terra-cotta mud cabins that, save in colour, might have been imported from the Emerald Isle. The path here is wide, of reddish soil, that in a less dry climate might degenerate into clay, but here is rich and loamy. No walls, except in a few places, bound the road. Sometimes the land is cultivated to the edge, in other places

it is barren, not because the soil is unproductive, but by reason of the poverty of the people and the lack of hands to till and water to irrigate.

We met a great number of people dressed in their best, for this is a saint's day. The women were bright and cheerful, notwithstanding the scarcity of food. Three passed us walking rapidly. One of them, an elderly woman, who wore a white mantilla, with a black hat surmounting it, shouted to our camellero a string of questions concerning us, as we walked away from each other.

Our path led up and over a low dip in a range of limestone formation. As we reached the summit, a large, plain-like valley, bounded by mountains, the whole of bright terra-cotta colour, lay spread before us. Our road, cut out of the firm red soil, wound round the side of the hill towards Hampuientas. The wayside was literally strewn with flowers. The three kinds of barrilla, wild mignonette, and Palma Christi toned down the brilliant Roman purple, poppy-red, and every shade, from deep orange to pale yellow, of the numberless flowers known and unknown.* A shower of rain made umbrellas a necessity.

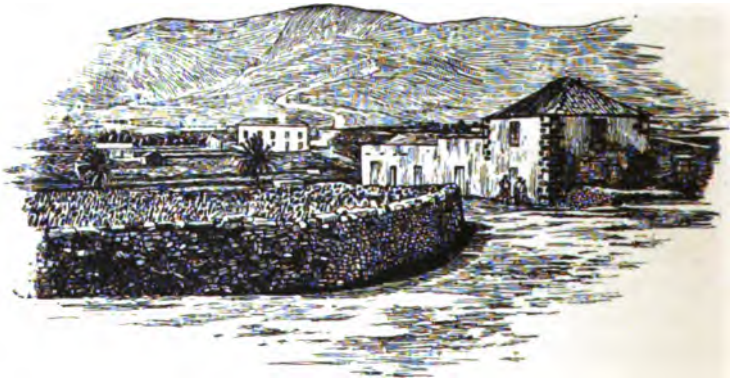
Hampuientas is a small village, with nothing to distinguish it from Casillas. The houses, guiltless of windows and with closed doors, betrayed no signs of their containing inhabitants. We made no sound as our dromedary noiselessly placed his soft pads upon the red soil. Awed by the stillness, we spoke not. We felt as though fleeing silently and swiftly from an unseen foe.

Our ideas of Fuerteventura are rapidly undergoing a great and surprising change. Instead of that island being a vast sandy desert, as we had been led to expect, we find it almost entirely composed of good soil, lacking only irrigation. The gently undulating slopes are favourable to a thorough system of irrigation, while the water has only to be dug for to be obtained. The American company which was started to raise water in Lanzarote was very ill advised as to the geological formation of the two islands. One might as readily expect to find milk as water in the volcanic Lanzarote, whereas it

* Amongst others, *Reseda lutea, Papaver hybridum, Vicia sativa, Anagallis arvensis, Erucastrum canariense.*

needs no geologist to tell us that limestone and water are close neighbours.

Our road is a gentle descent towards Antigua, which lies hidden in a depression below, scarcely worth the name of valley. All around, as far as the eye can see, is the rich ochre soil, virgin land lying fallow. Not a tree is visible. Our vision is bounded by a range of hills crossing the island from east to west on the southern side of the plain. The women we meet, as well as the men, differ in appearance from those of the other islands. They generally wear small black shawls over their heads. Their faces are round and well coloured; the features are plain, but the expression is bright and kind.



VIEW FROM PRIEST'S HOUSE, ANTIGUA.

A few windmills, standing on the brow of something, betray the presence of a town. Wherever in Fuerteventura a windmill is to be seen, a town or hamlet is certain to be at hand. A few more camel-strides, and we sight the waving palm trees of Antigua. This village is said to be the same size as Oliva, but it looks much larger, as the houses are clustered together and not scattered in the magnificent distances of Oliva. The road into the village, or rather to the church, which always seems the only centre of every town, is on a slope. At each side of it in the ditches were holes leading into the fields, so that every drop of water might run into them, and not be wasted upon the road.

It was almost noon when we arrived at the church,

which stands at a height of 860 feet above the sea. We received from the old priest, who is head priest (*arcipreste*) of the island, a courteous welcome, and after breakfast of eggs, fish, cheese and honey we sallied forth to explore the neighbourhood and see anything that was to be seen. Antigua strikes one forcibly as being an oasis in the desert, not because the surrounding country is barren, but because a depression, that might or might not be a river-bed if there were rain, runs through the hamlet, making it green. Here wells innumerable, with water-wheels attached, have been sunk, and the rich soil, only scratched by the wooden ploughs, yields, by means of plentiful irrigation, three crops every year. As we stand on a slight elevation on the northern side

ANTIGUA CHURCH, FUERTEVENTURA

of the river-bed, the scene appears strikingly Eastern. Near each wheel—and we counted ten or fifteen—is a cistern, in which the water from the well is stored. Palms of all kinds dot the valley, which has scarcely any other trees. Ploughing the rich red soil were dromedaries, whilst numbers of small birds circled round the cisterns and gave out their sweet songs perched on stones or walls. The water is slightly what is called *salina*, or salt, which does not prevent its being used for any purpose.

A strong breeze was blowing yesterday, and to-day, Sunday, there are skiffs of rain, the wind still rioting in the palm leaves and displaying the sturdy ankles of the country girls. The weather this morning reminded us of a summer day in

England when everyone is trying to imagine that it is summer, and secretly wishing for a good blaze upon the desolate hearth. Hundreds of people went to mass, the whole of the population, one would think. The women were dressed chiefly in coloured print dresses and white mantillas; a few wore black. The men were in short dark blue or black jackets and light blue cotton trousers, the colour in various stages of being washed out. The church, although of fair size, was inadequate for the worshippers, and many knelt at the open door and for some distance on the steps outside. Service over, the people trooped off to their homes for breakfast. Here was a group of rosy-cheeked and dark-eyed maidens, laughing together, and there some elderly women, discussing matronly matters; the men, as usual, kept apart, save where some ancient Joan guided the faltering footsteps of her still more ancient Darby. Happy-looking peasants all, and, although poorer and used to greater hardships than those on the neighbouring islands, not so lined and withered as their more "hard-fisted" compatriots.

Unwilling to trespass further on our host's hospitality, we procured a camel, and determined to move on to Betancuria, only a ride of an hour or two across the hill. The road, on the lower part of which was the cemetery, led over a hill of limestone in the range which crosses the island to the south of Antigua. The ascent is not really steep, but is sufficiently so to be trying to the "ship of the desert." The wind blew colder and colder as we ascended, and we were fain to don our ulsters and wrap our rugs around us. There is no shelter upon a camel, and to have one's legs dangling in mid-air is a particularly cold position, but then camels were not intended for cold climates or weather. At the top of the pass, which we reached at 11.40 A.M. (2,000 feet), we found the thermometer registered 51·8° F. (11° C.). Cold is comparative. In the sunny South, in the land of the olive and the fig, where the blue sky reflects the bluer sea, and the yellow soil, destitute of softening green turf, glares into the very eyeballs, here, in this land of golden sunlight and royal blue, one does not expect 52° F. on a hill of only 2,000 feet. We dismounted to admire at leisure a view which is said to be the finest the island possesses, both in extent and beauty.

Northward we have first a general impression of redness, shading to ochre, and sometimes almost white, where the limestone creeps out, in the colour of the treeless tract before us. At our feet lies the fertile depression—I can scarce call it a valley—of Antigua. Low mountains bound the horizon in all directions, with vast rolling level plains between. The mountains are rounded, the hills are rounded, nothing abrupt or bold catches the attention, but all is softened off, edges smoothed, the line where the plain ends and the hill begins

HALT ON THE HILL BETWEEN ANTIGUA AND BETANCURIA.

being undiscernible. The sea to right and left bounds our vision, and reminds us of the narrowness of the island, although the longest in the archipelago. As we turn directly round and face southwards, the view changes in style, though not in colour. Immediately beneath us lies the little town of Betancuria, the ancient capital of the island, nestling in a hollow beneath the shelter of overhanging hills. The view is circumscribed, as the Villa is entirely and closely surrounded by steep, low hills, amid which it lies embosomed. Northward the scene is extensive, southward minute. A few

fruit trees and fewer palms, such as one always finds around the habitations of man, take from the barren appearance.

Our dromedary has been patiently kneeling all this time on the summit, the camellero keeping him supplied with fresh green herbage, a weed, beloved of camels, growing abundantly on the top of the ridge. It is nothing but a ridge, there being barely the length of the camel of level ground. The road downwards to Betancuria winds round the hillside, cut out of the rich soil, and follows the undulations of the surface.

All the way down we speculated as to which of the few fair-sized houses our introduction was addressed. Reaching Betancuria, we stopped our camel at a long, low, whitewashed house, the residence of Don Rafael Mota. One of the women-folk of the establishment opened a venetian shutter, and, resting her arms on the window-sill, surveyed us. We learned from her that Don Rafael was attending the festivities in Oliva. A somewhat tardy and hesitating invitation to us to "stay there if we pleased" we declined with thanks.

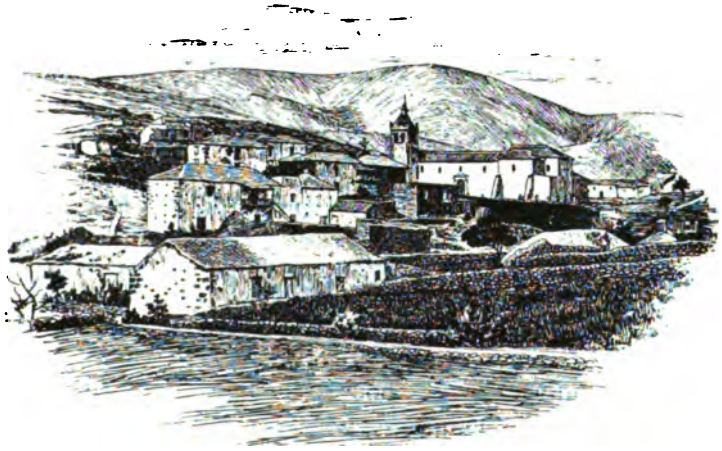
The men are always warmer in their invitations than the women, which may be accounted for in two ways. Upon the latter falls the trouble of providing for the newly-arrived travellers, and owing, I should think, to the want of education on the part of the women, the advantage of conversation with people from other countries is not appreciated, and the trouble alone is thought of. The men, on the other hand, are so accustomed to be waited upon that the extra trouble to the women of providing and attending upon wayfarers is a thought which never crosses their minds. They are generally thoughtful, self-educated men, anxious for the welfare of their island, and particularly desirous that we should be pleased with it and its inhabitants. I speak of course of the small shopkeeper and farmer class. A Spanish gentleman is the most perfect gentleman in the civilised world, only to be equalled by that *rara avis*, an educated Spanish lady.

We walked to the bottom of the little village and up the other side to the church, which is an ancient edifice, and, dating from about the same time as the conquest, is therefore about four hundred and fifty years old. There are curious paintings of events in the life of Christ in the sacristy, the ceiling of

which is of rather a rich Moorish pattern, coloured in gold and red. The ceiling of the church is of wood, the beams carved, with stars upon them.

The Villa de Betancuria is a quaint little town, all up and down hill, for there is no level bottom to the valley. The trees are chiefly orange and fig, and in their vicinity one sees the inevitable well and cistern.

After consultation with our camellero, we found him willing to take us on to Pajara, if there were time. All the answer, however, we could elicit from the two or three people we encountered in the Villa as to the distance was, " It takes a day."



BETANCURIA.

As it was then about twelve o'clock, we doubted if we should have enough daylight, but, knowing by our map that the distance could not be very great, we determined to set out. Our man had never been this road, so did not know the way nor how long it took. However, supposing we should find people to ask, we started. We never have had regular guides in these islands except for the Peak ; they were only peasants who happened to know the paths. A path led us through a break in the hills into a narrow, winding valley. Sometimes we rode along its side, and sometimes descended into the river-bed at the bottom. Tamarisk bushes were the only trees of any kind, but the soil on the sloping sides was good, sheltered

from wind and cultivated. We were really quite surprised as we wound onwards by the sudden and unexpected sight of this pretty winding gorge. The variety of the road, which sometimes lay high and again low, even in the river-bed, with a hut or two at intervals above us, was charming.

At 2 P.M. we came to Rio de Las Palmas, and found we were 1,150 feet above the sea, at a new little church. A quantity of palms clustered along the valley and between the houses, which extend for some distance, showed that the name was not a misnomer. The hills on either side widen out, and on the left bank become higher and precipitous. Down a groove in the cliff quite a respectable stream was running. Taro, farvero, olive, and other trees, and even a few flowers, decorate the valley, and give a pleasant look to the rambling village of poor mud huts. The little church stands alone, save for two huts, upon rising ground, upon the left bank of the river. Above, also on the left bank, about a kilometre from the Villa, are a few vestiges of the castle of Val Tarajal, in which Gadifer shut himself up when he and Bethencourt were falling out over his reward. Here also Bethencourt came on his return from Spain, and presented the church with gifts, a child being baptised in his honour; and here he stayed while arranging the affairs of his new conquest. The mud roofs and walls of the houses, the green vegetation up the mountain sides, the fine grey granite rocks along the river-bed, the whole crowned by the old and picturesque church built on a bend of the river, an ancient weather-beaten cross standing some twenty or thirty yards from its western door, formed a picture that in any land would be pretty, and that here was simply delightful.

Leaving the village and its groups of inhabitants all outside their doors, enjoying the pleasant freshness of the winter air and the bright sun, we descended to the river, and crossed quite a bubbling stream, broad enough to require one stepping-stone in the middle. Masses of granite, festooned with green verdure, grassy banks, and fresh-looking trees, made one long to linger. Crossing the stream, we ascended a steep path over granite rocks, the road lying some distance above the river-bed, where there is, alas! now no water; man has

stepped in, made aqueducts, and carried off all the precious fluid. Consequently the land all along is very fertile, the utility increased but the beauty diminished. Although it was Sunday, the more elderly of the village folk were sitting on the ground at their doors, making palm mats and brushes. In this remote quarter little disturbs the even monotony of their lives. Without books and education, the day would pass slowly were not the hands occupied.

Descending again, we walk along the bottom of the river-bed, masses of beautiful grey granite on either side of us. As we come once more to water, the path rises, until we find ourselves entering a magnificent granite gorge. Across the entrance, where the river is hemmed in by two blocks of granite, a wall, many feet thick, was built, thus forming a reservoir. This year, however, owing to the unusual rain, the weight of water was too great, and the masonry gave way, the breach letting us see the barrier's thickness. The Pass of Las Peñitas, unknown and unappreciated in a remote corner of a despised island, is one of the finest bits of scenery in the archipelago. The very fact of its being granite gives it a magnificence that even basalt never reaches. Unexpectedly we came upon the pass, a breath of its existence never having reached us, except through the MSS of the conquerors, which, however, are exceedingly vague as to locality.

The path, hewn and built with difficulty half-way up the steep slope of granite, is about three feet wide, and one or two wider places are formed where a camel can stand to allow of another passing. Three feet of path is of course not nearly wide enough for a laden camel, which requires six feet, but owing to the granite wall on the right being a slope, there was sufficient room for us to ride, with careful watching and making the animal walk close to the edge of the precipice, over which I sat complacently, dangling my feet. A curve in the path brought into sight a tiny house, built on a ledge beneath us, close to a waterfall. It is a little chapel, dedicated to the "Virgin of the Little Rocks." The legend connected with this place states that the Virgin having here appeared to a worthy friar, he lived in a cave close to so sacred

a spot until his death. Hence the name of the hermitage or chapel now erected is Cueva de las Peñitas (Cave of the Little Rocks).

Whilst the stream descended in huge leaps down perpendicular granite towards the valley, which here turns westward, we descended by a steep path, winding between blocks of granite. The valley we enter is different in appearance, being lower and wider, the granite ceasing and the limestone reappearing. The water in the river-bed had been conducted away by aqueducts again, so we walked down it for a time, and then struck westward over a broad, billowy hill of limestone. In the valleys between the waves we twice encountered walls built across to form reservoirs, but both broken by the unusual rain. About 4 P.M. we came to another valley and river-bed, a village, studded with palms, winding along its banks. Two women, driving a laden mule, came in sight, and told us that the way to Pajara lay up the barranco. They also informed us that the unknown village was called Masca. We wondered much if we should be able to reach our shelter before nightfall, and asked the women how far it was to Pajara, although perfectly aware it was useless to do so. Peasants have no idea of distance or time. We were frequently reminded of Biblical language when told it was "a day's journey" to a place.

Our poor camel was getting a little lame, and was going very slowly. Fortunately for it, the owner was lame also, a permanent infirmity, so did not urge it on, but it made us the more anxious to reach our destination. At last we neared a settlement of mud houses, and pondered which way to turn among the labyrinth of walled-in paths. Meeting a man, he volunteered to show us the way to Don Pedro Brito's house.

After some delay and much knocking at the closed door in the yard of Don Pedro's house, a shrill voice screeched rather than asked, "Quien?" ("Who is there?"). We asked the unknown to open the door. She wished to know what we wanted, and, after much persuasion on our part and that of our camellero, she opened the door about four inches, looked out, said she did not understand our letter, that Don Pedro was not at home, and slammed the door. The vision

that appeared to us during the two seconds in which the door was open was of a wizened, filthily dirty old hag. Here we were in a pretty plight. The sun was rapidly sinking—and sunset in these latitudes means night—a tired camel laden with our luggage, crouching in the street, and ourselves tired and hungry, our hearts going down with the sun, standing helplessly outside a closed door. In vain we asked a crowd of about a dozen men if there were no room in the whole village of Pajara we could have; we could do without beds if there were only a room in which we might rest. No, there was none. At last one respectable-looking man stepped forward and said that if we would like to sit down and rest in the room of his brother the cura until Don Pedro returned we were welcome. So we gladly followed him to the upper part of the village, beyond the church. Here, entering a little house,

CHURCH AT PAJARA, FUERTEVENTURA.

he opened a door, uttered a few words of explanation to some one inside, and ushered us into the presence of the village priest. He rose as we entered from a table where he had been quietly reading some book of devotion, and made us welcome, opening the shutters to let in the waning light, and handing us chairs. A few words explained our position.

The cura was a young man, almost a youth, with thoughtful grey eyes, and a simple, earnest expression that spoke volumes for his purity of thought, word, and action. A small stretcher-bed, two old tables, on which stood his meagre library of theological works, a little washstand, and a few chairs formed the furniture. The floor was boarded, the walls whitewashed, and the roof of open laths. He and his brother pressed us to have something to eat, but, fearful of trespassing too much upon their hospitality, we said we would wait until the return

of Don Pedro. This they considered such an uncertain event that they insisted on our eating something. Eggs were proposed, with many apologies for scanty fare. However, we declined the eggs, as it is really impossible to live upon them morning, noon, and night, and asked, knowing well they would have it, for gofio. They were so delighted to think we could eat and really liked gofio, that it would have been worth while to have refused the daintiest dishes to have seen their faces. An excellent supper of fried bread, gofio, cheese, and good, well-tasting tea of the native theine shrub we thoroughly enjoyed.

The priest says emigration during the past seven years of famine has kept the country in such a desolate condition that farms are only half cultivated. One farm he mentioned has one hundred and eighty hectareas, of which only eighty are cultivated. This is merely an instance of the condition everywhere. We had passed many deserted houses and much uncultivated land, bearing out the truth of what he said. Notwithstanding all this, not one jot or tittle of the heavy taxes is abated by the truly paternal Government of Spain. A representation was even made to the home authorities of the starving condition of the inhabitants by the people of Canaria and Lanzarote, and the humane, generous, and noble answer returned by the Fatherland was that, if the petitioners made up the deficit, they would forgive poverty-stricken Fuerteventura to the extent of laying the burden upon the other already overtaxed islands. The money, too, instead of being used even for public works to aid the unfortunate people, all goes to support the broken finances of Spain, leaving Fuerteventura guiltless of a single road. In this, of course, it is not alone, Gomera and Hierro sharing a like fate.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TISCAMANITA—ENGLISH REVERSES IN FUERTEVENTURA—GRAN TARAJAL—GRAN CANARIA.

> Rolling among the furrows of the unquiet,
> Unconsecrate, unfriendly, dreadful sea.
>
> JEAN INGELOW.

THE warm-hearted priest would take no refusal as he bade us stay for the night beneath his roof, and in the morning Don Pedro made his appearance with many apologies on his lips for his servant's churlishness. He urged us to remain another day in the village, but we were afraid if we did so we might miss the schooner at Gran Tarajal. He sent his camel and man-servant to take us to Tiscamanita. The servant was an excellent fellow, as are all the peasants here, and told us several times over how vexed Don Pedro was with his woman-servant. Evidently, from the way he laughed over it, the old woman is a well-known character.

Much land about here was going to waste, the untidy cactus covering good soil. One valley contained well-cultivated land, lying in terraces. Sluices between the fields or terraces allowed the water, which is slightly mineral, to be passed on from one to the other. We could see it trickling down the higher hills or mountains forming the chain, or *cordillera*, which, like a backbone, runs along the southerly part of the island.

On every side are steep, undulating hills, guiltless of trees. We have met with few ferns either in this island or Lanzarote, save in the dripstones, the filters of the Canary Islands. The day (February 4th) was cloudy, and the temperature 57·2° F. (14° C.). As we reached the summit of the hill over which we had to pass between Pajara and Tiscamanita, we found the

height to be 1,510 feet. A bright little yellow butterfly was disporting himself on the sheltered side of the hill. Near this an old woman caught us up, thin, active, and wiry physically. The activity extended itself to her mind and tongue, for she never ceased talking from the time she joined our caravan until we arrived in Tiscamanita.

A short and rapid descent brought us to a small barranco, down which, as usual, the road ran, and, after winding in and out of the stone walls dividing the farms, we at last arrived at the house of Don Marcial Velasquez. He had received our letter sent from Antigua, and was ready to welcome us.

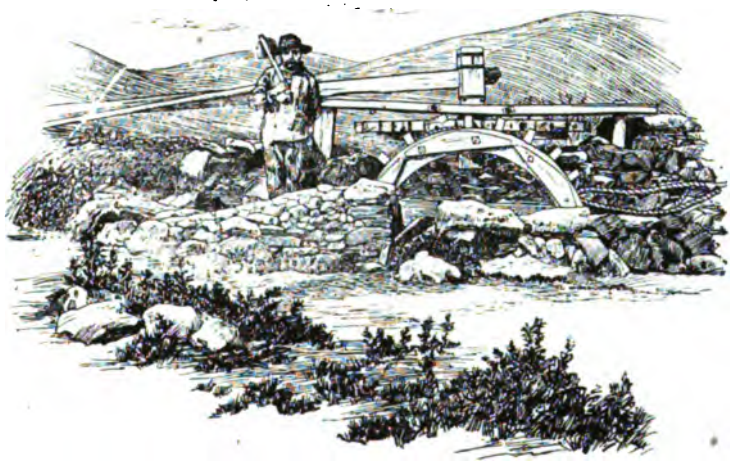
The straggling village of Tiscamanita is situated on a large plain, sloping southwards towards Gran Tarajal. The plain is surrounded, though not in an unbroken chain, by low mountains. These hills are sometimes conical, and between their abrupt sides one catches a glimpse of the blue waters of the surrounding Atlantic. A few small and old craters are around, almost the only volcanoes in the island, but the general aspect of the mountains is that of rugged ridges, extending in short, broken chains, with a background of blue sea.

The Montaña de la Torre, to the north of the plain, is an unmistakable crater. At its foot runs, or ran, an ancient lava stream, now lichen-covered and green, harmless and peaceful enough, but a witness to a force once terrible and relentless. Here, as in the rest of this island, the depressions or valleys are the oases in the desert. A bird's-eye view gives the impression that the plain beneath is one vast, level surface, with strips of green verdure here and there. Experience teaches, however, that those strips of green are not on a level with the surrounding land, but depressions where the moisture lies more readily. The rich red soil is covered with a hand's depth of black cinders, which keeps the moisture in the ground hidden from the penetrating rays of the sun.

After dinner, at three, we were actually kept in the house by the rain. Fancy the intense excitement of a child who had never seen rain before, as those under seven years of age cannot have! Even the grown folk seem to suspend all work, and stand at the door looking at the refreshing drops as they

fall upon the thirsty land. Just before sunset it cleared, and we took a stroll amid the twisting lanes, bound on either side by loose stone walls instead of banks or hedges.

Supper consisted of a national dish prepared expressly for us by Don Marcial's orders. *Frangollo* is coarsely ground wheat, boiled with rice in water, and eaten with hot milk. The general appearance is that of porridge well boiled, but thick and stiff. It is exceedingly good and palatable, at any rate to those accustomed to porridge, and to us it was particularly grateful, after the everlasting bread and eggs. We



WATERWHEEL, TISCAMANITA, FUERTEVENTURA.

were much interested in a map and raised plan of the island made by Don Marcial from personal observation while travelling. Shelves filled with books betrayed the literary tastes of himself and his brothers.

Next morning we wandered up to a neighbouring undulation whence we could see the yellow houses, with the crater of Gayria, whose mouth is but little broken, in the background. In the little valley beneath is one of the numerous waterwheels over a well, a couple of camels standing patiently ready for any work they may be put to, and various are the

labours of the camel in this island. A man who is directing their movements is dressed in most picturesque attire, for it is one mass of patches from top to bottom, and over his shoulder he carries one of the hoes used as spades. Behind us a few houses and palm trees denote where Tuineje lies beneath a red rounded hill. The presence of towns here is first indicated by the waving plumes of the palm in the distance; later one discovers the low, one-storied houses, built of the same stones as the neighbouring country affords, and thus scarcely discernible against the hillsides or on the undulating ground.

We started at 11 A.M. for Gran Tarajal, where we expect to meet our schooner. We had only been some fifteen minutes on our journey when we saw, through a dip in the hills seawards, a vessel getting into the port. Trying to hasten with a camel is useless. He goes his own pace—in this instance a very quick one, as we trotted quite five or more miles an hour, if the swinging stride can be spoken of as a trot. But schooner patrónes are never in a hurry, so we had small doubt we should be in plenty of time. Half an hour's riding brought us close to Tuineje, whose limestone houses and mud roofs we left on our right beneath the red dome of Montaña Tamaceite. Tuineje is of interest, as it was here, or rather at Tamaceite, a number of English privateersmen were routed, and nearly all killed, by the Spaniards, in October, 1740.

As we got further south towards Tarajal the vast extent of country that we had seen lying between the limestone and craters, and which looked like a plain, turned out to be undulating limestone hills, with good surface soil; but, alas! only a deserted wild met our view. Between Tuineje and Gran Tarajal one house alone broke the monotony. Catalina Garcia seems as though built and planted on purpose to show what might be made of the soil. It is like an oasis in the desert, but the desert is an unnecessary one. A barranco winds here between the low hills, and where most sheltered a house has been built and the soil cultivated.

Dark clouds have been hanging over Canaria all morning, and on looking back we see it is raining in Tiscamanita. It has been blowing fiercely in our faces since we started, and it is not long until the rain comes too. When it rains in

Fuerteventura, it does so in earnest. A short, very short, time, I know, sufficed to wet our cavalcade thoroughly. The anomaly of sitting upon a camel in a storm of rain, to say nothing of the addition of the modern and Western umbrella, was ever present to our minds.

We came to a small ridge of limestone, on each side of which was a barranco so called, but they were really only streamlet-beds with water trickling down them. That of La Mata lies on the left, and that of Tuineje on the right. Near Gran Tarajal these streams, joining, have, from the force of water when there is rain, made a wide river-bed. The hills close in on either hand, and from one side to the other stretch in tolerable quantities tamarisk and mismo bushes. Sand has gathered, and helped to plant them more firmly, so that laughingly the Majoreros call this their forest. Glas says a sort of wild pine called "tarrahala," used for fuel for ships, grew here. Hence no doubt the name of the bay.

Gran Tarajal appears a much more formidable place when described than when seen. A bay, neither very deep nor wide, with bluffs at either end of a dark brown strand, forms the port. The fishing village consists of some dozen or two of houses at the western side of the bay, clumped in two parallel lines at right angles to the sea.

After all the *Santiago* did not sail till next morning, so we were fortunate in having a room, belonging to Don Marcial, put at our disposal. Half a dozen plain deal chairs, two tables, upon the largest of which was a narrow straw mattress, covered by a palm matting, and a piece of matting on the floor, completed the furniture—nothing superfluous, but to us, under the present circumstances, all-sufficient. My basket and portmanteau supplied us with bread and sardines, a sort of stop-gap until we could get something better, or at any rate more substantial. One of the girls in the house was induced to come up and brush the floor. Four others accompanied her, and tumbled over each other into the room, half shy, half wild, and stood giggling whilst the elder one scratched the floor with a palm brush. They were only persuaded after some trouble to leave, in order to prepare food for us.

From our window the view was rather pleasing. The sea

in all its moods is a never-ceasing picture. The house lies at right angles to the water, in front of us stretches the brown, slightly curved strand, ending in an abrupt cliff of moderate height, while, breaking the monotony of its basaltic face, presenting an almost straight and perpendicular line to the sea, is a heap of rocks, shattered and worn, lying at its base.

As there was nothing to do but wait patiently for the gale to abate, I did some writing. Before dinner we had lit two or three candles, also from the portmanteau, and to the people the extravagance of using more than one seemed great. Their bewilderment was still further increased by my writing, the art of reading, to say nothing of writing, being almost unknown. Open-eyed and mouthed, leaning over each other's shoulders on tiptoe, bare-footed, and with rough, uncombed hair, they stood. The three half-candles stuck on a coffee tin and table by their own grease, and throwing us into relief as we sat at the table, two boys in the dim shadow on a window-seat finishing our fish and potatoes, wet rugs spread on chairs, open portmanteaus, and the shy group of sea-maidens, form a curious picture. The stillness in the room is profound for some minutes, while the thunder of the surf outside makes music to my pen. All our accessories are new to these half-dressed children of nature, and their merry laughter and noisy chatter cease at a few of the simplest products of civilisation.

We retired to our table and mattress early, and slept peacefully until about two o'clock, when we were wakened by a stone thrown at the shutters which alone formed the window. Opening them, we saw a sailor below, who asked if we were going to Canaria, for they were about to start. Groaning, we packed, and groping down the steps, left without being able to say good-bye to our kind host, who had waited to see us off. Two or three of the sailors shouldered our luggage, and turning the corner of a house, passed out of sight as we stopped to turn the key in the door. Quickly following as well as we could in the dark, they were nowhere to be seen. A flood of light from an open doorway revealed, however, one house where the people were awake. We went in and found the sailors there, and the patrón settling his accounts, for the

house was a shop, kept in the most primitive style by a man and woman. The house was one long room. At the back, along its length, was a roughly fitting shelf, and on it, in hopeless confusion, lay an assortment of articles, tins and baskets; a few feet in front of the shelf, a row of boxes, varied in size and appearance, formed the counter. Sitting on one of these was the patrón, entering the expenditure, with evident difficulty, in a small note-book. The men had been sleeping here and buying food, for which he was paying. A coarse linen bag constituted the purse, tied with cord. Just as he had concluded his writing and had tied the bag up carefully—how one is again reminded of Biblical language: "keeping the bag"—he remembered four cuartos owing for something else, so the untying and writing in the book had to be gone through again. Once more all was put away, when one of the men remembered three cuartos more, so the process was repeated, until I thought we should never get off.

It is difficult for anyone to realise who has not experienced it the perfect agony of discomfort one endures in these schooners. There is no deck room, so that even when well one is unable to be on deck. The cabin of the *Santiago* was about twelve feet by six feet, and surrounded by bunks that for discomfort beat those of other schooners. We were allotted one which was called double for both. We measured it. It was three feet wide, and so low that whoever lay inside could not pass out without the other rising first. A sail was fortunately stowed there, so we were not quite lying on the boards. There were ten berths in the cabin, which had been painted white, but dirty finger-marks and black smudges had long ago lost it all claim to that cleanly colour. The floor was brushed every morning with a palm brush, and bits of straw, cigarette ends, and other dirt swept under the three steps leading to the deck, where they lay unmolested.

Opposite, in the corresponding bunk, was a woman of about thirty-five or forty. Her person was excessively dirty, and her habits worse. The inside of the bunk, its wall, floor, or any corner within reach served for a spittoon. A box lay outside her berth, and on this she laid her head, employing her leisure time, when she was not ill and groaning, in catching

the live stock therein preserved and executing them with her thumb-nail on the lid of the chest. At right angles with us was a young fellow, who smoked continually. Besides these, the sailors, or at least the head men amongst them, slept in the spare berths, and used the cabin as a dressing-room. In the evening, or when becalmed, they all sat in it, and all smoked, and expectorated, and talked, and laughed day and night. I was really obliged—or we should have been suffocated—to ask them to open the trapdoor above. They acceded readily. But is it not incredible that they were able themselves to endure such an amount of bad air?

When morning broke, we were close to Jandia and its isthmus of dune sand, like the Isleta, instead of being near Canaria. The sand hillocks are higher here, and the mountains of Jandia are higher than those of the Isleta. All day the sails flapped, and the boom groaned wearily as it swayed from side to side, while we endeavoured to make our way round the promontory. About two o'clock on Thursday morning a breeze sprang up, which carried us along swiftly; hope revived that we should reach Las Palmas for breakfast, as we could see its snow-covered cumbres, and with a horrid satisfaction begotten of starvation, the mind no longer controlled by the will, but subject to the pressing needs of the body, we gloated helplessly over various forms of food. Doubtless if we had asked for it the men would have shared their gofio and salt fish with us. It was not the food we minded, but the manner of eating and the surroundings. We could not make up our minds to eat out of the same dish with a number of dirty men, and to use the same, or half-washed spoons, especially as every hour we expected to reach Las Palmas. Gladly we left the *Santiago*, and at 5 P.M. landed on the mole. It is scarcely necessary to say that we hurried to the Fonda de Europa, thinking only of material wants after an absolute fast of forty-six hours.

A week later we steamed from Las Palmas to Santa Cruz de Tenerife *en route* for home.

Whatever may be the future advances of these wealthy islands—and that they will advance in material prosperity, and that quickly, is nearly certain, for they possess such vast

latent resources—we shall always rather remember them as we first found them : rough, wild, beautiful ; toilsome to see, but happy to remember ; peopled with quiet, contented, peace-loving, honest, and hospitable inhabitants, who pleasantly pass their days in the enjoyment of the good things so abundantly provided by nature, and beguile the starry nights with the song, the dance, and the tinkling of the guitar. We shall always recall the islands as they appeared to us—truly Happy Isles, the nearest approach to an Earthly Paradise of which a Morris could sing or a Tadema paint.

" My land of the Sun,
Am I not true? Have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee."

APPENDIX I.

ITINERARY AND EXPENSES CONNECTED WITH THE TOUR.

In the following Tables it must be distinctly understood that each item is for TWO *persons.*

The PESETA *is taken in the Tables as the equivalent of exactly* 10*d.*

	Hotel and Food in Camp.	Travelling.
		£ s. d.
London to Havre (first class), *vid* Southampton		2 15 0
,, ,, excess on luggage		0 10 6
		£3 5 6

	Fr. Cent.	Fr. Cent.
Custom-house dues at Havre		4 0
Custom-house porters at Havre		6 0
Carriage to *Parana* and station		2 40
Breakfast at Hotel Bordeaux, Havre	5 50	
Havre to Rouen (first class)		22 0
Hôtel d'Albion (one night)	22 15	
Boat down the Seine from Rouen to Havre		16 20
Dinner on board	9 0	
Hôtel Bordeaux, Havre	5 80	
Carriage to *Parana*, 2 fr. 30 c.; porter, 40 c.		2 70
	42 45	53 30

(£3 19s. 9½d.)

	Hotel and Food in Camp.	Travelling. £ s. d.
Passage to Tenerife from Havre by Chargeurs Réunis steamship *Parana* (gratuities to stewards, wine, &c., extra)...		24 0 0
Going ashore at Santa Cruz (after sunset)		0 10 0
		£24 10 0

London to Tenerife ... ... Total £31 15s. 8½d.

TENERIFE.

	£ s. d.
Hôtel Marina at Santa Cruz (evening of Sept. 5th to morning of 7th)	1 6 8
	£1 6 8

	Pesetas.	Centimos.		Pesetas.	Centimos.
Carriage from Santa Cruz to Laguna	...		...	10	0
Fonda at Laguna (two days)	15	0	...		
Carriage from Laguna to Puerto de Orotava	...		...	25	0
Luggage from Santa Cruz to Puerto de Orotava in a cart	...		...	10	0
Fonda at Icod de los Vinos (one night)	10	0	...		
To see Guanche cave at Icod de los Vinos	...		...	2	0
Wine at Tanque	0	80	...		
Two fowls, five eggs, and charcoal at Santiago ...	5	0	...		
Washing hands in street	0	35	...		
Higos picos (prickly pears) on road	0	10	...		
Cooking of dinner and the dinner, grapes, pears, and wine	5	0	...		
Policeman at Guia to keep boys from tent	...		...	1	0
Wine, 1 p.; eggs, bread, and milk, 1 p. (Guia)	2	0	...		
Wine, eggs, bread, and charcoal	4	0	...		
Guide from Guia to Vilaflor	...		...	6	0
Milk, 35c.; fowls, 2p. 80c.; and dinner (Vilaflor)	5	0	...		
Eggs, 35c.; coffee, 1p. 60c.; sugar, 55c. ...	2	50	...		
Eggs and sugar, 60c.; ink, 10c.; candles, 50c.	1	20	...		
Cord, 5c.; basket, 45c.; fruit 1p.; bread, 70c.	2	20	...		
Guide from Chasna to Peak and back to Guia (with mule and water-barrels)	...		...	22	50
Dinner at Guia, 3p. 60c.; eggs, bread, &c., 1p.	4	60	...		
Milk, 35c.; bread, 20c.; dinner, 2p. 45c. ...	3	0	...		
Potatoes, vegetables, and wood, 1p. 57c.; fish, 35c.	1	92	...		
Mule to the Port of Guia	...		...	2	0
Water, 5c.; washing, 1p. 20c.	1	25	...		
One yard of linen (to carry gofio in), 90c.; three tin plates, 90c.	1	80	...		
Carried forward	65	72	...	78	50

	Hotel and Food in Camp. Pesetas.	Centimos.	Travelling. Pesetas.	Centimos.
Brought forward	65	72 ...	78	50
Candles, 90c.; milk, 10c.; bread, 25c.; eggs, 25c.	1	50 ...		
Oil and bottle, 10c.; wine, 2p. 10c.; sugar, 60c.; bottle, 5c.	2	85 ...		
Vegetables, 40c.; milk, 15c.; coffee, 1p. ...	1	55 ...		
Large tin, 1p. 40c.; small tin, 35c.	1	75 ...		
Honey, 1p. 25c.; wine, 2p. 10c.; potatoes, 50c.	3	85 ...		
Fowl, 90c.; bread, 25c.; sweets and vegetables, 20c.	1	35 ...		
Spoon, 35c.; half-yard of muslin for coffee bags, 45c.	0	80 ...		
Milk, 5c.; oil, 40c.; pepsicums, 30c.; salt, 5c.	0	80 ...		
Box (to carry used photographic plates), 35c.; pens, 5c.	0	40 ...		
Gratuity, 1p.; milk, 20c.; pan, 60c. and 45c.; laundry, 70c.	2	95 ...		
Two mules from Guia to the port...	...	...	4	0
Fish, 25c.; fowl, 1p.; wine, 2p. 5c.; rice, 50c.	3	80 ...		
Six eggs, 30c.; bread, 10c.; milk, 10c.; fish, 35c.	0	85 ...		
Two horses and men for nine days at 6p. 25c.... ...	...	...	112	50
Horse and man for eight days at 6p. 25c.	...	...	50	
Lorenzo as *practico* for the ascent of Peak	...	...	20	0
	88	17	265	0
	(£14 13s. 10½d.)			

	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Schooner from Guia to Gomera and thence to Hierro (three days' delay), return to Gomera (four days' delay), and landing at Puerto de Orotava, occupied 14 days, and when on board we had food ...	150	0
	150	0
	(£6 5s. 0d.)	

HIERRO.

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Luggage on mule to Valverde from the schooner ...	...	...	1	25
Eggs and bread (Valverde)	1	75 ...		
Honey, 90c.; milk, 70c.; wood, &c., 10c. (Sabinosa)	1	70 ..		
Three horses and men for two days	...	...	45	0
Cheese, 45c.; wine, 50c.	0	95 ...		
Luggage to Port of Valverde	...	...	1	25
	4	40 ...	47	50
	(£2 3s. 3d.)			

GOMERA.

	Hotel and Food. Pesetas.	Centimos.	Travelling. Pesetas.	Centimos.
Luggage from port to fonda at San Sebastian	...	...	0	45
Three men from San Sebastian to Hermigua (two horses supplied by friend)	...	...	8	50
Gratuity to servants	1	60 ...		
Two men from Hermigua to Valle Hermoso	...	...	4	0
Fodder for horses	...	...	0	50
Two men from Valle Hermoso to San Sebastian, 5 p. and 6 p.	...	...	11	0
Three days at 4 p. per day, at fonda, laundry, and Lorenzo	37	50 ...		
Luggage to boat 50 c.; luggage ashore, 1 p.	...	...	1	50
Lorenzo's food, 5 p. 50 c.; Lorenzo, 17 days at 5 p., 85 p. (£3 10s. 10d.)...	...	...	90	50
	39	10	116	45

(£6 9s. 7½d.)

PALMA.

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Boat from Puerto de Orotava to *Matansas*	...	...	10	0
On the *Matansas* from Tenerife to Palma	...	...	*Nil*	
Luggage from *Matansas* to Santa Cruz de la Palma ...	...	...	1	50
Crupper for saddle	...	...	4	0
Bread, 5 c.; breakfast at fonda, 3 p. 75 c. ...	3	80 ...		
Man with mule, 50 c., 1 p. 25 c., 1 p. (gratuities) ...	...	...	2	75
Guide across Pico de los Muchachos	...	...	7	50
Man carrying camera at Los Sauces	...	...	0	50
Three mules and two men, four days at 5 p.	...	...	60	0
Fonda at La Ciudad, five days at 3 p. 75 c. ...	37	50 ...		
Baskets, 1 p. 20 c.; sponge cakes, 35 c.	1	55 ...		
Luggage from fonda to boat, 1 p.; boat to steamer, 2 p.	...	...	3	0
	42	85	89	25

(£5 10s. 1d.)

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Steamer (Forwood Brothers) from Palma to Orotava	...	...	50	0
Lemonade, 1 p. 80 c.; breakfast, 3 p. 60 c. ...	5	40 ...		
(we did not pay for this)	...	...		
Coming ashore at Puerto from steamer	...	...	4	0
Luggage to fonda from boat	...	...	1	0
	5	40	55	0

(£2 10s. 4d.)

TENERIFE (ORATAVA).	Hotel and Food. Pesetas.	Centimos.	Travelling. Pesetas.	Centimos.
Boy in Villa carrying camera, 50c. and 25c.	...	...	0	75
One horse and two donkeys from Puerto to Villa ...	...	...	3	60
Boy to Puerto with message	...	...	0	60
Two horses from Villa to Puerto	...	...	2	80
Fonda at Villa (one day)	10	0 ...		
Horse to Rambla and Icod Alto	...	..	7	20
Luncheon at Icod Alto	1	50 ...		
Hotel at Puerto	137	0 ...		
Luggage (50c.) and gratuities	4	0 ...		
Laundry at Puerto	5	5 ...		
	157	55	14	95

(£7 3s. 9d.)

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Coach from Puerto de Orotava to Tacoronte	...	...	6	50
Gratuities, 1 p. 50c.; boy, 10c.	1	60 ...		
Coach from a short distance on road into Laguna (one person)	...	...	0	60
Fonda Comimela, Laguna, two days, 3 p. ...	12	0 ...		
Carriage from Laguna to Santa Cruz	...	...	3	60
Hotel at Santa Cruz (morning of Nov. 2nd to night of 5th)	74	0 ...		
Gratuities	3	50 ...		
	91	10	10	70

(£4 4s. 10d.)

	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Steamer from Santa Cruz to Las Palmas, Gran Canaria (Spanish) ...	44	0
Going on board and luggage	11	0
Landing at La Luz, Las Palmas, and drive to Fonda de Europa ...	12	50
	67	50

(£2 16s. 3d.)

GRAN CANARIA.	Hotel and Food. Pesetas.	Centimos.	Travelling. Pesetas.	Centimos.
Carriage to La Luz	...	...	2	80
Biscuits	1	60	...	
Coach to Arucas, 3 p. and 50 c.	...	...	3	50
Breakfast at Arucas	4	0	...	
Two horses to Guia from Arucas	...	...	10	0
Hotel in Guia (one day)	10	0	...	
Three horses from Guia to Agaete	...	...	12	0
Mule and horse to El Valle (Agaete)	...	...	3	75
Mule from Agaete to Aldea	...	...	6	25
Donkey from Aldea to Tejeda	...	...	5	0
Wine at Artenara, 50 c.; to see chapel, 50 c. ...	1	0	...	
Man with horses from Aldea to Tejeda	...	...	7	0
Woman at whose house we stayed at Tejeda ...	4	0	...	
Horse to Teror, 3 p. 75 c.; mule, 2 p. 50 c.	...	...	6	25
Food in Teror, 10 p.; wine, 20 c.	10	20	...	
Two horses to Osorio	...	...	2	50
Three horses to Tamaraceite	..	..	7	50
Coach to Las Palmas	...	...	2	50
Carriage from Las Palmas to San Mateo	...	...	15	0
Fonda at San Mateo	8	0	...	
Two horses to San Bartolemé	...	...	12	50
Two mules from San Bartolemé to Aguïmes	...	...	7	50
Fonda at Aguïmes	7	0	...	
Two mules from Aguïmes to Telde	...	...	5	0
Coach from Telde to Las Palmas	...	...	2	0
Six days' board at Fonda Europa, 7 p. 50 c. ...	90	0	...	
	135	80	111	5
Carriage to Bandama and back	...	...	20	0
Carriage to Isleta and back	...	...	1	50
Pound of tea	5	0	...	
Marmalade (in one-pound pots)	1	0	..	
Coach to Isleta	...	...	1	50
Tin of Mackenzie's Albert biscuits	8	75	...	
Thirty-nine days' board at Fonda de Europa (to Dec. 31st)	487	50	...	
Breakfast and dinner at Firgas	10	0	...	
Laundry from Nov. 6th to Dec. 31st	8	0	...	
Horse and its food for a day to Firgas and back ...	...		...	15	50
Horse to Doramas	...		...	15	0
Coach to Telde and back	...		...	4	0
Twenty-two days' board at Fonda Europa ...	275	0	...		
	931	5	168	55

(£45 15s. 11d.)

	Hotel and Food. Pesetas.	Centimos.	Travelling. Pesetas.	Centimos.
By steamship *Vérité* from Las Palmas to Arrecife,				
Lanzarote	...	...	60	0
Luggage to wharf	...	...	2	0
Tea on *Vérité*	3	0 ...		
Luggage to fonda in Arrecife	...	...	1	25
	3	0	63	25

(£2 15s. 2½d.)

LANZAROTE.

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Guide to Cueva de los Verdes	...	...	1	90
Breakfast and dinner at Haria	7	50 ...		
Camel for three days at 5 p.	...	...	15	0
Fonda in Arrecife	24	0 ...		
Camel with luggage to Yaiza	...	...	5	0
Two donkeys, horse, and camel during two days	...	...	7	0
Camel, 1 p.; boat to Corralejo, 7 p. 50 c.	...	...	8	50
	31	50	37	40

(£2 17s. 5d.)

FUERTEVENTURA.

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Puerto Cabras fonda	12	50 ...		
Camel from Puerto Cabras to Antigua	...	...	4	0
Camel from Antigua to Pajara by Betancuria	...	...	3	65
Camel from Pajara to Tiscamanita	...	...	1	25
Bread	0	25 ...		
Schooner from Gran Tarajal to Las Palmas (fare is 8 p.)	...	...	10	0
	12	75	18	90

(£1 6s. 4d.)

GRAN CANARIA.

	Pesetas.	Centimos.	Pesetas.	Centimos.
Fonda de Europa, Las Palmas	100	0 ...		
Luggage, 1 p. 30 c.; boat to steamer, 4 p. 60 c. ...	...	...	5	90
	100	0	5	90
Breakfast at Camacho's Hotel in Santa Cruz (Tenerife)	6	60 ...		
	106	60	5	90

(£4 13s. 9d.)

GRAN CANARIA TO LONDON, *vid* MADEIRA.	Hotel and Food. £ s. d.	Travelling £ s. d.
Steamship *Volta* from Canaria to Madeira		9 0
Myles's Hotel at Madeira	5 19 8	
Steamship *Trojan* (Union Line) from Madeira to Plymouth		25 4 0
Train to London		2 5 0
	£5 19 8	£36 9 0
	(£42 8s. 8d.)	

CONCISE SUMMARY OF THE FOREGOING TABLES.

	£ s. d.
London, *vid* Havre, to Santa Cruz de Tenerife	31 15 3½
Tenerife until we left for Gomera	14 13 10½
Schooner to visit Gomera and Hierro	6 5 0
Hierro	2 3 3
Gomera (including £3 12*s.* 5*d.* to Lorenzo)	6 9 7½
Palma	5 10 1
Steamer, etc., from Palma to Tenerife	2 10 4
Orotava (Tenerife)	7 3 9
From Orotava until we left Santa Cruz	4 4 10
Steamer from Santa Cruz to Las Palmas, etc.	2 16 3
Canaria	45 15 11
Steamer, etc., from Canaria to Lanzarote	2 15 2½
Lanzarote	2 17 5
Fuerteventura	1 6 4
Canaria and Tenerife	4 13 9
Steamer from Canaria to Madeira	9 0 0
Madeira	5 19 8
Steamer from Madeira to Plymouth	25 4 0
Train to London	2 5 0
	£183 9 7

APPENDIX II.

Average Temperatures at Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, from January 1 *to December* 18, 1884.*

	8 A.M.		8 P.M.		Average difference between wet and dry bulbs.			
					8 A.M.		8 P.M.	
	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.
January ...	61·48	(16·38)			3·9	(2·17)		
February ...	59·0	(15·0)			4·17	(2·31)		
March	61·83	(16·57)	62·40	(16·8)	4·48	(2·49)	3·67	(2·03)
April	66·23	(19·17)	63·26	(17·36)	5·6	(3·1)	5·23	(3·9)
May	65·83	(18·79)	64·48	(18·04)	5·77	(3·20)	5·70	(3·17)
June	69·26	(20·7)	68·63	(20·35)	6·30	(3·5)	5·56	(3·09)
July	73·16	(22·86)	73·58	(23·1)	5·0	(2·7)	4·48	(2·49)
August ...	75·64	(24·24)	75·74	(24·3)	4·58	(2·55)	4·0	(2·3)
September ...	74·60	(23·7)	74·70	(23·72)	6·30	(3·5)	5·50	(3·05)
October ...	70·70	(21·5)	70·87	(21·59)	5·19	(2·88)	5·51	(3·06)
November ...	67·16	(19·54)	67·2	(19·6)	4·06	(2·25)	4·2	(2·4)
December ...	64·88	(18·27)	64·7	(18·17)	5·05	(2·80)	5·17	(2·88)

Extremes of Temperature at Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, from January 1 *to December* 18, 1884.

	Highest.		Lowest.		Lowest.			
					8 A.M.		8 P.M.	
	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.
January	73·0	(22·8)	52·0	(11·2)	56·0	(13·4)		
February	75·0	(23·9)	47·0	(8·4)	53·0	(11·9)		
March	75·0	(23·9)	51·0	(10·6)	57·0	(13·9)	54·0	(12·3)
April	79·0	(26·2)	55·0	(12·8)	61·0	(16·2)	59·0	(15·0)
May	76·0	(24·5)	56·0	(13·4)	61·0	(16·2)	63·0	(17·3)
June	77·0	(25·0)	59·0	(15·0)	66·0	(18·9)	66·0	(18·9)
July	81·0	(27·3)	65·0	(18·4)	71·0	(21·7)	71·0	(21·7)
August	83·0	(28·4)	71·0	(21·7)	74·0	(23·4)	74·0	(23·4)
September	85·0	(29·5)	70·0	(21·2)	73·0	(22·8)	72·0	(22·3)
October	78·0	(25·6)	65·0	(18·4)	67·0	(19·5)	67·0	(19·5)
November	77·0	(25·0)	62·0	(16·7)	64·0	(17·8)	59·0	(15·0)
December	74·0	(23·4)	57·0	(13·9)	63·0	(17·3)	62·0	(16·7)

* Observations specially made for me by A. H. Béchervaise, Esq.

Average Temperatures at Puerto de Orotava from November 1, 1883, *to May* 11, 1884.*

	8 A.M.		2 P.M.		9 P.M.		Mean.		Mean of Max. and Min.		Mean of Max.		Mean of Min.		Mean diff.	
	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.
November ...	65·3	(18·5)	71·42	(21·9)	64·22	(17·9)	66·92	(19·4)	66·38	(19·1)	71·96	(22·2)	60·8	(16·0)	43·16	(6·2)
December ...	61·52	(16·4)	68·0	(20·0)	61·7	(16·5)	63·86	(17·7)	64·22	(17·9)	69·98	(21·1)	58·28	(14·6)	43·7	(6·5)
January ...	61·52	(16·4)	68·54	(20·3)	61·7	(16·5)	64·24	(17·8)	64·24	(17·8)	71·06	(21·7)	57·02	(13·9)	46·02	(7·8)
February ...	59·18	(15·1)	64·94	(18·3)	58·28	(14·6)	60·8	(16·0)	60·26	(15·7)	66·92	(19·4)	53·78	(12·1)	45·14	(7·3)
March ...	61·7	(16·5)	66·33	(19·1)	59·72	(15·4)	62·6	(17·0)	61·32	(16·3)	68·0	(20·0)	54·86	(12·7)	45·14	(7·3)
April ...	65·3	(18·5)	69·44	(20·8)	62·24	(16·8)	65·66	(18·7)	64·94	(18·3)	71·6	(22·0)	68·28	(14·6)	45·32	(7·4)
May 1—11 ...	64·58	(18·1)	66·74	(19·3)	62·06	(16·7)	64·4	(18·0)	65·3	(18·5)	68·0	(20·0)	59·36	(15·2)	38·64	(4·8)
Nov.—April	62·42	(16·9)	68·18	(20·1)	61·32	(16·3)	63·86	(17·7)	63·5	(17·5)	69·98	(21·1)	57·2	(14·0)	44·78	(7·1)

* Observations by Dr. Hjalmar Öhrvall, of Upsala.

Extremes of Temperature at Puerto de Orotava from November 1, 1883, *to May* 11, 1884.*

	Highest.		Lowest.		Lowest at 8 A.M.		Lowest at 9 P.M.	
	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.	F.	C.
November ...	78·8	(26·0)	56·3	(13·5)	59·9	(15·5)	58·28	(14·6)
December ...	79·7	(26·5)	48·2	(9·0)	53·6	(12·0)	53·42	(11·9)
January ...	78·8	(26·0)	52·7	(11·5)	54·14	(12·3)	57·2	(14·0)
February ...	74·3	(23·5)	49·1	(9·5)	52·88	(11·6)	51·8	(11·0)
March ...	72·5	(22·5)	51·8	(11·0)	56·3	(13·5)	52·12	(13·4)
April ...	76 1	(24·5)	53·6	(12·0)	59·9	(15·5)	57·38	(14·1)
May 1—11 ...	70·7	(21·5)	56·3	(13·5)	60·44	(15·8)	60·44	(15·8)

Temperature of Sea at end of Mole, Puerto de Orotava, at 12 *noon.**

	1884.		1885.			1884.		1885.	
	F.	C.	F.	C.		F.	C.	F.	C.
January 1	67·1	(19·5)	66·92	(19·4)	May 1 ...	64·94	(18·3)	65·3	(18·5)
February 1	65·3	(18·5)	65·12	(18·4)	June 1 ...	66·2	(19·0)	67·28	(19·6)
March 1 ...	64·4	(18·0)	64·58	(18·1)	July 1 ...	68·36	(20·2)		
April 1 ...	65·3	(18·5)	64·4	(18·0)					

Average relative and absolute Humidity at Puerto de Orotava and Madeira from November 1, 1883, *to May* 1, 1884.*

	Puerto de Orotava.			Funchal.	
	Percentage Saturation.	Aqueous Tension.		Percentage Saturation.	Aqueous Tension.
	%	mm.		%	mm.
November ...	67·3	11·2	November ...		
December ...	63·2	9·5	December ...	72	10·5
January	61·5	9·3	January ...	70	9·7
February ...	68·6	9·1	February ...	73	9·7
March	66·9	9·3	March	73	10·3
April	62·1	9·9	April	70	10·9
Nov.—April ...	64·9	9·7	Nov.—April ...	72	10·3

* Observations by Dr. Hjalmar Öhrvall, of Upsala.

APPENDIX III.

Number of Vessels which entered Ports in the Canary Islands during 1882.

THESE RÉSUMÉS ARE FROM STATISTICS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR US FROM THE REGISTER AT THE OFFICIAL OFFICES.

STEAMERS.

	Santa Cruz de Tenerife.	Las Palmas.	Puerto de Orotava.
British	176	136	15
French	120	38	...
Spanish	67	60	...
German	21	...	...
American	4	...	...
Portuguese	2	...	...
Italian	1	...	...
Argentine	1	...	...
Prussian	...	1	...

SAILING VESSELS.

	Tenerife.		Las Palmas.	Santa Cruz de la Palma.*	San Sebastian de Gomera.
	Santa Cruz.	Puerto de Orotava.			
British	19	2	12	45	...
French	23	...	...	20	...
Spanish	51	323	953†	273	140
German ...	9	...	2	14	...
American ...	17	...	5	15	...
Portuguese ...	6	...	3	...	...
Italian	3	3	1	...	...
Argentine ...	...	...	...	...	...
Russian ...	1	...	...	...	...
Norwegian ...	4	...	4	...	...
Danish	1	...	1	...	...
Austrian ...	2	...	...	...	...

* Some of these are steamers, but the returns given us do not say how many.
† 799 of these were coasting schooners, and 100 fishing schooners owned by Gran Canarians.

Gross Tonnage of Vessels entering the Ports in 1882.

Santa Cruz de Tenerife	627,750
Las Palmas	508,074
Puerto de Orotava (Tenerife)	29,599
San Sebastian de Gomera	6,088

Steamers entered at the Port of Santa Cruz de Tenerife from 1885 *to* 1888.

Flag.	1885.		1886.		1887.		1888.		Total.	
	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.
British	208	5(4)	248	11(5)	277	5(1)	311	(5)	1,044	26
French	94	13	122	19	151	10	159	14	526	56
Spanish	82	21	79	17	74	19	138	12	373	69
German	24	1	34	1	59	...	92	4	209	6
Italian	1	1	7	1	6	...	5	...	19	2
Belgian	...	...	...	...	11	...	3	...	14	...
Norwegian ...	4	1	2	...	4	...	...	1	10	2
Austro-Hungarian	1	2	2	...	...	1	...	1	3	4
Portuguese ...	...	...	3	...	...	...	1	1	4	1
Argentine ...	...	...	...	...	1	1	3	...	4	1
American ...	...	2	...	1	...	...	...	(1)	...	4
Dutch	...	1	...	...	...	...	1	...	1	1
Russian	...	1	1	...	...	...	...	...	1	1
Swedish	...	...	...	1	...	1	...	...	...	2
Mexican ...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...
Brazilian ...	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	1
Chilian	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	1
Uruguayan ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	1	...
	415	48	498	53	583	37	714	39	2,	177
	463		551		620		753		2,387	

( ) Yachts.

Sailing Vessels entered at the Port of Santa Cruz de Tenerife from 1885 *to* 1888.

Flag.	1885.		1886.		1887.		1888.		Total.	
	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.	Merchant.	War and yachts.
Spanish	43	...	35	...	30	...	29	...	137	...
French	6	9	1	8	8	8	6	7	21	32
American ...	8(4))	...	5(3))	...	8(6))	...	9(8))	1	30	1
Portuguese ...	6	...	8	...	6	...	9	...	29	...
British	7	(3)	3	(1)	4	(1)	1	(2)	15	7
German	2	...	7	...	3	...	5	...	17	...
Norwegian ...	3	...	2	...	1	...	1	...	7	...
Italian	2	...	...	(1)	3	...	...	...	5	1
Austro-Hungarian	...	(1)	2	...	1	...	...	...	3	1
Danish	...	...	1	...	...	...	3	...	4	...
Swedish	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	1	...
	77	13	65	10	64	9	63	10	69	42
	90		75		73		73		311	
Coasters	906		930		928		885		3,649	

( )) Whalers. ( ) Yachts.

Total Shipping entered at the Port of Santa Cruz de Tenerife from 1880 *to* 1888.

Years.	Steamers.	Sailing Vessels.	Coasting Schooners.	Total.
1880	335	127	905	1,367
1881	349	131	935	1,415
1882	392	136	961	1,489
1883	448	128	908	1,484
1884	430	100	896	1,426
1885	463	90	906	1,459
1886	551	75	930	1,556
1887	620	73	928	1,621
1888	753	73	885	1,711

APPENDIX IV.

Journals of Tenerife.

Name.	Politics.	When issued.	Price.
			Per month. R. s. d.
SANTA CRUZ:			
*Diario de Tenerife**	General and local news	Daily (Sundays and holidays excepted)	8 = 1 7
El Memorandum ...	Republican	6 times per mth.	5 = 1 0
La Opinion	Opposition (Canovas del Castillo) Liberal-Conservative	,, ,,	4 = 0 10
Las Noticias ...	Independent	,, ,,	4 = 0 10
Las Canarias ...	Opposition (Lopez Dominguez) Inquierdista	,, ,,	5 = 1 0
La Nueva Era ...	Ministerial (Fusionista)	5 ,, ,,	4 = 0 10
Las Novedades ...	Federal	6 ,, ,,	4 = 0 10
La Clave	Opposition (Romero Robledo) Reformista	Mondays	3 = 0 7
Ultima Hora ...	General and local news	Daily	4 = 0 10
Diario de Avisos ...	,, ,,	,,	4 = 0 10
El Album	Literary	Sundays	2½ = 0 6
La Caridad ...	Spiritualist	3 times per mnth.	2½ = 0 6
			Per quarter.
El Auxiliar ...	Schoolmasters' organ	,, ,,	8 = 1 7
			Per month.
El Chismoso ...	Satiric	4 ,, ,,	2 = 0 5
			Per quarter.
Boletin Oficial de la Provincia ...	Official gazette	Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays	32 = 6 5
LAGUNA:			
Boletin Oficial Eclesiástico ...	Clerical official gazette	(When the Bishop chooses)	
OROTAVA:			Per month.
El Valle de Orotava	General and local news	4 times per mnth.	2·60 = 0 6½

* The *Diario de Tenerife* receives daily telegrams of news interesting to English visitors and prints them in English.

Journals of Gran Canaria.

Name.	Politics.	When issued.	Price. Per month. R. s. d.
El Liberal ...	Ministerial	Tuesdays and Fridays	5 = 1 0
El Telegrafo ...	News, general and local	Daily	5 = 1 0
El Pais	,, ,,		4 = 0 10
Diario de Avisos de Las Palmas ...	,, ,,	Daily	5 = 1 0
Diario Católico ...	Religious	,,	5 = 1 0
Revista Comercial...	Commercial	Fortnightly	3 = 0 7½
Boletin Eclesiástico	Clerical official gazette	(When the Bishop chooses)	

Journal of Arrecife, Lanzarote.

El Horizonte ...	General and local news	

APPENDIX V.

The following Lines of Steamers call at Tenerife.

	From	To	Routes.	Sailings.
African Steamship Company	Liverpool and Madeira	West Coast Africa	Out and home	Weekly and extra steamer every three weeks
British and African Steam Nav. Co. ...	,,	,,	,,	,,
Shaw, Savill & Albion Co.	London and Plymouth	New Zealand	,,	Monthly
New Zealand Shipping Co.	,,	,,	,,	,,
Union Steam Ship Co.	Southampton	Cape of Good Hope	,,	Fortnightly
Forwood Bros. & Co.	London	Canary Islands	,,	Monthly
*Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co.	,,	Australia	Out only	,,
John T. Rennie, Son & Co.	London and Portland	Cape of Good Hope	,,	At frequent intervals
Bullard, King & Co.	,,	,,	,,	,,
George Thompson & Co.	London	Australia	,,	,,
Clan Line	Liverpool	Cape of Good Hope	,,	Monthly
Chargeurs Réunis Compagnie	Havre	River Plate	Out and home	Twice a month
Compagnie Générale Transatlantique ...	Marseilles	West Indies	,,	Monthly
N. Paquet & Cie.	,, (*vid*) Morocco Ports	Canary Islands	,,	Twice a month
C. Woermann	Hamburg	West Coast Africa	,,	Monthly
Hamburg South American Steamship Co. ...	River Plate	Hamburg	Home only	At frequent intervals
Société Générale Transports Maritimes ...	Brazil	Marseilles	,,	,,

* Have temporarily suspended calling.

The Steam Yacht 'Ceylon' occasionally calls at Santa Cruz, Tenerife, and Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, from which places passages home can be booked at the rate of £20 for a single berth, and £5 extra for a single cabin for one person.

Fares charged on the various Lines to and from the Canaries.

	Fare to Canaries.	Fare from Canaries.	Return fare.
African Steamship Co. ... ... British and African Steam Navigation Co.	£10 (First class, no other carried)	Same fare as outwards	£15 (Available for twelve months)
Shaw, Savill & Albion Co.	£14 (First saloon) £11 10s. (Second do.) Tenerife	,, ,, Tenerife	£25 (First Saloon) £20 (Second Saloon)
New Zealand Shipping Co.	£14 (First saloon) £11 10s. (Second saloon) (Tenerife)	,, ,, (Tenerife)	£25 (First Saloon) £20 (Second Saloon) (available for six months)
Union Steam Ship Co.	£14 14s. (First class) £9 9s. (Second class) £6 6s. (Third class) Tenerife	£11 11s. (First class) £7 7s. (Second class) £6 6s. (Third Class) Tenerife	£23 12s. 6d. (First class) £15 2s. 5d. (Second class) £11 6s. 10d. (Third class)
Forwood Brothers & Co.	£10 (First class to Tenerife and Las Palmas) £12 (First class to Orotava, Palma, and Lanzarote)	Settled by Forwood Bros'. Agents in the Islands ,,	Half as much again as outward fare ,,
John T. Rennie, Son & Co.	£12 12s. (Tenerife)	Do not always call at Canaries on homeward voyage	—
Bullard, King & Co.	£8 8s. (Saloon) (Tenerife)	Do not call at Canaries on homeward voyage	—
George Thompson & Co.	£14 (Passengers taken when there is room) (Tenerife)	,,	—
Clan Line	£10 10s. (Tenerife)	,,	—
Chargeurs Réunis Compagnie (from Havre)	400 francs (First class) 200 francs (Third class) (Tenerife.) No second class	Same fare as outwards	Reduction of 10% on outward and homeward fares
N. Paquet & Cie (from Marseilles) ... (Board six francs a day)	200 francs (First class only) to Santa Cruz de Tenerife 220 (Las Palmas) 240 francs (Arrecife)	,,	,, (Available for four months)
C. Woermann (from Hamburg)	250 marks (First class) 180 marks (Second class) (Tenerife and Gran Canaria)	,, (Tenerife and Gran Canaria)	400 marks (First class) 300 marks (Second class) Available for twelve mths.
Société Générale Transports Maritimes (Marseilles)	350 francs (First class) 250 francs (Second class) 125 francs (Third class) (Tenerife and Las Palmas)	,,	Reduction of 20% on outward and homeward fares first class, of 15% second class.

The following Table exhibits passage fares (without board) charged on the Interinsular steamers of the "Compañía de Vapores Correos Interinsulares Canarios."

	Santa Cruz of Tenerife. Tenerife.			Puerto Cabras. Fuerteventura.			Arrecife. Lanzarote.			Orotava. Tenerife.			Garachico. Tenerife.			Santa Cruz of La Palma. Palma.			Valverde. Hierro.			San Sebastian. Gomera.		
	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Las Palmas	10 0	6 6	3 0	10 0	6 6	3 0	12 0	8 0	4 0	14 6	9 8	5 8	16 0	11 3	6 0	20 0	16 0	8 0	20 0	16 0	8 0	20 0	16 0	8 0
Santa Cruz of Tenerife	18 0	14 0	5 8	20 0	16 0	6 6	6 0	4 10	3 3	8 0	6 0	4 6	16 0	10 0	4 6	16 0	12 0	4 6	16 0	10 0	4 6			
Puerto Cabras				4 0	2 10	1 8	21 8	16 0	8 0	24 0	17 8	8 10	24 0	18 0	9 0	24 0	18 0	9 0	24 0	18 0	9 0			
Arrecife							24 0	17 8	8 8	24 8	18 6	9 3	25 8	20 10	8 10	25 8	20 10	8 10	25 8	20 10	8 10			
Orotava										2 5	1 8	0 10	16 0	10 6	4 0	16 0	12 0	4 6	16 0	12 0	4 6			
Garachico													14 6	9 8	3 3	16 0	11 3	6 0	16 0	11 3	6 0			
Santa Cruz of La Palma																10 0	7 3	4 10	10 0	7 3	4 10			
Valverde																			6 0	4 0	2 6			

Passengers can be victualled on board. The Custom House Tax of 1*s.* 8*d.* will be charged each passenger in addition to the above fares.

APPENDIX VI.

RECIPES.

TORTILLA DE JAMON (Page 145).

Chop up a little ham, and slice or chop some potatoes into small pieces, frying them until sufficiently cooked. Then pour in eggs plainly prepared, as for an omelet, and allow the whole to set. Take out and serve on a hot dish without rolling.

PUCHERO AND SOPA DE ARROZ (Page 93).

Half fill a large saucepan with cold water, and into it throw three or four large onions and a fowl, and let the whole boil. Then take another saucepan of cold water, into which throw some rice, and let it boil for a little. Next add to the fowl and onions about a dessert-spoonful of sweet ground capsicums (*pimiento dulce*), a little whole pepper, a little garlic, and some tomatoes. Pour most of the liquor from this after it has boiled for a little into the saucepan containing the rice, which now allow to burst fully. Add more water to the fowl, and also put peeled potatoes and large pieces of calabash, and if liked apples, pears, and cabbage, in with the fowl. The soup when served is thick and red in colour, owing to the pimientos and tomatoes. The fowl and vegetables form the puchero. Sometimes a piece of meat, or pork, or fish is used instead of a fowl, or if there be none of these things, the vegetables alone are boiled together and called *puchero blanco.*

MILK TOAST. (A Madeira recipe.)

Cut a thick piece of bread, and toast it quickly, cutting off the crust. Butter it and put in a soup plate, pouring over it cold milk, after which place it in the oven for fifteen minutes.

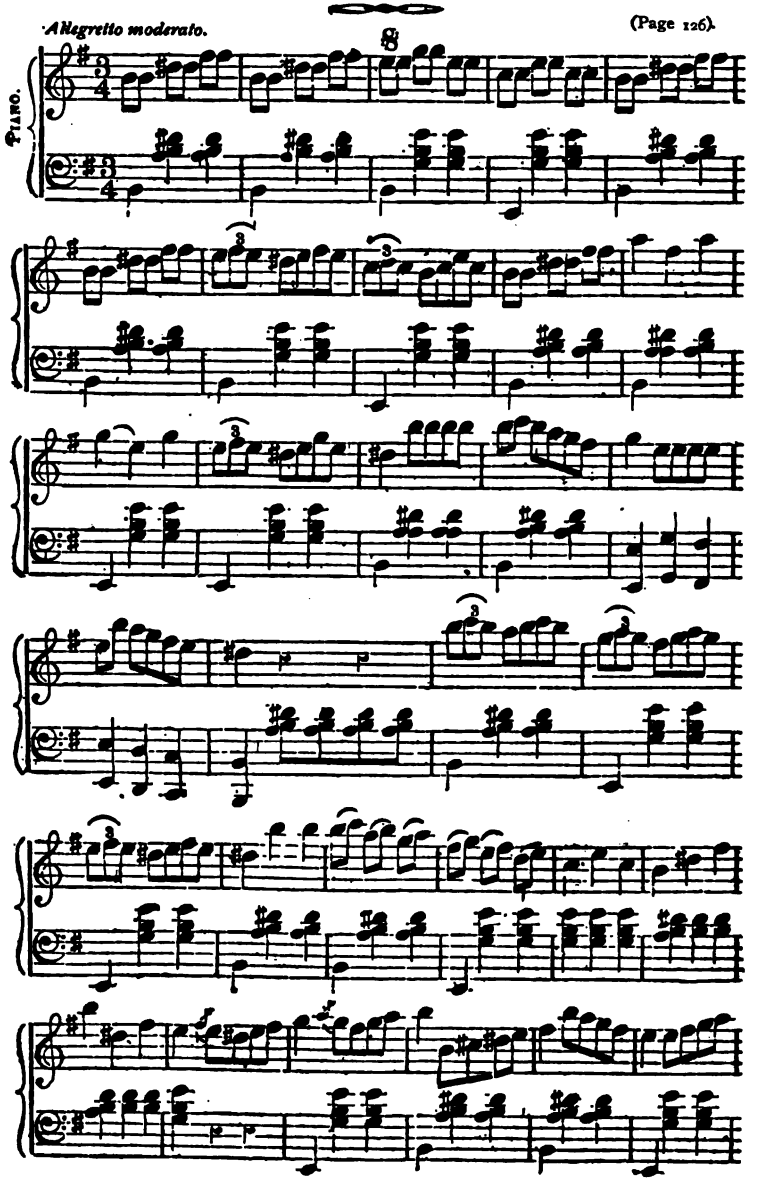
AGUA SEDATIVA.

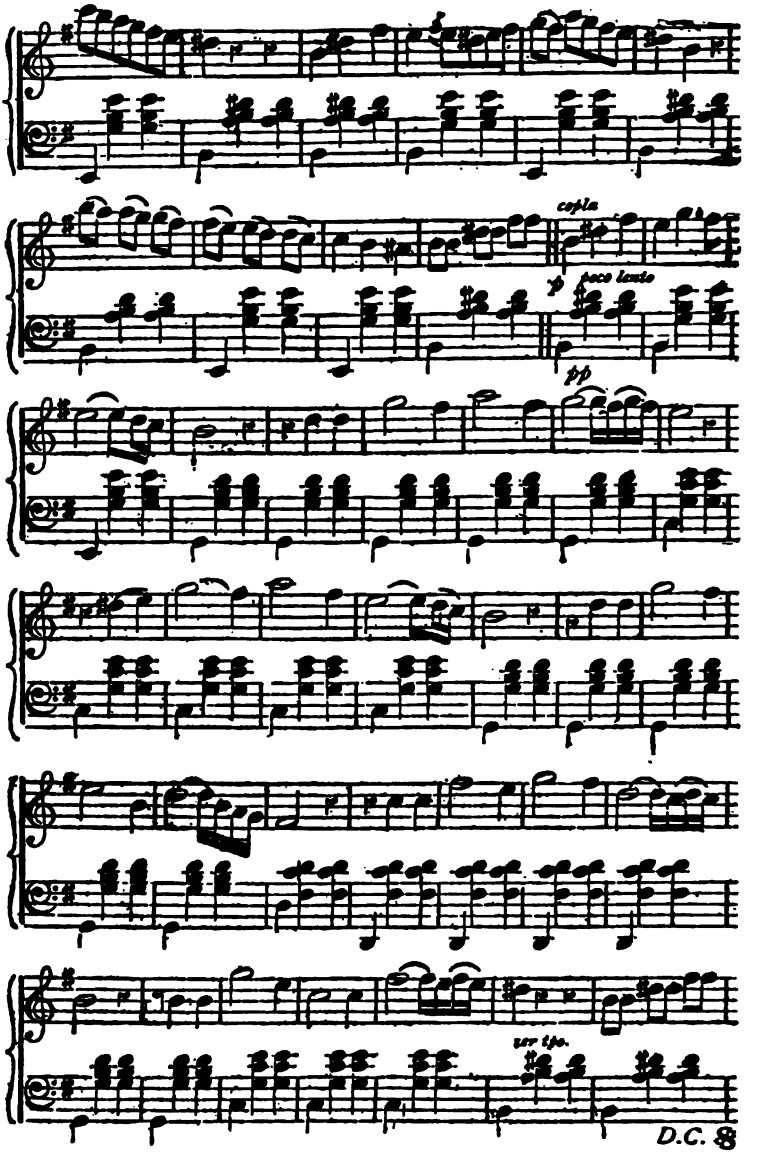
Dissolve in a pint of water ½ oz. of sea-salt; then filter. Add 1 oz. of ammonia and a little over ¼ oz. of spirits of camphor. Shake before using.

APPLICATION: *Headache and sore throat*—bandages dipped in the above placed round the part affected. *Fever*—bandages round the wrist. *Indigestion*—rub in over the stomach. *Colds*—rub into back and chest. *Rheumatism*—rub into part affected.

APPENDIX VII.

MALAGUEÑA DEL "PAIS."





This form of the Malagueña, which is peculiar to the Canary Islands, was kindly procured for me by Mr. Bickervaise from the Bandmaster of Santa Cruz de Tenerife.

APPENDIX VIII.

(PAGES 281, 282, 364.)

ANALYSES OF THE MINERAL WATERS OF AGAETE AND FIRGAS, GRAN CANARIA.

I have examined in collaboration with Professor J. Alfred Wanklyn, M.R.C.S., two waters brought by Mrs. Stone from the Canary Islands.

I. AGAETE.

This water issues from the spring hot, and surcharged with carbonic acid gas. The sample had been imperfectly corked, and most of the free carbonic acid gas had accordingly escaped. The carbonic acid gas was therefore not determined. The quantity of water was not sufficient for an exhaustive analysis. The following appears to be its composition :—

	Grains per gallon.
Silica	8·0
Iron (ferrous) carbonate	10·0
Lime (calcium) carbonate	3·0
Magnesium carbonate	33·5
Sodium sulphate	2·5
Sodium, chloride	4·5

The taste is strongly saline, and is not agreeable. It would be more palatable in its natural aërated condition.

II. FIRGAS.

The analysis of this water yields the following results :—

	Grains per gallon.
Lime (calcium) carbonate	12·6
Magnesium carbonate	11·7
Sodium carbonate	1·5
Sodium sulphate	1·2
Sodium chloride	5·0

The water is highly carbonated, and would possess a pleasant and brisk effervescence when bottled at the spring. The sample submitted contained 110·1 grains per gallon of free and loosely combined carbonic acid.

Examined as to its organic purity by the ammonia process, this water yields—

	Parts per million.
Free ammonia	0·28
Albuminoid ammonia	0·02

This indicates extreme purity.

Its taste is highly saline, which is perhaps remarkable, considering the comparatively small quantity of mineral salts that it contains. This special feature is probably due to the *proportion* which the magnesium salts bear to the alkaline salts. The following table will indicate this comparison :—

	Firgas.	Vichy.	Ems.	Apollinaris.
Magnesium carbonate	11·7	11·0	7·0	25·0
Alkaline carbonates and sulphates	2·7	242·0	87·0	87·0

The water is rather of the Apollinaris character, but probably less lowering to the system.

As a table water it is one of the most unique and valuable in existence.

PELHAM R. OGLE, M.A., F.C.S.

LONDON, *September 21st*, 1887.

APPENDIX IX.

The following letter appeared in the *Times* of January 4th, 1884:—

"THE GUANCHES, CANARY ISLANDS.

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"SIR,—During the last few months I have been travelling through these islands, and have been delighted by the magnificent scenery, which has made nearly each day a surprise and a gratification. Enjoying a healthier, drier, and more bracing climate than Madeira, they require only to be known to be much resorted to by the English. As an instance that they are virtually undiscovered by our nation, I may mention the fact of the head priest on the exquisite island of Hierro telling me that I was the first Englishman who had been there in modern times. Certainly Tenerife has its yearly handful of tourists to the world-famed Peak, Palma its annual individuals who visit the Caldera, and the town of Las Palmas now and then receives casual and passing strangers bound for far-distant lands, but, with these trifling exceptions, no English visit the Fortunate Islands. In the near future it is very probable, for several reasons, that this charming archipelago will be as much resorted to as it is now singularly neglected. But my object in writing to you is not to attempt lauding what Nature has so lavishly endowed, but to ask you, for the sake of the present and future generations, to raise your far-reaching voice in the endeavour to stay a spoliation which, if continued, will be for ever regretted. The gentle and noble Guanches—that extinct race which formerly inhabited these islands—have left behind them several records of their existence. Two are particularly worthy of note: the cemetery at Agaete and that on the Isleta in Gran Canaria. These have the common features of the graves, being upon the roughest of volcanic ground, and each grave covered by a carefully constructed pile of loose lava stones. That at Agaete, from being in a part of the island at present approached by the worst of bad mule-tracks, has escaped the hand of the spoiler. But the Guanche burial-ground on the Isleta, being only three miles from the town of Las

Palmas, has been terribly mutilated. There is a great demand for Guanche skulls, and consequently nearly every pile of stones here has been dilapidated, and the contents of the grave stolen. The last visit I paid to this interesting spot was a few days ago, when I found two urchins squatting by a half-ruined pile amusing themselves by grinding up the whitened and powdery femurs of a gigantic Guanche. A few more years will suffice to level the remaining piles, to dissipate the bones, and to wipe this record of a bygone race from the face of the earth. When the carriage road to Agaete is completed, as it will be in a few months, we cannot hope that the other cemetery will escape. Now why cannot the Spanish Government resolutely forbid this wilful destruction of monuments which really belong to no race or nation? Half-measures will not do. A firm hand, stringent precautions, and carefully enacted penalties are the only measures to meet the urgent needs of the case. A word from King Alfonso would effect much out here. He is young, generous, and his education will enable him to appreciate the importance of the subject. He is deeply beloved, and his wishes would almost be as good as laws. There is unfortunately no international Sir John Lubbock, but King Alfonso can in this instance make a name which may perhaps be thought more of by posterity than those of many of his warrior predecessors. I would also, Sir, speak of the magnificent painted Guanche cave at Galdar, and other interesting monuments scattered over these islands, but I should only have to relate the same sad tale and take up more of your space.

"Yours obediently,

"J. HARRIS STONE.

"LAS PALMAS, GRAN CANARIA,
"*December 23rd.*"

NOTE.

(*See* PAGE 361.)

The foregoing part of the book had gone to press when the correct explanation of the wretched haggling system so prevalent throughout the Canaries came to the knowledge of the author. Bargaining with the shopman is the universal custom, no one ever dreaming of paying the price first asked for an article. This nonsensical and objectionable practice owes its origin to the fact that the shop proprietor does not pay any regular wage or salary to his assistants. He fixes the lowest price he will take for each article, and allows his assistants to get what they can over and above that minimum as payment for their services.

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